THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Topical Pickwick

The Topical Edition of the *Pickwick Papers,* just issued in two portly library volumes under the editorship of Mr. C. Van Noorden, is unquestionably a happy thought. As the preface somewhat obviously points out, there is no other English novelist whose pages mirror back with such exuberance, such inexhaustible variety, the contemporary life of London streets—the streets that Dickens himself tirelessly traversed on foot in his endless wanderings by day and night until he must have covered the entire city and its environs for miles around with an impalpable network of his own footsteps. An edition of the *Pickwick Papers,* or for that matter of almost any of the novels of Dickens, which could give us an ideally complete set of illustrations of all the localities mentioned in its pages, portraying beyond question the precise street corner, the actual building, the interior of the very room that the author had in mind as he wrote—illustrations that would include a mass of contemporary documents, handbills, advertisements, portraits, old prints illustrating social customs that have passed away—in short, the sort of collection which an enthusiast might have gathered together month by month as the separate parts of the *Pickwick Papers* made their appearance, would, of course, possess to-day a literary and an antiquarian interest not easy to exaggerate. The difficulty with happy thoughts of this kind is that from the very nature of the case they are bound to occur too late to be completely realised. The identity of a hundred points of interest which one word from the author himself might so easily have established has now become a matter of clever conjecture and patient research. For instance, the local habitation of the Pickwick Club was indicated by the author no more closely than by the chance mention in the preliminary advertisement that it was "celebrated in the annals of Huggin Lane." The editor of the Topical Edition, after bestowing an amount of research into the question

FURNIVAL'S INN, HOLBORN.

From a drawing by F. G. Kitton

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that gives a sense of weariness even to think of, decides that the building which Dickens must have had in mind was the Goldsmiths' Arms at the corner of Huggin Lane and Gutter Lane. He adds: "I have searched the Parish rate books from 1800 to 1840, and find all the other houses

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.
This present SATURDAY, Dec. 19, 1829.
Will be acted, the Comedy of
THE WONDER.
Don Felix, Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Don Lopez, Mr. BLANCHARD, Don Pedro, Mr. MEADOWS,
Colonel Briton, Mr. ABBOTT,
Frederick, Mr BAKER, Alguazil, Mr. ATKINS,
Gibby, Mr. BARTLEY,
Lisardo, Mr FAWCETT,
Sancho, Mr. HEATH, Vasquez, Mr. MEARS, Soldier, Mr. AUSTIN,
Donna Violante, Miss FOOTE,
(Being the 6th night of her performance)
Isabella Miss LAWRENCE, Flora, Mrs. GIBBS,
Inis, Mrs. J HUGHES.
With (16th and LAST TIME BUT THREE) a Nautical and Domestic Drama, called
Black Eyed Susan
Or, "ALL IN THE DOWNS!"
The OVERTURE and the whole of the MUSIC selected from DIBDIN'S SONGS,
Adapted and arranged by Mr. HEWITT.
Capt. Crosstree, Mr DIDDEAR Raker, Mr. HORREBOW, Hatchet, Mr. EVANS,
Doggrass, Mr. BLANCHARD. Admiral, Mr. EGERTON, Jacob Twig, Mr. TURNOUR,
Gnatbrain, Mr. MEADOWS,
William, (with an introduced SONG,) Mr T. P. COOKE.
Blue Peter, Mr. WOOD, who will sing GAY's Ballad of BLACK EYED SUSAN,
Seaweed, Mr. HENRY. Quid, Mr. FULLER Lieutenant Pike, Mr. BAKER.
Second Lieutenant, Mr. IRWIN, Ploughshare (a Rustic) Mr. MEARS,
Black Eyed Susan, Miss ELLEN TREE, Dolly Mayflower, Mrs. J. HUGHES,
Girls, Mesdames Appleton, Brown, Clara, Daly, Fenwick, Goodwin, Goward, Hudson, Perry, Nicholson, Phillips, &c.
NEW SCENERY:
VIEW NEAR DEAL. (T. Grieve) THE TOWN OF DEAL.
BLACK EYED SUSAN'S COTTAGE (Grieve).....COUNTRY near DEAL. W. Grieve
SMUGGLER'S CAVE. (Grieve)......VIEW OF THE DOWNS.
VIEW NEAR DEAL T. Grieve
A DOUBLE HORNPIPE by Mr. T. P. COOKE and Mrs. VEDY.
THE STATE CABIN (Finley)—Naval Court Martial, and Trial of William.
BETWEEN DECKS (Finley)
The Quarter Deck, with the Scaffold, rigged out
Between the Cat-Head and Fore-Rigging. (Grieve)

NO ORDERS WHATEVER WILL BE ADMITTED.

A NEW STAIRCASE leading to the Dress Circle only, has been constructed at the Bow-street Entrance, which will be exclusively appropriated to the accommodation of those parties who may purchase Tickets at the Box-office at the time of taking Places.
Boxes 7s. Second Price 3s. 6d.—Pit 3s. 6d. Second Price 2s.—Gallery 2s. Second Price 1s.—UpperGallery 1s.
The DOORS to be opened at Half-past Six o'clock, and the Play to begin exactly at Seven.

ROMEO AND JULIET will be acted Every Monday.
(Monday the 28th excepted.)
JULIET by Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
The reception of
Miss FANNY KEMBLE
In the Character of BELVIDERA, having fully realized the sanguine expectations of the Public,
VENICE PRESERVED
will be repeated on WEDNESDAY next; and on every subsequent WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY till further notice.

In consequence of the GREAT ATTRACTION of the Nautical Drama of
BLACK EYED SUSAN.
MR. T. P. COOKE, will have the honour of appearing in the character of WILLIAM,
This Evening, and on Monday, Tuesday,
and Wednesday next,
Being positively the Last Nights of his Performance.
MISS FOOTE
will perform To-Night, VIOLANTE—and on Tuesday, CLARI, & MARIA DARLINGTON.

On Monday, Shakspeare's Tragedy of ROMEO AND JULIET.
Romeo, Mr. ABBOTT, Mercutio, Mr. C. KEMBLE, Friar Lawrence, Mr WARDE, Lady Capulet, Miss LACY
Juliet, Miss FANNY KEMBLE. (Being her 30th appearance in that character)
After which, (LAST TIME BUT TWO) the nautical Drama of BLACK EYED SUSAN
William, Mr. T. P. COOKE, Susan, Miss E. TREE.
On Tuesday, (by particular desire) the Opera of CLARI. Rolamo, Mr. FAWCETT, Clari, Miss FOOTE.
After which, the Farce called A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.
Sir Mark Chase, Mr. FAWCETT, Maria Darlington, Miss FOOTE,
With (LAST TIME BUT ONE) the nautical Drama of BLACK EYED SUSAN.
On Wednesday, OTWAY's Tragedy of VENICE PRESERVED. Belvidera, Miss FANNY KEMBLE
With (19th and LAST TIME) the nautical Drama of BLACK EYED SUSAN.
(Being the Last Night of performing till the Holidays.)
On Saturday, the 26th, will be produced
The New Grand & Comic Christmas Pantomime,
which has been in preparation from the commencement of the Season.
Printed by W. Reynolds 9, Denmark-Court, Strand. VIVAT REX

"'Go on, Jemmy,' said the Spanish traveller [Jingle]. 'Like black-eyed Susan—all in the Downs—no croaking—speak out—look lively.'"

(This was one of Dickens's anachronisms. The play not being produced till 1829, while the action of Pickwick is 1827.)

in the lane were used as warehouses, while this house was held in 1827 by Robert Graham (wine and spirit merchant)." The picture of the Goldsmiths' Arms in a measure satisfies the very common craving for something that will help to visualise a scene or incident; yet, it is at best an unproven conjecture. Yet, in view of the formidable difficulties that stand in the way of such an undertaking—difficulties due to the distruction of old landmarks, the widening of old streets, the non-existence of contemporary pictures, and also in no small measure to the fact that certain quite simple and everyday phrases and usages have ceased altogether to convey a logical meaning to the present generation—it is rather surprising not that there should be gaps in the series of pictures in this new topical edition of *Pickwick Papers,* but that the gaps should be so few and relatively so unimportant. The fact that in addition to the forty-three original illustrations by H. K. Browne and R. Seymour there are no less than two hundred and twenty-three reproductions of characters, places, scenes and incidences, indicates quite as well as any detailed description the painstaking manner in which the task has been accomplished. The one serious regret that is felt in laying aside these two volumes is that their physical bulk precludes them from becoming travelling companions on subsequent rambles through the heart of the Dickens country. The pictures herewith reproduced include an illustration by Cruikshank taken from *Sketches by Boz,* interesting because in addition to representations of Dickens and Cruikshank it contains portraits of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers of the *Pickwick Papers;* Furnival's Inn, Holborn, where Dickens was then living—and where also, it is interesting to remember, Mr. Thackeray, who was then seeking employment as an artist, called to offer two or three drawings which Dickens, as Thackeray himself told Mr. Foster, "Strange to say, did not find suitable;" and "Christmas Eve at Mr. Wardle's," which has the special interest of embodying a curious error on the part of Phiz, the artist. Dickens took pains to tell us that Mr. Pickwick appeared at that Christmas merrymaking, for the first time within mortal knowledge in speckled silk stockings and without his gaiters—whereas Phiz has pictured him as still wearing them.

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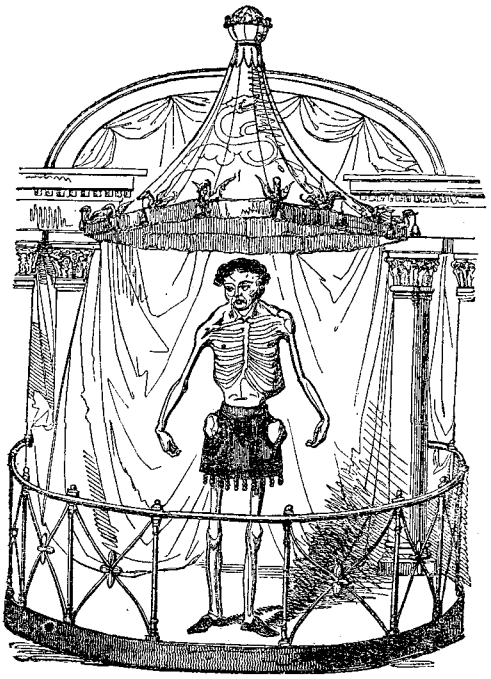
Christmas Eve at Mr. Wardle's.

EMBODYING A CURIOUS ERROR BY PHIZ



CLAUDE SEURAT, THE LIVING SKELETON.
EXHIBITED IN 1825.

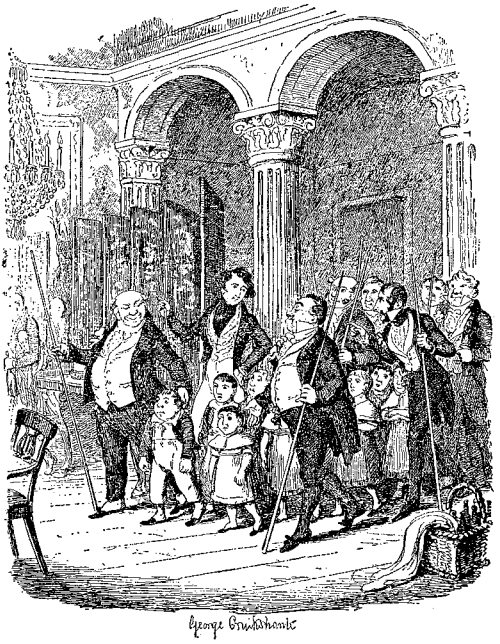
"Proud of the Title, as the Living Skellinton said ven they show'd him."

THE COACH BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE GOLDEN CROSS.

The figure purchasing a ticket is meant to be a portrait of Dickens.

Drawn by George Cruikshank for "Sketches by Boz."



THIS ILLUSTRATION TO PUBLIC DINNERS ("SKETCHES BY BOZ") IS SAID TO CONTAIN, BESIDE REPRESENTATIONS OF DICKENS AND CRUIKSHANK, PORTRAITS OF MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL—BOZ'S PUBLISHERS—THE TWO FIGURES LEADING THE CHILDREN.

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"Maryland, My Maryland"

We are much pleased to note the strong movement in the South to honour the memory of James Ryder Randall, the author of "Maryland, My Maryland." Augusta, Georgia, is preparing to erect a monument to Mr. Randall, as well as one at the grave of the poet. The "James R. Randall Literary and Memorial Association of Maryland" has recently been formed, and includes in its membership many prominent Baltimoreans. Randall's portrait, painted by Miss Katherine Walton, and provided for by State appropriation, was unveiled at Annapolis last year.

Inscribed to Brander Matthews

Professor Brander Matthews's *A Study of the Drama,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is the fortieth volume that has come from his pen. This is an indication of industry, but it cannot be regarded as extraordinary. On the other hand, the fact that no less than fifteen books by other men have been dedicated to him is, we think, decidedly unusual. A special shelf in his library is given over to these books by his friends and fellow-craftsmen, and each volume is dressed in an individual binding. Among the fifteen literary friends who have commemorated Mr. Matthews in this manner are Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, H. C. Bunner, Laurence Hutton, Colonel Higginson, Professor Lounsbury, Bronson Howard, and Professor Harry Thurston Peck.

Literary clubland probably has no figure more conspicuous than Professor Matthews. In New York he was one of the founders of the Authors and Players Clubs, and is also a member of the Century Association. In London, he belongs to Stevenson's old club, the Saville, and to the Athenæum, for which he was proposed by Matthew Arnold. He was one of the six men who sat down to a dinner in Delmonico's in 1882, and who then and there established the international literary club, the Kinsman. During the last forty years he has known nearly every person of importance in the literary life of France, and England, and America.

A Quartier American

The man who has been most conspicuous in the Latin Quarter of Paris for the past thirty years is, curiously enough, an American. And though a Bohemian of the Bohemians, an artist and a wit, he is best recognised for his tremendous capacity for work, his practicality, his sound sense and his financial success. Yet the three decades that he has lived in the Quarter have not changed him in the least. His French, though fluent, is still American French, and now, though more than fifty years old, he remains perpetually young, and in studios and art gatherings the world over his sayings are quoted, and by the newly arrived student in Paris he is regarded as an oracle. This person is Charles Lasar, whose *Practical Hints for Art Students* has just come from the press of Messrs. Duffield and Company.

Though he has always been taken seriously, he is universally known as "Shorty" Lasar. He first appeared in the Quarter in the early eighties, and though very small in size he had the muscles of an athlete and a handsome face with a head of black curling hair and an alert eye. Lacking the advantages of early school training, he soon won recognition as a vigorous personality. His experiences had been varied, from blacksmithing to lithography, and he had come to Paris with a modest purse determined to take up the study of art. He enrolled himself in the class of the late J. L. Gérôme, in the École des Beaux Arts, and was assigned to the antique room. For the sake of economy he used both sides of his *Michelet* paper in making his charcoal drawings, and these were entirely unlike the drawings of the other men. At first Gérôme regarded him with amused suspicion, but suspicion soon changed to intense interest, and Lasar was sent to the life class. Before long "Shorty's" criticisms were almost as eagerly sought as were those of the master. In the nights he studied the history of art and costumes, he made compositions and was ever searching for the reason of successful pictures in the galleries and exhibitions. There never seemed to be a moment when the subject

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of art was out of his mind. Yet in all the years he never found time to execute an important picture for himself.

He was, however, a born teacher, and many successful canvases were due to his advice. He practised great frugality and continued to stay in the Quarter. Students came and departed, but "Shorty" remained. He had no home ties. Finally some young women urged him to organise a class. He did so and was immediately successful, leaving Paris every summer with thirty or forty women pupils. One of his earlier students was Cecilia Beaux. He was not fastidious in his at-

BRANDER MATTHEWS

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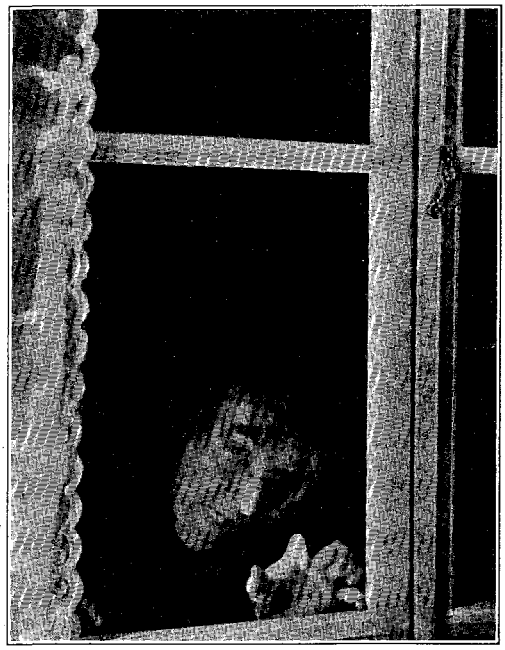
CHARLES LASAR

tire, nor was his speech, while of the liveliest interest, couched in Chesterfieldian phrases. But he was always a personality. He and Alexander Harrison, the distinguished marine painter, were great friends. "Shorty" admired Harrison extravagantly, for he seemed to have all that Lasar lacked—height (Harrison was over six feet), good looks, elegance of manner, position, fame. All efforts to make a lion of "Shorty" were futile. He did not hesitate to say just what came into his head, no matter what the sex of his auditor. Frankly he maintained he was not used to social custom, and insisted they had much better leave him alone. In the early days of his class he used to put on a blue blouse and sweep out the studio after the girls had left. Late one afternoon, while thus occupied, a fashionable young American girl came in. "I desire to talk with Mr. Lasar," she said imperiously. "You can't," he returned curtly, "he is occupied." And he swept on. "But I want to join his class," she continued, annoyed at the lack of attention. "Well," said "Shorty," "you can pay me—I represent him—and —start to-morrow." "You are very rude," said the girl, "and I shall speak about it to Mr. Lasar in the morning," but she paid the fee and flounced out, overwhelmed the next day to find in the supposed servant the master.

"Shorty" once found a pocket-book in the streets. It contained a considerable sum of money and he left it at the police station with his address. A fashionable woman established her claim to it and, desiring to reward the finder, found his address and climbed six flights of stairs to his quarters, when she soon fell under his sway and ended, since he refused a reward, by inviting him to dine with her and her husband. "Shorty" laughed and declined flatly. She insisted, but he told



H. B. IRVING AS MR. HYDE IN THE DRAMATISATION OF STEVENSON'S STORY

In "Jekyll and Hyde," Mr. H. B. Irving makes his changes from the intellectual Dr. Jekyll to the repulsive man-beast, Mr. Hyde, the epitome of all evil, within a few seconds. His acting is even more wonderful, for with the change of character he effects a total change of voice. His extraordinary performance is drawing all London to the Queen's Theatre to spend "an agreeably horrible evening," as it has been aptly described. This picture shows Mr. Irving at the moment when, as Hyde, he looks into the window just before he comes in to murder Sir Danvers Carew.

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her it was foolish, since the very maids at her home would laugh at her for inviting such an uncouth person. But she persisted, and finally "Shorty" said he would come, though he warned her she must take the consequences, declaring that he had neither fitting clothes nor manners. At the appointed hour he arrived at the front door, looking more like the grocer's boy than a guest. He wore corduroys, a *béret,* and a grey flannel shirt! The maid answering his ring looked at him furiously and angrily told him, without waiting for an explanation, to go to the kitchen door. He smiled good-naturedly and obeyed. "Now," said the *bonne,* "what do you want?" "Madame," said "Shorty" laconically, for he was not given to explanations. "What for?" asked the maid. "That's my business," he responded. "Of course," said the woman, "madame will come down here to see you from the drawing-room when she is expecting a monsieur to dine." But "Shorty" was obdurate and the maid went upstairs with his name to her mistress. Down flew the lady, overcome with morification, only to find her guest enjoying the *contretemps* to the full, and reminding her how he had warned her from the beginning.

BOUCK WHITE

Mr. White's "The Book of Daniel Drew" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

RALPH PULITZER

Mr. Pulitzer, whose "New York Society on Parade" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a son of the proprietor of the New York "World"

Mr. Eggleston's Recollections

While the literary career of Mr. George Cary Eggleston has been remarkable for the enormous amount of writing of a fairly dignified order that he has accomplished rather than for any individual book or books of exceptional merit, there are few American men of letters to-day whose Reminiscences would seem to promise more. Before taking up *Recollections of a Varied Life* we expect much. The man's experiences cover so wide a period; he has had

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such exceptional opportunities of seeing interesting men and events at first hand. As a soldier in the Confederate Army he served throughout the War of Secession. A few years after its close he found his way to New York to become associated with Theodore Tilton on the Brooklyn *Union*. In metropolitan journalism he served for three years as managing editor of *Hearth and Home;* a year as editor of *American Homes;* six years as literary editor of the *Evening Post;* five years as literary editor and as editor-in-chief of the *Commercial Advertiser,* now the *Globe;* and several more years on the staff of the *World*. He was for a considerable time the literary adviser of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers. A list of his published books would fill half a column of this magazine. He wrote with extraordinary facility, and the production of seven or eight thousand words a day was for him no unusual feat.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

Mr. Eggleston's personal acquaintance with American literary life covers a period of more than forty years, but through his association he goes back farther yet.

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As a young man on the staff of the *Union* he had working by his side the contemporaries of Poe. One of these was Charles F. Briggs, the "Harry Franco" of an earlier literary time, the associate and partner of the author of "The Raven" on the *Broadway Journal,* the personal friend and enemy of every literary man of his time. He told young Eggleston much of what the latter had always regarded as the golden age of American letters. While "Harry Franco" had many reasons to feel bitterness toward Poe's memory the dominant quality of his character was a love of truth and justice. Concerning Poe and the supposed immorality of his life he once said:

He was not immoral at all in his personal life or in his work. He was merely *un*moral. He had no perception of the difference between right and wrong in the moral sense of those words. His conscience was altogether artistic. If you had told him you had killed a man who stood annoyingly in the way of your purposes, he would have thought none the worse of you for it. He would have reflected that the man ought not to have put himself in your way. But if you had been guilty of putting forth a false quantity in verse, he would have held you to be a monster for whom no conceivable punishment could be adequate.

The chapter devoted to the late John Hay upsets to a considerable degree some of the accepted impressions about the poem "Jim Bludso," the engineer who stuck to his duty and declared that he would "hold her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot's ashore." Mark Twain had criticised the ballad, saying that Jim Bludso must have been a pilot, and not an engineer, for the reason that an engineer, having once set his engines going, could have no need to stay by them. The criticism moved Mr. Hay to an investigation, with the result that he found that in the destruction of the *Prairie Belle* both engineer and pilot had gone to their deaths in much the manner described in the poem and that in consequence there were two heroes to be revered instead of one. Nowadays it is generally accepted as beyond question that John Hay wrote *The Breadwinners.* On this subject Mr. Eggleston writes:

One other thing I may mention here as perhaps of interest. When the anonymous novel, *The Breadwinners,* appeared, it excited a good deal of comment because of the freedom with which the author presented prominent persons under a disguise too thin to conceal identity. The novel was commonly and confidently attributed to Mr. Hay, and some of the critics ventured to censure him for certain features of it. One night at the Authors' Club, at a time when talk of the matter was in everybody's mouth, and when Mr. Hay's authorship of the work had well-nigh ceased to be in doubt, he and I were talking of other things, when suddenly he said to me:

"I suppose you share the general conviction with regard to the authorship of *The Breadwinners.* Let me tell you that I did not write that book, though I confess that some things in it seem to justify the popular belief that I did."

The peculiar form of words in which he couched his denial left me in doubt as to its exact significance, and to this day that doubt has never been resolved. Of course I could not subject him to a cross-examination on the subject.

In the course of his work editorially on the various publications with which he has been connected and as literary adviser to the house of Harper, Mr. Eggleston has had some curious experiences with disgruntled contributors. On a number of occasions letters were written to the publishers demanding his "head." When he spoke to Mr. George Ripley of the matter the latter replied: "Oh, that is the usual thing. I am keeping a collection of letters sent to Mr. Greeley demanding my discharge. I think of bequeathing them to the Astor Library as historical material reflecting the literary conditions of our time." Conditions are pretty much the same to-day as they were then, and there is sound sense in the comment with which Mr. Eggleston ends the story of the minister who had demanded that he be discharged by Harpers for not having given an adequate reading to the minister's proffered manuscript.

Beneath the complaint made by the clerical author in that case there was a mistaken assumption with which every publisher and every editor is familiar—the assumption, namely, that the publisher or editor to whom

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unsolicited manuscripts are sent is under some sort of moral obligation to read them or have them read. Of course no such obligation exists. When the publisher or editor is satisfied that he does not wish to purchase a manuscript, it makes no manner of difference by what process he has arrived at that conclusion. The subject of the book or article may be one that he does not care to handle; the author's manner, as revealed in the early pages of his manuscript, may justify rejection without further reading. Any one of a score of reasons may be conclusive without the necessity of examining the manuscript in whole or even in part. I once advised the rejection of a book without reading it, on the ground that the woman who wrote it used a cambric needle and milk instead of a pen and ink, so that it would be a gross immorality to put her manuscript into the hands of printers whose earnings depended upon the number of ems they could set in a day.

But the conviction is general among the amateur authors of unsolicited manuscripts that the editors or publishers to whom they send their literary wares are morally bound not only to examine them, but to read them carefully from beginning to end. They sometimes resort to ingenious devices by way of detecting the rascally editors in neglect of this duty. They slenderly stick the corners of two sheets together; or they turn up the lower corner of a sheet here and there as if by accident, but so carefully as to cover a word or two from sight; or they place a sheet upside down, or in some other way set a trap that makes the editor smile if he happens to be in good temper, and causes him to reject the thing in resentment of the impertinence if his breakfast has not agreed with him that day.

In his chapter on William Cullen Bryant Mr. Eggleston narrates a bit of literary history connected with "The Song of Marion's Men" which, while not absolutely new, is well worth repetition.

When Mr. Bryant issued the first collected edition of his poems, English publication was very necessary to the success of such a work in America, which was still provincial. Accordingly Mr. Bryant desired English publication. Washington Irving was then living in England, and Mr. Bryant had a slight but friendly acquaintance with him. It was sufficient to justify the poet in asking the great story-teller's friendly offices. He sent a copy of his poems to Irving, asking him to secure a London publisher. This Irving did, with no little trouble, and in the face of many obstacles of prejudice, indifference, and the like.

When half the book was in type the publisher sent for Irving in consternation. He had discovered, in "The Song of Marion's Men," the lines:

> The British soldier trembles
> When Marion's name is told.

It would never, never do, he explained, for him to publish a book with even the smallest suggestion in it that the British soldier was a man to "tremble" at any danger. It would simply ruin him to publish this direct charge of cowardice against Tommy Atkins.

For the time Irving was at a loss to know what to do. Mr. Bryant was three thousand miles away and the only way of communicating with him was by ocean mails, carried by sailing craft at long intervals, low speed, and uncertain times of arrival. To write to him and get a reply would require a waste of many weeks—perhaps of several months. In his perplexed anxiety to serve his friend, Irving decided to take the liberty of making an entirely innocent alteration in the words, curing them of their offensiveness to British sensitiveness, without in the least altering their significance. Instead of:

> The British soldier trembles,
> When Marion's name is told,

he made the lines read:

> The foeman trembles in his tent
> When Marion's name is told.

The Indiana School

During the past few weeks we have received quite a number of curious letters, and after looking them over carefully we have selected the following for publication as being the gem of the collection. It shows that the Indiana School is still very much alive. We have suppressed the name of the writer, for reasons that will be only too obvious to our readers, but we are quite willing to publish it in a later issue, in case the writer so desires. We must, however, respectfully but firmly decline the honour of that dedication.

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INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA,

January 26, 1910.

Editors of THE BOOKMAN,
New York City, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: I am addressing you collectively to-day, because that is in conformance to the instructions which you print in the table of contents of your delightful publication. I have a matter of the utmost importance upon my mind, although it is affording me intense gratification to be so involved in literature. There is no thrill in all this world like that which affects a poet when for the first time he stands upon an eminence, and gazing fondly downward, perceives that his works have found print, that the labour of men has been expended upon his poor products. Think, then, of my feelings when I pridefully state that I have a *book* now running through the press as swiftly as human ingenuity know how to imprint. It is not, however, a small or unimportant work, and instead of being the work of a moment, or the inspiration of a flash, it has been developing in my mind and heart *for no less than five years!*

It is a volume of poetical extracts from my works, which have hitherto never been published. This work is a private publication. Now, men, what I have as an object in addressing you to-day is this—has it not been fully demonstrated that man cannot wander alone through this sphere? He requires companionship and and co-operation. In fact, I do not hesitate in saying that co-operation is the keynote of all human activity and success, particularly in a literary way. Will you help me to gain that Fame I covet, merit and shall undoubtedly acquire? Will you blaze the trail for me? You can do it. You have it in your power to be of inestimable service to me at this time! You are firmly established in the seat of literature. Those crushing influences, those blighting adversities which

torture the mundane heart
And dragging him down to earth, discords trills

may, indeed, be a setback on my path, but in the end, eventually, inevitably, success will crown my poor products. What I ask is this. I have dogged the footsteps of the several celebrities which this town can boast of, namely, James Whitcomb Riley, Meredith Nicholson, Booth Tarkington, and Miss Miller and Alexander. I have written odes to them, thus assuring myself of indelibly, ineffaceably linking my name with theirs, and assuming no little share of their popularity. I have written things over the grave of General Lew Wallace, and only deplore his early death, which deprived me of a chance unparalleled, perhaps never possible again, to share with him his popularity and *Ben Hur*. I am enclosing these odes. They may have defects—what human undertaking has not? Now, if you will be so kind, publish these, and earn the everlasting gratitude of one whose name shall yet be a literary household word, and whose individuality shall be writ large in the minds of men over the zenith of fame. If you will do this, and give me a favourable mention, I will some day find means of substantially thanking you.

Very truly yours,

P.S.—If you will do the above, I will send you a copy of the autograph edition free gratis, or, better yet, I will dedicate the book to you, so that it will only cost you 25 cents a copy, or five copies for one dollar.

WHY I AM A POET

Men have come to me this day,
Blessed day, I heard 'em say,
Mr. Hysey, they whispered to me,
We have come to-day to see
If it is right for us to know it,
Tell us why you are a poet.

Listen, then, I said, upstarting,
Let there be no sign of parting,
There is no need to rave or roar,
Your question isn't a bore.
What you ask is pertinent,
For I know how it is meant.

Listen, brothers, I said at once,
But wait till in a chair I ensconce.
Now that I'm seated comfortably,
My purpose is to let you see,
For it is right to let you know it,
Exactly why I'm a poet.

The winds of heaven blow about,
Battles are always ended with rout,
Things are being done supernal
By the powers that reign eternal.
Flowers have bloomed, plants are dead,
That lifted a blossoming head.

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Everywhere there is a sign of life,
Some place, you will say, there is strife.
When I hear of these things,
The flame of poetry sings
In my ears and through my brain so quick
That on paper I say them rather than speak.

So a poet is necessary to men,
To fathom their inmost thoughts and then
To record them so sweet
That the scrunch of their feet
Shall endure. Now you know it,
Why I am a poet.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I saw you on a wintry morn,
  Standing, at the close of day,
In front of Bobbs-Merrill publishing plant,
  Where you have full sway.
You are now a celebrity,
  But thousands have laughed at you
For the way that you ply the pen
  And for your colossal wit.
Not two feet apart we stood,
  Two men on life's green shore,
Yet mentally I said then,
  "Of the two, is he the more?"
Just two men we stood,
  So close I could smell your breath;
Ages the same, yet your name
  Will be embalmed through Death.
But others will tread where you
  Have trod the path of fame;
Others will write for print,
  Others will play the game.
When my works have printed been,
  And diffused throughout the land,
Who knows but I will be
  Advanced where you stand?

TO MEREDITH NICHOLSON

I walked out Delaware Street,
To where it and Sixteenth meet,
I saw your home pretty,
Pride of the city,
A hostelry so neat!

But monopoly of houses nice,
I decide by throwing dice,
Can't be in this age,
Though they're all the rage,
Surely that should suffice!

But the day is coming round
When I myself will be found
In luxury without stint,
For now I'm in print,
Popularity comes at a bound!

Sad Words on Chesterton

The *North American Review* has given up Mr. Chesterton as hopeless. We quote the following passage as a warning to a rather numerous class of persons who seem quite unable to take anything that Mr. Chesterton writes in the spirit in which it is conceived. It relates to Mr. Chesterton's book on Bernard Shaw:

> Life, whatever those two men may think, is grave and not buffoonery; and man, like the subject of man's worship, is noble, too noble for meretricious book-making. . . . Only two things can give point and savour to a paradox—genius and animal spirits. He lacks the one and has lost the other. The zest has gone from his fooling, the youth from his absurdities.

The last sentence applies in some degree to Mr. Chesterton's latest book, *The Ball and the Cross,* but only by comparison with his earlier ones. The tendency in certain quarters to give him up is as marked as it was in the case of Kipling. At every stage of his career some one has exclaimed that all the life has gone out of him; whereupon he produces a book that is better than any he wrote before.

Jane Austen's Day

There is a type of literary monograph which, with no wider equipment than abundant diligence and a contagious enthusiasm, ought to be fairly easy to put together, with a comfortable assurance that it will find a certain number of indulgent readers. We mean the type of book that is too gossipy to be biography, too biased to be authoritative criticism, too largely an avowed patchwork of accepted facts and opinions to be entitled to any great claim for originality—in short, the type that is fairly represented by the latest addition to the Jane Austen bibliography: W. H. Helm's *Jane Austen and Her Country-House Party.* It is only the exceptional reader who does not have a few chosen authors, certain favourite volumes that have come to be known almost by heart. It may be Thackeray or Conan Doyle, Dumas or Jane Austen—the fact remains that if they are our favourites we are ready to listen without

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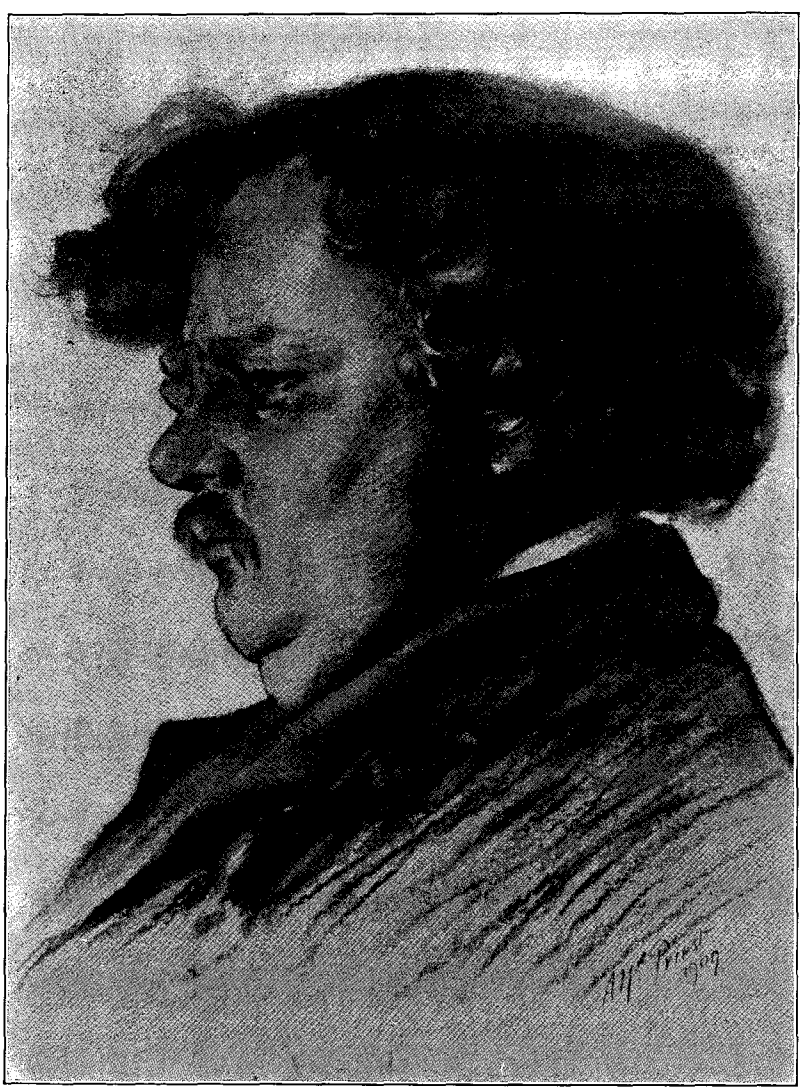
weariness, in conversation or in books, to almost any one who undertakes to retravel with us the old familiar ground. An exhaustive genealogy of the Dumas family; a university thesis on the question, Can the Japanese appreciate Thackeray? a critical opinion on Conan Doyle's place in fiction a hundred years hence; a medical discussion regarding the mental condition of Jane Austen's Mr. Woodhouse would quite properly remain on the shelves, gathering dust. But we are always grateful to any one who will point out some new reason for admiring Rawdon Crawley's attack upon Lord Steyne; who will make us thrill once again over the mad dash of the immortal four to recover the queen's diamonds from Buckingham; who will help us solve some Sherlock Holmes cryptogram, or listen once more to the verbal duel between the Lady Catherine de Bourgh and Elizabeth Bennet. Miss Austen lends herself peculiarly to this sort of treatment. Outside of her novels and her letters, there is so thin a supply of material that even the most resourceful and imaginative compiler finds himself driven back again



G. K. CHESTERTON
From the painting by Alfred Priest

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MARY AUSTIN, AUTHOR OF "LOST BORDERS"

and again to direct quotation, until his book becomes largely an ingenious mosaic of clever fragments. In this manner it is easy to purl gently on, with something of Miss Austen's own tranquillity, without the sparkle of her humour, and yet without being boresome. It is easy to enumerate once again the few books that she is known to have liked, and to conjecture others that she may have encountered; to draw a more or less veracious picture of her intimate life, the furniture and hangings of her room, the hours of her meals, the fabric and the cut of her frocks. There is no fear that the book will remain unread, so long as it discusses once again the kindly fussiness of Mr. Woodhouse, the inimitable garrulity of Miss Bates, the pompousness of Mr. Collins, the flustered illogic of Mrs. Bennet—so long as it reprints a judicious number of famous passages, and does not fail to tell the hackneyed story of Tennyson at Lyme Regis, "Don't talk to me of the Duke of Monmouth! Show me the exact spot where Louisa Musgrove fell!"

This, in brief, is a fair statement of what W. H. Helm has succeeded in doing in *Jane Austen and Her Country-House Party*. What the book will do is to afford a few hours of pleasant reminiscence to those who are already votaries of Miss Austen. But it is not likely to accomplish one of its avowed purposes, that of winning new converts. An intimate knowledge of Jane Austen's writings, her letters as well as her stories, is a condition precedent to a real enjoyment of this book—and in that respect it differs markedly from Professor Goldwin Smith's less pretentious volume in the Great Writers series. To a reader possessing no acquaintance with Miss Austen, Professor Smith's monograph gives just the needful amount of condensed facts, brief crisp opinions, and synopses of the several novels, so cleverly done that they leave upon the lazy reader a satisfied impression that he has read them in entirety, while to the less sluggish mind they impart a tingling desire to go to original sources.

Before leaving this volume by W. H. Helm, we wish to call attention to its opening paragraph, which seems to establish a new school of comparative criti-

JANE AUSTEN

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cism. The paragraph in question runs as follows:

The year 1775, which deprived England of her American colonies, was generous to English art and literature. . . . Its greater gifts were Turner, Charles Lamb and Jane Austen. Could we be offered the choice of repossessing the United States or losing the very memory of these three, which alternative would we choose?

The real beauty of this formula is that it opens up the way to an infinite variety of applications. Would Euripides have been worth to Greece the sacrifice of the victory of Salamis? Would we give up the "One-Hoss Shay" to save Lisbon Town? And what epoch-making events would we reverse, rather than lose the works of Marie Corelli and Laura Jean Libbey? This sort of mental gymnastics is recommended cordially as an excellent substitute for the familiar soporific of watching the sheep go over the fence.

This portrait of Whistler, which at the moment of writing has never been reproduced, looks down with a certain air of haughty aloofness on New York's first Whistler exhibition now being held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It seems a challenge to the visitors, searching the very heart, asking, to use Whistler's own words, is it a true "comrade of art" who "passes that way and will understand"? This "portrait sketch," as Whistler called it, was painted by himself at the age of thirty-five or thereabouts, during his best period of creative work, the period of the "Mother," the "Carlyle," the "Miss Alexander," and the "Rosa Corder." The head, which was shown at the Paris Exhibition, also by himself, was painted some ten years before. It has since been acquired by Mr. Freer, who is also the owner of the portrait that is shown here. Two other portraits here are in oil done by himself, one still in London called the Macullough portrait, and another shown in Paris and Boston, belonging to Mr. George Vanderbilt. Mr. Freer purchased this superb portrait from the daughter of a friend of Whistler's to whom the artist had presented it. It was never before publicly exhibited in America and is very

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER, AUTHOR OF "MARY CARY"

OCTAVE THANET (ALICE FRENCH)

A Remarkable Whistler

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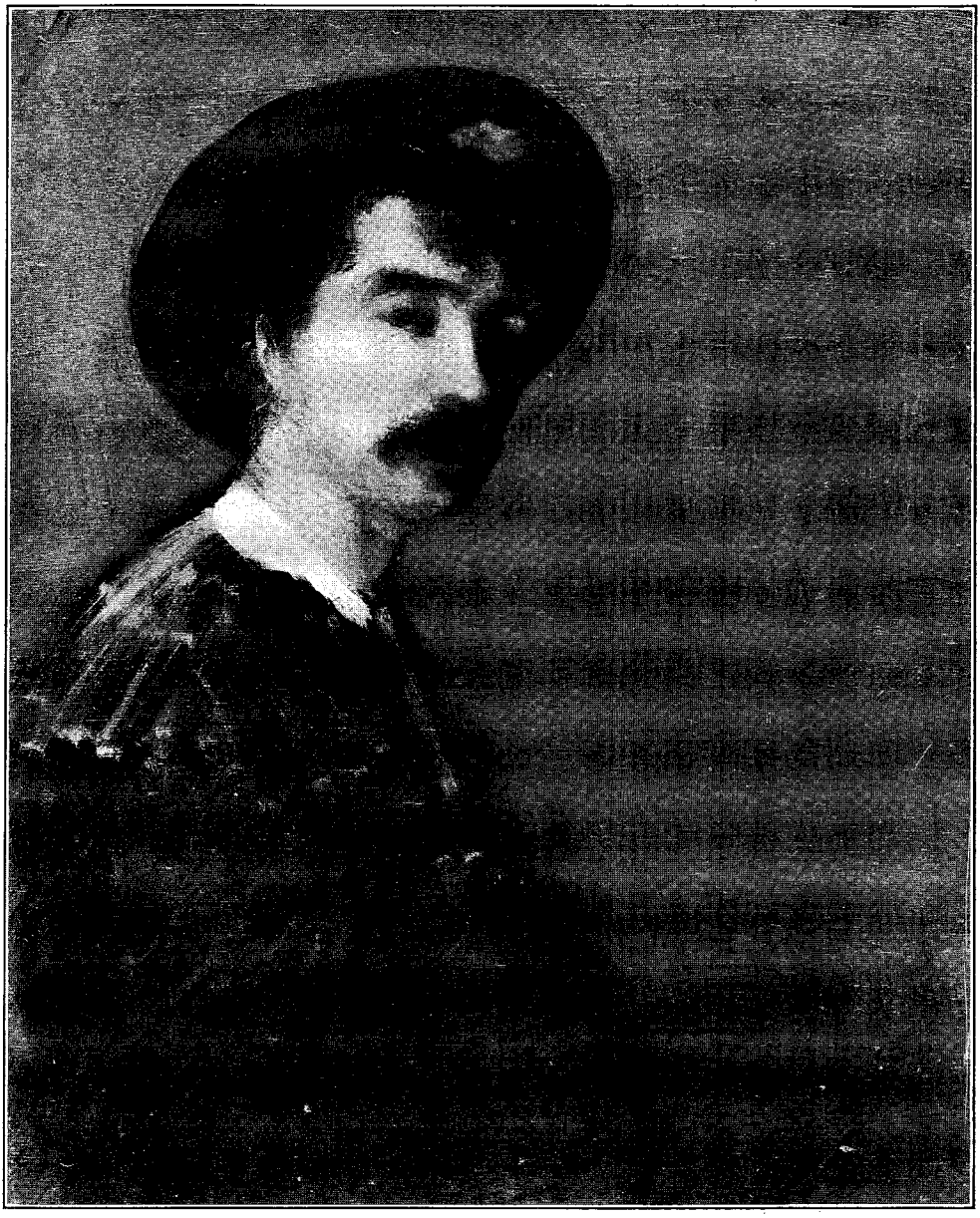
little known abroad. Of this Whistler a well-known art critic said to us the other day: "This portrait is more than a portrait—it is a solution to a problem—the problem of how the Whistler of the average portrait, the Whistler that has become popularised by the impudent cleverness of Boldini—could paint the wonderful masterpieces on which the graceful butterfly rests. If Whistler was the gay flaneur, the spicy persifleur of the usual *Whistlerana,* the neurotic exquisite of Boldini, then who painted the masterpieces of serious profound human interest, the Little Lady of Soho Square, the Green Cap, Little Rose of



THE WHISTLER PORTRAIT AT THE METROPOLITAN

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Lyme Regis, and above all that gentle dignified—(one is tempted to say holy) Mother?

Fiction and Fact

Some captious reviewer, in commenting upon Jack London's recent book, *Martin Eden,* made the assertion that it would be physically impossible for a man to go through the porthole of a ship as Martin does. The criticism would seem to be answered in the suicide the other day of some unhappy individual who ended his life by throwing himself into the ocean, using the porthole as his avenue of escape.

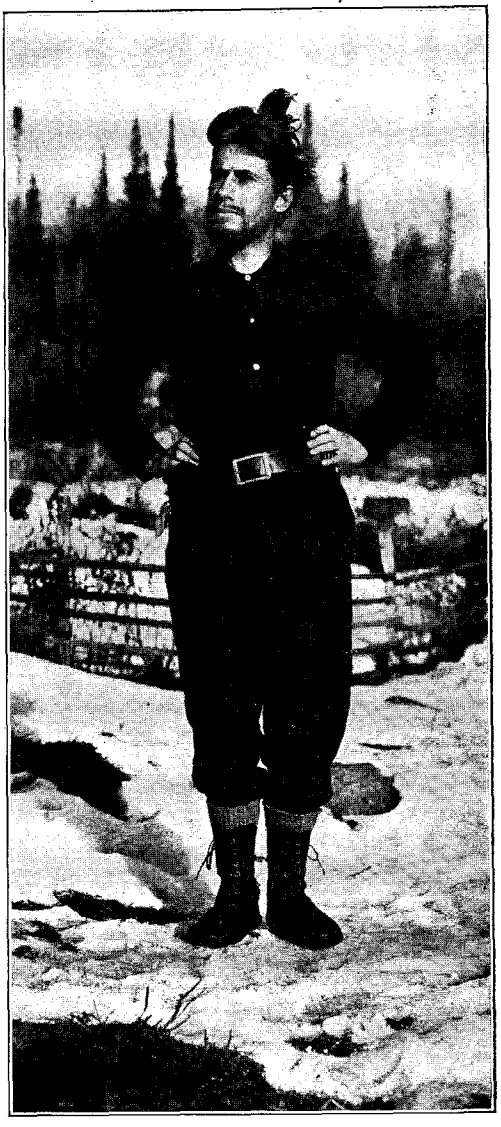
Platt and "Coniston"

The study of politics remained even up to the hour of his death the all-absorbing interest to Thomas C. Platt. It is said that the last page he read was in Winston Churchill's *Coniston,* a copy of the book being found open on a table at his side. Recalling the fact that the political boss depicted in this same story was once the provocation of no little comment from ex-Governor Odell, it would seem that in *Coniston* Mr. Churchill had touched upon a sore spot to politicians.

Somewhat Misleading

The errors of stenographers are sometimes costly and seldom amusing. One of the best instances of the latter kind relates to the contract that Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson has for his new book, *The Autobiography of a Clown.* When he came to examine the document he was amazed to find that after stipulating the usual facts about terms, date of publication, etc., it called for the publication of a volume entitled *The Autobiography of a Clam!*

Mr. Marcosson, by the way, has had an animated career. He was raised in the picturesque Louisville newspaper school and came to New York seven years ago to become associate editor of the *World's Work.* While on this magazine he had a large share in *The Jungle* campaign, which was one of the most spectacular publishing episodes of recent years. Mr. Marcosson left the *World's Work* to go with the *Saturday Evening Post,* whose New York representative he is. Among other things he is the *Post's* envoy in Wall Street. He persuaded John D. Archbold to write his celebrated defence of the Standard Oil Company, which broke the trust's thirty years' silence, and he is the only man who has really interviewed Thomas F. Ryan and Edwin



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Mr. Curwood's "The Danger Trail" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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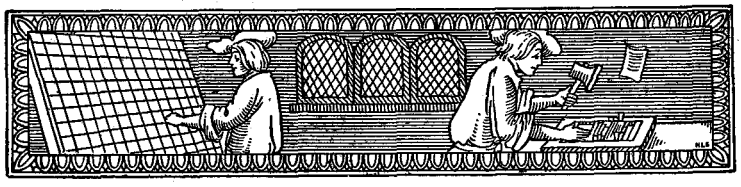
ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Hawley. He originated and still writes the department in the *Post* entitled "Your Savings."

We have no desire to take a hand in the very complex controversy which is now vexing the sons of Princeton University. Indeed, it has so many ramifications, social and educational, as to make it almost impossible of comprehension. For this very reason we asked a clever personage the other day to sum up the whole affair in a nutshell.

As to Princeton

"Oh," said he, "it's perfactly simple. It began when President Wilson wanted a quadrangle. Somehow or other he failed to get the quad; but now by way of compensation they are all having the wrangle."



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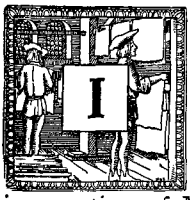
SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XI—"O. HENRY"



IT is only fair to say in advance that the present writer does not intend to analyse O. Henry (or Mr. Sydney Porter) and his books, quite as though this gentleman were a reincarnation of Master François Rabelais or any of the few great humourists of the past; nor will he venture to make any prediction about Mr. Porter's "ultimate future." These things are on the knees of the gods. It is sufficient to know that Mr. Porter has amused and delighted thousands by his stories; that he is ingenious, full of unexpected little strokes, and able in his serious moments to attain to a mastery of genuine pathos, without which no humour can be quite complete. Let us take him then for what he is—a contemporary, and an extremely clever one—and consider both the man himself and the books into which he has gathered not a little virgin gold.

I. THE MAN

In the case of many writers it would be unnecessary and perhaps impertinent to say anything about their personality. But with Mr. Porter, his life goes so far toward the explanation of his books as to make at least some reference to it indispensable. Moreover, so many legends have been circulated about him as to render it desirable to give the essential facts of his career. When the signature of "O. Henry" began to attract attention, six or seven years ago, there was a widespread demand to know just who this mysterious gentleman was. The demand was gratified by imaginative newspaper men, who in some of the tales they told showed that they were themselves only slightly inferior to Mr. Porter himself in the field of fiction. Even now the account of Mr. Porter in this year's volume of *Who's Who* is in several respects inaccurate; and the alleged facts are so very meagre as to disappoint the inquiring mind. Let us first then sum up briefly the events of Mr. Porter's life, and afterward consider what bearing they have upon the books which he has written.

In the first place, the author of *Cabbages and Kings* was born in Greensborough, North Carolina, in 1867, so that he is now in the forty-third year of his age. His health as a boy was not very good, and hence instead of being sent to college he was placed upon a ranch in Texas, where he remained for more than two years. He was not himself a rancher nor, as some have said, a sheep breeder and cowboy; though he soon learned a great many things concerning ranchmen and herders and cowboys. He also came into close contact with a very stimulating sort of life; and in the fresh air of the prairies he grew strong and possessed of superb health.

Remaining in Texas, he secured a position with the Houston *Post,* having to prepare a column every day at the rate of fifteen dollars a week. Within a few weeks this salary was advanced to twenty dollars, and in another two weeks it had been increased to twenty-five dollars—a rate of compensation which for a Texan newspaper was rightly regarded by Mr. Porter as very liberal. The editor, however, said to him: "Within five years you will be earning a hundred dollars a week on a New York newspaper."

At this time Mr. Porter did a good deal of serious reading, in which respect he resembles Mr. Howells, who, when a very young man, read the best of the English classics while employed upon a newspaper. Mr. Porter lately said to an interviewer:

"I did more reading between my thir-

Preceding papers in this series have dealt with Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, F. Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, Margaret Deland, Ellen Glasgow, Robert Herrick, Gertrude Atherton and Robert W. Chambers.

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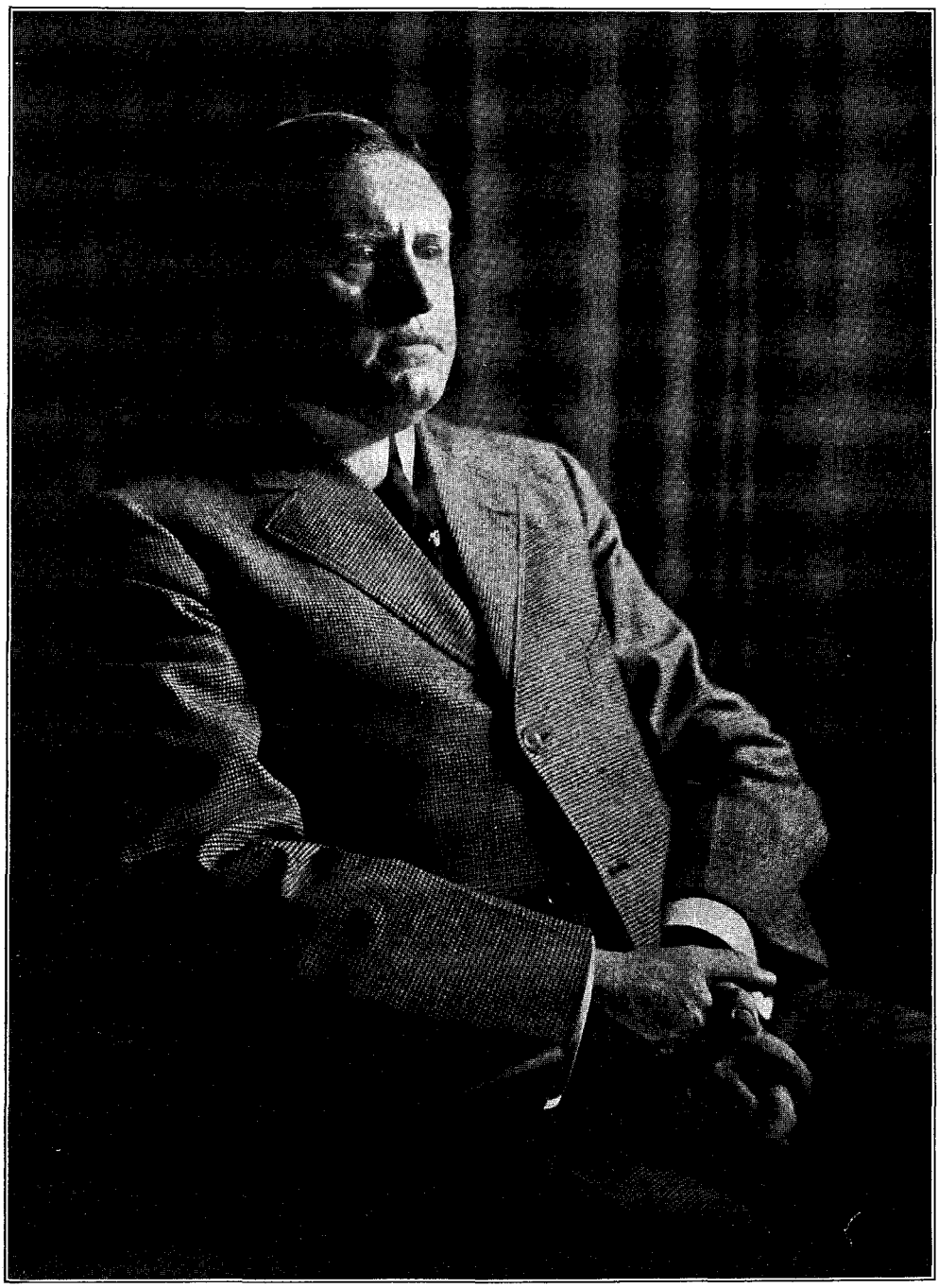

"O. HENRY"

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teenth and nineteenth years than I have done in all the years that have passed since then. And my taste at that time was much better than it is to-day; for I used to read nothing but the classics. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Lane's translation of *The Arabian Nights* were my favourites."

Not unnaturally, Mr. Porter's success on the staff of the Houston *Post* fired his ambition and led him to take over a weekly story-paper in which most of the stories came from the owner's pen. These stories are probably among those which we all have read, though doubtless they have been changed and very much improved; for Mr. Porter says that he never yet wrote a story that was not finally published between the covers of a book or in the pages of some widely read magazine. But his attempts at editorship proved to be a failure; and then Mr. Porter and a friend of his made a visit to Central America. The friend hoped to make a fortune in raising and exporting bananas. Mr. Porter went along to see him do it. As a matter of fact, there must have been some mysteries in the banana trade which his friend was unable to understand, for he sank what money he had taken with him. Then Mr. Porter spent much time, as he describes it, in "knocking around among the consuls and the refugees." It must have seemed to him that a good deal of his life was being wasted. In truth, however, he was absorbing the knowledge and the atmosphere which give a curiously exotic, and at the same time realistic, touch to his first book, *Cabbages and Kings*. It enabled him to set before us with the masterly ease of one who knows, a marvellous background of snow-white beach, and waving palms, and sunshine, and trees laden with fruit, and a wealth of tropical flora, which, nevertheless, only half conceal the heat and squalour and discomfort that make us understand with a perfect sympathy the feeling of the American or European exile who looks over the shimmering blue waters and longs wistfully for one more sight of what he pathetically calls "God's own country."

When Mr. Porter returned to "God's own country," he had accumulated enough experience to write many books; yet a certain nomadic instinct kept him roving for a while longer. He drifted into the State of Texas again, and for two weeks acted as general assistant to a druggist. The duties and the place alike seemed monotonous; and, therefore, once more he began his wanderings until he reached the city of New Orleans, where the zest for writing came upon him once again. He wrote and wrote, sending stories not only to magazines but to newspapers—to everything, in fact, which published fiction; and when these ventures came back to him, as they often did, he never lost courage, but supplied them with fresh stamps and sent them again upon their way. He has said (and we may repeat it as an encouragement to those who do not immediately succeed): "Take 'The Emancipation of Billy'—as good a story as I ever wrote. It was rejected no less than thirteen times. Yet, like all the rest, it finally landed."

It was during his literary strivings in New Orleans that he decided, for some reason or other, that he must have a pen-name. He took counsel with a friend, and the two picked up a newspaper and turned to an account in it of a social function. They ran over the names hastily and Mr. Porter picked out the name "Henry."

"That will do for a last name," he said; "but I want a short first name in one syllable."

His friend remarked that he might use a plain initial letter.

"Good!" said the writer. "*O* is about the easiest letter written, and so let's call it *O*."

Afterward when the name of O. Henry was known all over the land, a certain newspaper wrote and asked him for what the *O* stood. With cheerful irresponsibility Mr. Porter gravely answered that the *O* was an abbreviation of the French Olivier. Sometimes, therefore, Mr. Porter's stories have been ascribed to one Olivier Henry, a Franco-American. Such is the genesis of a famous *nom-de-guerre*.

Mr. Porter grew weary of New Orleans, as he would probably grow weary of any place in a few years. He came to New York about 1902. Already he had acquired a small public. Mr. Gilman

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Hall, then the editor of *Ainslee's Magazine,* promised him a hundred dollars apiece for twelve stories. That seemed a pretty attractive offer. At present, he rarely sells a story for less than a thousand dollars, and magazine editors are glad to make contracts for stories from his pen, paying the full amount in advance. Therefore, Mr. Porter has decidedly arrived.

II. His Genre

From reading this brief account of his life and experiences, and granting his Americanism, it is quite obvious that Mr. Porter must have developed or acquired certain definite traits. The nomadic life makes one tolerant as it also makes one exceedingly observant. The person who acquires his experience in a library gets it only at second-hand, nor can he ever have that easy touch-and-go which comes from contact with the individual human being. Mr. Porter is a real *flâneur* of the American type, only, he confines himself to no boulevard, to no city, to no State, nor even to a single country. The world, in fact, is his oyster, and he has learned almost unconsciously to open it and to extract from it alike the meat and the salty juices. As he himself has remarked to an interviewer:

> When I first came to New York I spent a great deal of time knocking around the streets. I did things then that I wouldn't think of doing now. I used to walk at all hours of the day and night along the river fronts, through Hell's Kitchen, down the Bowery, dropping into all manner of places, and talking with any one who would hold converse with me. I have never met any one but what I could learn something from him. He's had some experiences that I have not had; he sees the world from his own viewpoint. If you go at it in the right way the chances are that you can extract something of value from him. But whatever else you do, don't flash a pencil and notebook. Either he will shut up, or he will become a Hall Caine.

What Mr. Porter has described as being his method here in New York is undoubtedly his method everywhere. He gets down to the very heart of things. He sees the humour and the pathos blended; yet, on the whole, he is an optimist, for he sees that in the end most things come out as they ought to, or else if they come out wrong, the majority of people do not know it. Hence arise his own easy temper, his careless slangy ways, his lack of reverence, his willingness to spoil even a very good story because of a strong temptation to inject something absurd into the midst of it. You laugh at the absurdity, but the story is thereafter impossible to take seriously.

There is a close literary relationship between Mr. Sydney Porter and Miss Helen Green. They both look at life from the same point of view. At her very best, Miss Green is much better than Mr. Porter. At her worst, she is very far below him. The defects and the merits of both come from the same cause—a vast fund of miscellaneous experience, and a slap-dash haste of composition which, while it gives a certain zest to what they write, too often takes the wrong direction and ends either in bathos or frivolity. Thus, Mr. Porter never wrote anything so good as "Mary Had to Have Her Broadway"—a story which appeals most subtly to the New Yorker—nor on the other hand, did he ever perpetrate anything so flat as half a dozen tales which might be gathered at random from Miss Green's cycle of "The Maison de Shine." Because of this carelessness, this almost impish and mischievous temptation to crack a joke at a place where the reader resents it, both of these popular writers will probably not be remembered very long. And there is another reason for their ephemeral notoriety. Nearly everything they write is riddled with slang—slang that is ingenious, uproariously funny, surpassing even that of Mr. George Ade. It permeates Mr. Porter's writings as an essential part of them. It was a very clever notion in *Cabbages and Kings* to make two Americans communicate with each other by means of slang, in a Central American Republic at a time when all telegrams are carefully inspected. If they had used Spanish, that, of course, would be immediately understood. If they had used English, the officials would find some one to translate it. As they had no code prepared in advance, they could not resort to cipher. Consequently, the first American tele-

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graphs to the other American in "the great and potent code of Slang." Here is the telegram which slipped through the fingers of the curious Central American officials:

> His Nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack-rabbit line with all the coin in the kitty and the bundle of muslin he's spoony about it. The boodle is six figures short. Our crowd in good shape, but we need the spondulicks. You collar it. The main guy and the dry goods are headed for the briny. You know what to do.
>
> BOB.

Now this is excruciatingly funny and extremely clever. If Mr. Porter merely indulged in slang at times, his stories might have a chance of escaping oblivion; but unfortunately—or as I think, fortunately—slang is an extremely short-lived form of speech. Just a few words of it are taken up into the legitimate vocabulary; but most of its words resemble that sort of bastard which is incapable of reproduction. A slang word or phrase is done to death in a few months or often even in a few weeks; because every one uses it continually for a little while, and then every one becomes weary of it and finally is sickened by it. Now a touch of it in any book may be preserved like flies in amber; but when a book is all shot through with it and daubed with it, then the book, like the slang itself, cannot last for very long. Therefore, Mr. Porter's stories, while they are caught at with avidity and read with vast amusement for a while, must finally go down into the pit, for this one reason, that with all their wit and humour and cleverness, they have upon them the taint of the *argot* that is ephemeral and that will make them in a few years unreadable and unintelligible. Who to-day can read the *Major Jack Downing Letters,* or the productions of John Phoenix, or of Philander Q. Doesticks? Artemus Ward still retains a certan theoretical vogue, but I doubt very much whether he is really read; and yet in their time all these men were regarded as very monarchs of mirth. Let it be granted that Mr. Porter has a great deal more to tell than any one of these, or than Petroleum V. Nasby, whose humorous letters sent President Lincoln into convulsions of laughter. But ten years from now Mr. Porter's omnipresent slang will seem cheap, and in this way it will cheapen the stories that are told in it.

III. His Books

There is one more thing to be said concerning Mr. Porter, which has nothing to do with his style but with his methods of literary construction. He has now published six books—*Cabbages and Kings* (1905); *The Four Million* (1906); *Heart of the West* (1908); *The Voice of the City* (1908); *Options* (1909); *Roads of Destiny* (1909). The mere enumeration of these will show how rapidly Mr. Porter has written, and there is still another book of his already in the press. From the standpoint of a critic, much interest lies in the fact that they are all composed of short stories. Some one, of course, will immediately interrupt and say that *Cabbages and Kings* is not a short story, for it has a plot running throughout it. But it really represents a type of story which is nearly two thousand years old—the second step in the evolution of the novel. Mr. Porter finds his ancient prototype in Apuleius of Madaura, that African novelist who wrote in Latin as strange as some of Mr. Porter's English, his romance entitled *The Golden Ass.* Apuleius at the very beginning of his book says: "I shall weave together for you in this tale various stories in the Milesian manner." "In the Milesian manner"! This is precisely what Mr. Porter has done about seventeen hundred years later. Without knowing it he has constructed a series of Milesian tales which have no relation to each other, but which are artfully made to hang upon still another Milesian tale which serves as a thread to bind the whole together. Thus, in *Cabbages and Kings* there are told the stories of "The Shamrock and the Palm," the plot by which Johnny Atwood and Billy Keogh discomfort the astute Pink Dawson, "The Flag Paramount," "The Admiral," "Dicky," and "Rouge et Noir." These are all Milesian stories—that is to say, short stories with no immediate relation to the principal story, which in itself is another Milesian, mechanically wedded to them.

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Yet there is no particular reason for believing that Mr. Porter could not write a novel in which all the parts could be blended into a homogeneous entity. It is not lack of constructiveness, but rather too much haste which has made him take the line of least resistance. Let us summarise *Cabbages and Kings,* for it is the most complete story of all that he has so far written.

"There are yet tales of the Spanish Main," says the author at the beginning of *Cabbages and Kings.* The guns of the rovers—Sir John Morgan and Lafitte, as well as Balboa and Drake—are silenced; but the tin-type man, the enlarged-photograph brigand, the kodaking tourist, and the scouts of the gentle brigade of fakers have found it out and carry on the work. The American Consul, the gentlemanly adventurer clamouring for a concession, the hucksters of the United States, of France and Germany and England, the exiled bank presidents under a cloud, the professional promoters of revolutions and the derelict drunkards—these are the sort of persons that give action and background to the story.

Briefly the story is as follows. President Miraflores of Anchuria has become enamoured of a notorious American opera-singer named Isabel Guilbert, and has planned to leave his capital and go to Europe, taking with him the woman and all the available funds in the Anchurian treasury. At the same time (the reader knows nothing of this point until the end of the story) J. Churchill Wahrfield, President of the Republic Insurance Company of New York, embezzles one hundred thousand dollars, and, accompanied by his daughter, who knows nothing of her father's crime, sails for some Central American country where extradition treaties do not hold. Frank Goodwin, the leading American resident of Coralio, a coast town of Anchuria, has been notified of the flight of President Miraflores and is determined to intercept him and to recover the stolen money. Detective Smith, of the Columbia Agency of New York, has been sent in a private yacht to the Caribbean for the purpose of getting possession of the funds embezzled by Wahrfield from the Republic Insurance Company. Fate brings all these persons to Coralio at the same time. Goodwin, seeking President Miraflores and Isabel Guilbert, enters the Hotel de los Estranjeros. There he finds a man, a woman, and a valise containing one hundred thousand dollars. The man shoots himself, and Goodwin, after a word to the woman, drops the valise from the window into the branches of an orange tree. He is seen only by Beelzebub Blythe, a derelict drunkard, who happens to be resting after his daily debauch in the orange grove. Detective Smith also finds a man, a woman, and a valise containing one hundred thousand dollars. The man and woman he believes to be the absconding trust company president and his daughter, and he persuades them to go with him on board the yacht to be taken back to New York. Soon after these events, Frank Goodwin marries the companion of the suicide, whom all Coralio supposes to be the formerly frivolous Isabel Guilbert. The new government of Anchuria hears some strange rumours and institutes a search for the money taken by President Miraflores. The search leads to Goodwin. He receives Colonel Falcon, who is acting in the interests of the government, and tells him directly that he has seen no valise or receptacle of any kind or any money belonging to the Republic of Anchuria; and his position and reputation are such that his word cannot be doubted. Later, Goodwin is blackmailed by Beelzebub Blythe. He secures the drunkard's promise of secrecy by settling his debts, procuring for him transportation to the United States, and giving him one thousand dollars. So far as the reader is concerned, the facts that Goodwin did not marry the loose living companion of the fleeing president and did not defraud the Republic of Anchuria of its money are not divulged until the end of the story, when the two derelicts, Beelzebub and Detective Smith, exchange confidences on a North River pier in the city of New York.

This is a very clever story and it leaves the reader in suspense just as a well-told story ought to do. But the whole combination takes us back to Apuleius with his story of the commercial traveller, his

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tale of the robber's death, and that exquisite fancy which has no relation to anything else in the book, but which will live in art and literature together for all time as the story of Cupid and Psyche.

Mr. Porter is reaping a rich harvest, not merely in money, but in approbation. We could quote a dozen or more passages where he writes so well as to evoke the admiration of the most critical. He has also a variety of different backgrounds. Now we see the picturesquely squalid shores of South America; again we are taken into the heart of the West as it really is; and finally, we are introduced to a thousand attractive haunts in the great cities of our own country. The author seems to know almost every type of man—the rich and portly financier, the "fly" newsboy or district messenger, the denizens of the great hotels, the "sales-ladies," the chorus girls, the women in the shops, the raffish hangers-on of the saloons, the gamblers, and the grafters. He makes us know them too. In a sense he has constructed for us a panorama of the times in which we live. And, as I said before, he is never pessimistic, or, at the most, he is only superficially so. At heart he is an optimist, who believes that in every human being there is to be found something good, however mixed it may be with other qualities; and, like a true American, he can see and chuckle at the humour of it all.

Harry Thurston Peck.

VILLANELLE

IN MEMORIAM

Come, Spring, your fairest flowers strew,
  Bring rue and rose to grace his bed,
Sweet singer of the rose and rue.

All wet with tears of April dew
  Above his lowly laurelled head
Come, Spring, your fairest flowers strew.

The secret of the rose he knew,
  Bright bud or dying petals shed,
Sweet singer of the rose and rue;

And as the nightingale unto
  His love from dark to morning-red,
(Come, Spring, your fairest flowers strew!)

He sang, until his spirit grew
  The soul of music ravished—
Sweet singer of the rose and rue.

The rose her beauty shall renew,
  Her lover lieth cold and dead.
Come, Spring, for him your flowers strew,
Sweet singer of the rose and rue.

Marion Cummings Stanley.

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CLAIR DE LUNE

(From Verlaine)

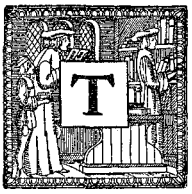
A moonlit landscape is your soul intense,
  Wherein do maskers, dim and delicate,
Play lutes, perchance, and dance, yet give the sense
  Of subtle sadness in fantastic fête.

Strange-garbed, they celebrate in minor strain
  Victorious love and purpose conquering all,
Yet seem to know that both of these are vain,
  The while their pale-wrought lyrics rise and fall.

Through the still moonlight, melancholy-sweet,
  Lonely the birds stand dreaming on the trees,
And in the polished basins at their feet
  White fountains tall sob tremulous ecstasies.

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

SINCERITY IN THE DRAMA



HE defect of most of the bad plays that get themselves presented is not so much a lack of skill in the execution as a lack of sincerity in the undertaking. The playwright is more strongly tempted than the purely literary artist to abdicate his individuality and submit to the dictates of other minds than his own. There is an actor to suit, a manager to satisfy, a particular section of the public to amuse; and the playwright is likely to focus his attention upon them instead of fixing it upon the theme and message of his drama. The resultant play is not a creation but a fabrication; it is an exercise in mechanics instead of an adventure into life. The author says certain things, not for the simple and inherent reason that he means them, but because he thinks that, under the circumstances, they will prove effective things to say. Hence the hollowness and artificiality of many of our entertainments. In the shallow play called *Springtime,* for example, it was evident that the authors were not sincerely interested in the story they had been employed to tell. But unless the author really means what he is saying, his play will lack the atmosphere of life. Neither cleverness of invention nor dexterity of execution will give it the aroma of reality.

An insincere play, because it is written at arm's length from the author, conveys no impression of the personality of the playwright. *Madame X,* for instance, affords no adequate indication of what manner of man M. Bisson may be. When we see a play that is insincere, we have a sense that it might have been written by anybody, and the author's name upon the programme means no more to us than so many letters of type. But a play that is sincerely conceived, though it be faulty and ineffective in execution, will at least convey a personal appeal from the author to the audience. *"None So Blind,"* as we shall notice, though it failed because of technical defects, was an interesting work, because the author cared very deeply about certain things that he was trying hard to say. And since individual personality is the most appealing thing in life, even those authors who aim mainly at material success and hearken always to the dictates of expediency would do well to accept their impulse from within instead of submitting to influences external to their minds. The one contemporary dramatist in English who has made more money than any other is Mr. J. M. Barrie; and he owes his success mainly to the interest which he has awakened in his own personality—a personality which gleams through all his work, because he has always said sincerely and earnestly what he had within his soul to say, and has never written from any lesser motive than the need for self-expression.

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The best comedy of the present season is *Don,* by Mr. Rudolf Besier, which has apparently won a permanent place in the repertory of the New Theatre. It is neat in structure, clever in characterisation, deft in dialogue; but its main merit lies in the fact that it sets forth a criticism of life which is conceived sincerely, and which is clearly indicative of the author's own engaging individuality. Don is a nick-name for the hero, bestowed upon him by his fiancée because of his Quixotic temperament. His is a poetic nature; and in any human complication he obeys the simple impulses of truth, without ulterior consideration of how the world about him may analyse his acts. His father is a clergyman, his mother a simple-hearted, doting woman; and he is engaged to the daughter of a gossiping mother and a grumpy and narrow-minded father. A former maid-servant of his mother's has married a tradesman named Thompsett and by him been treated with unbearable brutality; and in the dispair of her suffering, she sends for Don. Having heard her story, he decides at once to take her away from her husband and give her a refuge in his mother's house. Mrs. Thompsett is very ill and weak; and it is, therefore, necessary for Don to stop with her overnight upon the way, and to sit up with her in her bedroom in the hotel in order to nurse her and minister to her needs. His fiancée and her parents are waiting for him at his home; and his arrival is preceded by a brief letter from Thompsett announcing that Don has eloped with his wife. The atmosphere is naturally strained when Don enters, carrying the fainting Mrs. Thompsett in his arms, and deposits her upon the sofa of the drawing-room. He feels, of course, no personal interest in Mrs. Thompsett beyond the natural sympathy of a wholesome-hearted man for a fellow-being in distress; but his behaviour shocks his father and his mother, his motives are misjudged by the parents of his fiancée, and the girl herself is annoyed at Don's apparent lack of consideration for her. The second act maintains the conflict between the simplicity of human right and the complexity of social convention on a plane of high comedy, with many illuminative strokes of characterisation and brilliant sallies in the lines. In the third and last act, Mr. Thompsett comes to claim his wife. At this point the author makes the mistake of trying for a big situation, and thereby disrupts the mood of comedy in which his play has previously been developed. Thompsett draws and flourishes a pistol; and in the subsequent scene of excitement and suspense, the audience loses consciousness of the theme and message of the comedy. Also, at the termination of the act, the author arranges a rather arbitrary reconciliation between Mrs. Thompsett and her husband, now indecisively deemed regenerate, in which the audience cannot easily believe. But the play as a whole is very truthful. The author cares sincerely about his theme, and writes well because he means what he is saying. *Don* wears the halo of all works that are developed from a motive that is beautiful by a person who is real.

"Don"

A Man's World, by Miss Rachel Crothers, is emphatically a woman's play; but it gains more than it loses by the earnestness with which the author insists upon a thesis which is fundamentally unsound. This interesting work affords conclusive evidence of the compelling power of sheer sincerity. Miss Crothers actually asks that old question which is so dear to writers and readers of dime novels—"Why should there be one law for the man and another for the woman?"—and evidently believes that the question is unanswerable; yet she asks it with such earnestness that we listen to her with a patience that is almost eager. Of course, if this matter be looked at merely from the point of view of individual morality, it is entirely sound to insist that incontinence in a man is fully as evil as incontinence in a woman. But Miss Crothers loses sight of the fact that the larger question is not merely one of personal morality. The reason why there is one law for the man and another for the woman is a reason not of ethics but of sociology. The family is the economic unit of society, and the stability of society demands that this unit be maintained inviolate. As society is at

"A Man's World"

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present constituted, incontinence on the part of a man is less disruptive of the solidarity of the family than incontinence on the part of a woman; and this affords an answer, from the standpoints of economics and sociology, to that question of the dramatist's. A more emphatic and convincing answer might be made from the standpoint of physiology; but this further phase of the question can hardly be discussed in the course of a dramatic criticism. The point to be emphasised in the present context is the noteworthy fact that although Miss Crothers's thesis is unreasonable, she is so sincere in what she has to say and so earnest in her way of saying it that the appeal of her play is hardly hampered by its lack of logic.

The heroine, who bears the masculine name of Frank Ware, is a writer of novels and a worker in a social settlement. In this era of insistence upon equal rights between the sexes, she adopts the attitude of a champion of her sex and becomes fanatical upon the subject of the wrongs that men have done to women. She is bringing up a little boy who is the illegitimate child of a Parisian girl who died at the time when he was born. For the first and last time in her life, Frank falls in love with a man. His name is Malcolm Gaskell. He is a fine fellow, he loves her ardently, and he is well-endowed to make her happy. She then discovers that, although he does not know the fact himself, he is the father of the little boy. Gaskell's position is not without certain palliations. He had not deserted the child's mother nor disowned the child. The mother had wilfully deserted him and disappeared before he was cognizant of her condition. He now acknowledges the child and is eager to adopt him legally. A sane view of the situation would indicate that the happiness and future welfare of all three human beings—Frank and Gaskell and the boy—would be furthered by the marriage of Frank and Gaskell; but Frank takes the emotional rather than the reasonable view, and sends her lover away from her forever. In this the heroine is very truly feminine and exhibits a phase of character that is worthy of profound consideration. One might venture to suggest that there is something almost immoral in her attitude of martyrdom. One wonders what the Passer-by of Mr. Jerome's religious parable would have advised if he had happened in upon the scene. There is something selfish in deliberate self-sacrifice for the sake of an abstract idea; and cruelty to others is no less cruel because the person who exercises it invites it eagerly to react against himself. But these moral questions must be answered individually by each auditor of Miss Crothers's play. For the critic it is sufficient to assign the author credit for a sincerity that stimulates to earnest thought and serious rejoinder.

A Man's World exhibits an advance over Miss Crothers's memorable first play, *The Three of Us,* because it aims to elucidate an important problem of life, whereas the earlier piece aimed merely to tell an interesting story. But on the other hand, it is not so skilfully developed nor so neatly and nicely written. The expedient by which Gaskell's paternity of the boy is revealed to Frank is artificial, elaborate, and awkward. A personal resemblance, especially in the expression of the eyes, is accentuated in a miniature painting that is made of the child; and this miniature is passed about as a stage property among the members of the cast, until a cumulative discussion results in a consensus of opinion concerning the resemblance. The technical need for this painting demanded the invention of a character to paint it; and the invention of this subsidiary character resulted in several scenes that are extraneous to the theme and halt the progress of the story. In the first two acts the plot is furthermore deterred by the intrusion of a group of Bohemian types that are conventionally sketched in outline. The dialogue, though easy, is somewhat redundant, and does not sustain the high standard of writing that was set forth in *The Three of Us.* But many passages in the last two acts are written with the simple conciseness and unalloyed reality which distinguish this author's dialogue at its best.

Just a Wife, by Mr. Eugene Walter, is an exceedingly bad play, and exhibits none of the merits of its author's earlier efforts, *Paid in Full* and *The Easiest Way.* From first to last it seems written

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"DON." ACT I

"The atmosphere is naturally strained when Don enters, carrying the fainting Mrs. Thompsett in his arms, and deposits her upon the sofa of the drawing-room."

"DON." ACT III

"At this point the author . . . disrupts the mood of comedy in which his play has previously been developed. Thompsett draws and flourishes a pistol."

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insincerely. It is difficult to imagine that the author was really interested in his story or believed his characters to be true. The play is based upon a relation between husband and wife which is so exceptional as to be almost unimaginable as a human instance; the plot is entirely incredible; and, at the climax, the piece explodes into a wordy interchange of rhetoric in which the author consumes a quarter of an hour saying many things about the relation between the sexes which have nothing whatever to do with his story. The play is deficient in action and is turgid in dialogue. It bewilders the mind of the auditor who is striving earnestly to discover what it is all about. The truth is, apparently, that it isn't about anything, and that the author wrote it merely for the sake of writing a play. It does, however, disclose one minor and incidental character that is sincerely conceived—a young Jewish lad who is pushing his way upward through the world and leading along with him a chum to whom he is devoted. This part is written with a human touch of sentiment; it is well composed because the author really cared about composing it. Whenever the Jewish lad is on the stage, and only then, the play is lifted into life. The piece, like all of Mr. Belasco's productions, has been given a beautiful scenic investiture and discloses many lovely pictures to the eye. But a play is something more than a series of pictures; it must pierce through the eye into the mind.

"Just a Wife"

"A MAN'S WORLD." ACT III

"The happiness . . . of all three human beings . . . would be furthered by the marriage of Frank and Gaskell; but Frank takes the emotional rather than the reasonable view, and sends her lover away from her forever."

There was a very interesting narrative idea at the basis of Mr. Ernest Poole's play entitled *"None So Blind."* A bridge-

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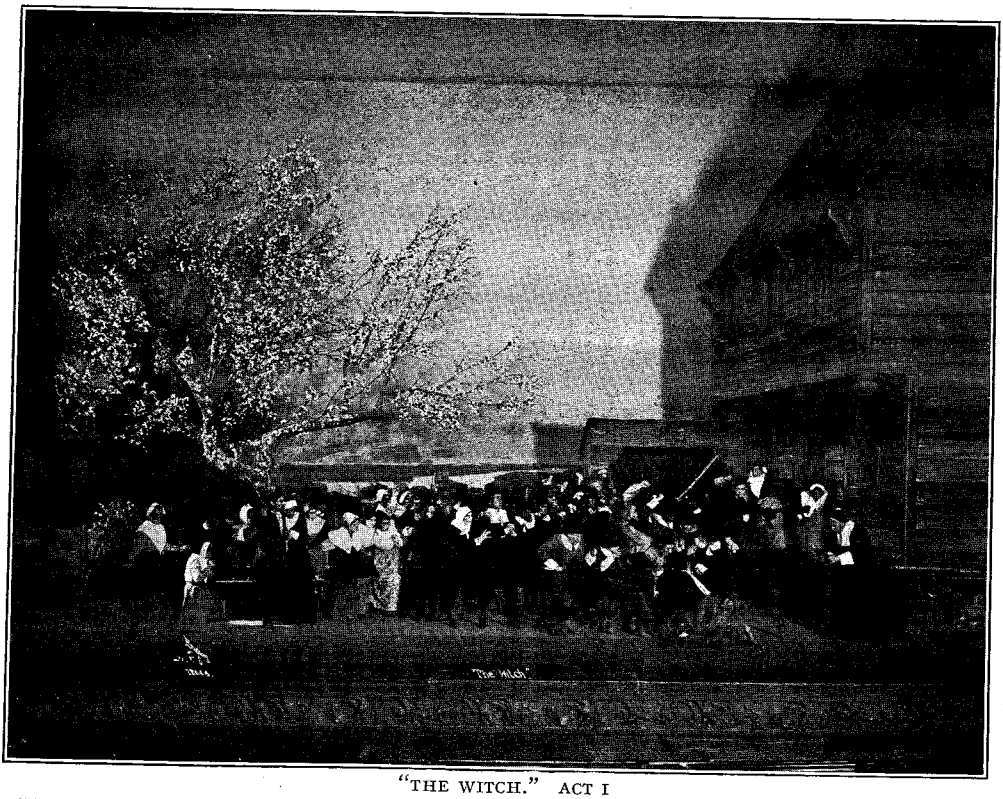
"JUST A WIFE." ACT IV

"The piece . . . has been given a beautiful scenic investiture and discloses many lovely pictures to the eye."



"THE WITCH." ACT I

"An old hag named Goody Whitlock has been accused of witchcraft and is pursued into the dooryard of the minister's house by an infuriated mob that hales her forth to be hanged."

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builder is stricken sightless. During the succeeding months his wife, although she seems to him to be devoting her entire attention to helping him continue his labours in the dark, has really shifted her interest to certain literary labours of her own in which she is aided by a man who loves her. Furthermore, the plans of his new bridge have been criminally tampered with by a rival engineer. An operation on the hero's eyes restores his sight; but when he returns home he pretends for some time that he is still blind, and thus discovers all that has been going on about him. By reserving until the proper moments the revelation of the fact that he can see, he traps and confutes the rival engineer and afterward regains the devotion of his wife.

"None so Blind"

This narrative idea could be turned to service for a great short story or a very effective one-act play. It might even be amplified into a novelette about the length of *The Light that Failed*. But Mr. Poole's four-act handling of it was dilatory, non-progressive, and undramatic. The secondary plot was too mechanical to justify the labour it necessitated; and the defection of the wife was scarcely serious enough in nature to rise to a really dramatic culmination. The last act was devoid of action and was taken up entirely with talk. But the defects of *"None So Blind"* were merely technical. Its merit was the very evident spirit of sincerity that pervaded it. There was an underlying vein of poetry that every now and then looked through the lines. The piece suggested to the audience a sense of a wholesome personality behind it, and was impressive in its beautiful intent.

"A SON OF THE PEOPLE." ACT II

"Marc Arron admits his treachery, and Montaloup sternly condemns him for the sake of the revolutionary cause; but the men are friends, and after they have agreed that death at dawn must be the penalty, they embrace each other in affectionate farewell."

The Witch, which was originally written in Norwegian by H. Wiers-Jenssen, was adapted for the use of the New Theatre by Mr. Hermann Hagedorn. The adapter, having steeped himself in Hawthorne, very skilfully transposed the piece to Colonial New England and set the scene in 1692. The elderly minister at Salem has taken as his second wife a young and glowing woman of Portuguese descent. An old hag named Goody Whitlock has been accused of witchcraft and is pursued into the dooryard of the minister's house by an infuriated mob that hales her forth to be hanged. This Goody Whitlock

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had been an intimate crony of the mother of the heroine. Concerning the latter, who is now dead, rumours of Satanic practices have also risen up; and the heroine begins to wonder darkly whether she herself may not have inherited an inclination toward the diabolic. Her morbid self-questionings and doubts are accentuated when her husband's son returns from a long sojourn abroad and she falls in love with him. At a dark moment when she is left alone, she determines to test her own power by wishing very hard that this man should come to her. He enters the room and drifts into her arms. His entrance, as the audience is clearly shown, is naturally motivated; but it convinces the heroine that she is endowed with sinister supernatural control. Having established an immoral relation with her step-son, she begins to wish very hard that her husband should die. In a sudden outburst, she states this to her husband and reveals to him the reason for the wish. He is elderly; he is at the moment tired from long travel; the shock of revelation kills him, and he rolls dead at her feet. The heroine is now convinced that she is possessed of diabolic power; and when she is accused by the community of witchcraft she cannot bear up against the accusation. As a test, she is required to lay her hand upon the forehead of her dead husband and swear that she is not a witch. Her mind cracks under this ordeal and crumbles into madness.

"The Witch"

This is a sombre and slow-moving play, and to the average auditor it is tedious; but to those who are interested in psychological obliquity it presents a sincere and truthful study of a mind that is morbidly self-possessed. The insidious passion of the heroine gleams like lurid lightning through the heavy-heaved and darkling clouds of the environing atmosphere of grave and grey New England. *The Witch* is an exposition of incipient insanity resultant from illicit infatuation. This is neither a pleasant nor a wholesome theme; but it is expounded with earnest literary art.

A Son of the People, which, with the more appropriate title of *A Revolutionary Wedding,* was originally written in Danish by Sophus Michaelis, is a play of plot, which is set, for the sake of convenience, in the period of the French Revolution. In order to marry a young noblewoman named Alaire de l'Estoile, to whom he has been betrothed since boyhood, an exiled nobleman named Ernest des Tressailles, returns secretly to France. The marriage ceremony is performed at five P.M. in the château of Alaire; and immediately afterward a regiment of revolutionaries arrives and arrests the bridegroom. He is condemned to immediate death by the grim justice Montaloup; but the captain, Marc Arron, suggests and obtains a remission of the execution till the following morning, in order that the newly married pair may spend the night together. Confronting certain death upon the morrow, the nobleman proves a disappointing lover to his bride. He is haunted by a harrowing fear of death, which excludes all other emotions. The heroine passes from pity of his peril to scorn of his cowardice, and in the latter mood determines to save his life at all hazards. She tries to bribe Marc Arron with money, but fails. Then she seizes him eagerly by the hand and offers him herself as the price of her husband's release. The captain succumbs to this tempation; he exchanges uniforms with des Tressailles, and the latter, in the guise of Marc Arron, escapes. Left alone with the captain, Alaire immediately retracts her promise; and Marc Arron, accepting this retraction and confronting certain death at dawn, calmly resigns himself to sleep. That his death is imminent and irretrievable is revealed to Alaire by a dialogue between Marc Arron and Montaloup. This dialogue is very moving. Marc Arron admits his treachery, and Montaloup sternly condemns him for the sake of the revolutionary cause; but the men are friends, and after they have agreed that death at dawn must be the penalty, they embrace each other in affectionate farewell. Witnessing the heroism of Marc Arron, Alaire realises that she loves him. Under the spell of this new emotion she fulfils her former compact with him. Thereafter he longs eagerly to avert the doom

"A Son of the People"

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awaiting him. But at the final moment his heroism reasserts itself; he renounces an opportunity for escape, and is shot dead by the soldiers under his command.

This is an interesting, but essentially an artificial, plot. The play is nothing more than melodrama. It could have been lifted into literature only in either of two ways—neither of which, apparently, was at the command of the author. If the characterisation had been as subtle, as searching, and as wise as that of Maeterlinck in *Monna Vanna,* we might have had a tragedy. Or if the tale had been told with such a glamour of verbal poetry as decked the daring plots of Victor Hugo, it might have seemed less a matter of mechanism and more a matter of life. But the people in the present play are merely puppets dominated by the plot; and the lines, in the English version, filtered through the German by Mr. S. I. Szinnyey, are lacking in literary distinction. The piece, moreover, is occasionally chaotic in confusion of details. It is a fairly interesting bit of machinery; but it lacks the high sincerity of literature.

Clayton Hamilton.

STRANGE STORIES OF THE PENSION BUREAU

HE archives of the United States Pension Bureau contain the outlines of more human interest stories than any other department of the Government. Not all the fiction in the catalogues of the Library of Congress exceeds it in quantity, nor excels it in the variety of plots it offers. If it were possible to summon to this great, red brick building the authors of all time, bidding each bring forth a theme for work on his, or her, chosen lines, not one would fail to do so for lack of material. Aristotle might find hidden in some dusty, time-yellowed "jacket" the germ of a passion hitherto unnoted by him; and Shakespeare's fingers would itch to grasp a pen and evolve a thrilling play based on a really new plot, taking as its basis a pension case. If nearly great authors of our day were admitted to the papers, they would find therein so much inspiration that they would come forth on the verge of nervous prostration, or in the whirl of a brain storm, superinduced by the strain of selecting from this vast store of raw literary material.

This seemingly extravagent statement should not inspire an instantaneous move Washingtonward by plot-seekers; for existing laws would frustrate their efforts to gain access to the records in the Pension Bureau. It is only authorised employees of the Bureau, attorneys, and members of Congress—who often call, or send their secretaries to investigate the progress of their constituent's claims—who are given the privilege of examination of the records.

But as no law has ever yet been framed which will prevent secrets—official or otherwise—from leaking out, the comedies, tragedies, and melodramas of the pension business are constantly coming to the ears of those outside the authorised circle. Some of the most interesting come through the offices of claim attorneys, for the reason that they see more papers in the claims than does the Pension Bureau, and because they have no official muzzles on their mouths. Next to these come the special examiners and the secret service force of the Pension Bureau—men who find it irresistible to tell good stories which they have run across in their work; though they may enjoin secrecy, or ask that their names shall not appear in connection with the stories, if the same are published.

You may find some of these stories, stripped of verbiage, in one of the daily

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papers or set forth in legal language in Decisions of the Commissioner of Pensions. But the story is there—the human interest story, and, perhaps, it may tell, besides the story of fraud perpetuated on the Government, that of years of deceit toward a trusting heart, which often breaks under the revelation brought by the officers of the Bureau. Here is such a one:

A New York woman applied for pension on the ground that she was the widow of a soldier killed during the Civil War. Her application appeared flawless—stating the soldier's name, company and regiment, and the battle in which he was supposed to have been killed. On investigation, the department discovered that a man bearing the name of this soldier, owning to his service, was living in the Far West, drawing pension for disability contracted in the service. The woman in the case was notified; but she was so certain that the Far West man was a fraud that she sent her grown son to Washington to interview Mr. Evans, then Commissioner of Pensions. The son eloquently contended that the man in the Far West could not be his father, for that father was so loyal, so loving, toward his mother, and that he looked forward, eagerly, to return to his wife and little family when the war would be ended. That wife in the meanwhile toiled to keep the home together, and never gave up, even when she heard that her husband-lover was killed in battle. The young man showed the Commissioner letters from his father's surviving comrades, stating that they had actually seen the soldier lying dead on the battlefield. The Commissioner induced the son to go to the Far West and interview the soldier, who was then in a Soldiers' Home. The son did—only to have the soldier confess that he was really his father. Why then this deceit, leaving his loyal wife to struggle, and to mourn him dead? Like many another man who had felt the freedom from domestic duties, which war had given him, he became enamoured of the life, and decided never to return home. There are thousands of such vagabonds wandering around the earth—soldiers of fortune, and misfortune—and their disease, for disease it seems to be, was undoubtedly contracted in the service!

Cases of soldiers leaving faithful wives at home when they enlisted, of deserting from the army, assuming another name—leaving the impression that they were killed and numbered among the unknown dead—are not uncommon. Many of them are exposed, in after years, living with other women than those who mourn them as dead.

It is a wise law that declares a man dead after he has been missing for seven years; but if one could frame a human law that would cause the women who wait, or who cherish the dream of a faithful-to-death lover, to forget him in that time, there would be less heart-breaking stories come to the knowledge of those who work on pension claims.

Many stories of soldiers leading double lives are brought to the attention of the Bureau, through two women bringing application for pension on account of the service and death of one soldier. It then falls to the lot of the Bureau to act the part of disagreeable informant, as well as to decide the merits of the claims.

While the papers in a soldier's claim may reveal deeds of valour worthy of another Homer's epic, the widows' cases contain the most romantic material. For besides certificates of the soldiers' enlistment and discharge, marriage certificates and birth certificates, into the jackets love letters find their way. Letters written during battles, in camp, or while on the march, which may not contain a single line of evidence pertinent to the claim, but which often cause the most unimaginative clerk to go dreaming back in the past to some little New England village where a trusting woman waits, and then to Virginia where the campaign is hottest. But it is *facts* the attorneys and the pension adjudicators are after, and romances, while appreciated as romances, are *nil* as pension evidence.

It is also the widows' claims which yield material for mystery novels such as would make even a satiated reading public sit up all night to reach the climax. Take, for instance, this:

Mrs. F. Newby, of Mill Shoals, Illinois, was informed that her husband was killed at the battle of Shiloh. In due

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time she applied for, and received, a pension. Thirty years after Shiloh, a man appeared at her home and claimed to be her husband. He said that he was taken prisoner at Shiloh, and during his long imprisonment lost his memory. He told his story most pathetically, and so worked upon Mrs. Newby's faith and fancies that she declared to all interested parties that he was her husband, and took him to her heart and hearth.

After gaining possession of these, the Mr. Newby sought to secure the pension. He had little difficulty in establishing his claim, for he was backed by his willing wife (erst-widow), and he spent the pension money with great zest. Soon, however, the secret service force of the Pension Bureau got on his trail. He was arrested, tried, and convicted as an impostor, although Mrs. Newby and no less than a hundred witnesses swore he was Newby of Shiloh. But thirty strong witnesses, secured through the activity of the secret agents, testified that he was no other than "Rickety Dan" Benton, of Tennessee, who heard of Mrs. Newby, her worth and her little pension, and thought it would be a good piece of work to impersonate her missing husband and so secure a soft berth for the rest of his days.

Here comes the old, yet inconceivable, story of woman's credulity; for when Rickety Dan was released after three years' imprisonment, he returned to Mrs. Newby, and she took him back; living with him several years. He then deserted her, and wandered down to Alabama, where he died in an almshouse and was buried in potter's field.

Then Mrs. Newby sought to have her pension restored; but the Bureau contended that as she had lived with a convicted impostor, she waived her right to pension on account of the death of Newby of Shiloh. But her story touched the big heart of Commissioner Warner (lately resigned) and he made a decision which caused even the most case-hardened attorney in Washington to sit up and take notice. He not only ordered that Mrs. Newby be restored to the pension rolls as the widow of Newby of Shiloh, but that arrearage, to the amount of a couple of thousand dollars, be paid her. But among those interested in the case it is still a question—Was Newby killed at the battle of Shiloh, or was he and "Rickety Dan" one and the same person?

There is not the slightest doubt but that thousands of men have enlisted for reasons far from patriotic, and have deliberately lost their identity under assumed names in the service. Many of these have made good use of the chance for a change of life, as, for instance, when they have been objects of local contempt for some slight sin, which neighbourly tongues would not let them live down, or when they have lived most inharmoniously at home, yet dared not make a run for fresh fields, on account of being tracked, in times of peace. Many years after, when they have established themselves, to their credit and the honour of the community in which they reside, they are discovered by some old home acquaintance, who seems to take delight in raking over the ash heaps of unprofitable years, and branding the useful citizen, the hero-soldier of the young boys of the town, as the scapegoat of his native village. And if they are looking for evidence to back their assertions of identity, they usually get it from the Army and Navy Survivors' Division of the War Records Office at Washington.

Some soldiers dread the sight of elderly female visitors to the retreat which they have secured at one of the National Soldiers' Homes, for they have known where some of their compatriots were wont to sit, smoking pipes of peace in comfort, they have been rudely jostled by hysterical women who have discovered in them long-disappeared husbands. Then Peace flees—and so does part of their pensions, for while they may still enjoy the immunity of the institution, the stern Pension Bureau, on hearing the woes of the grass widow, decrees that the deserter shall pay to his wife, through the pension agent, a certain percentage of his pension for her support. Cases have been known where women have blackmailed some of these poor, old men, claiming to see in them one to whose support they have legal right. Sometimes the heavy hand of the law clutches these vampires, but more often than not they escape with a warning, and a goodly part

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of the soldiers' pension money. Poor old soldiers! Many of them who fought nobly to defend their country now need their country to defend them from the unscrupulous.

Unscrupulous attorneys and agents are often a source of trouble to pensioners and the Pension Bureau. Widows, being softer material in their hands than old soldiers, are often their victims, or their means of defrauding the Government. One of the most notable instances of such crimes was that of one William A. Munson, a pension agent of Providence, Rhode Island. William was a most accommodating lawyer, who allowed his women clients to have their quarterly cheques sent to his office, where he cashed them for the beneficiaries, saving them much trouble, as few of them were rich enough to have bank accounts. They trusted him to do all their pension business, even to notifying the department when they remarried, and their pension was supposed to cease.

Munson profited by this trust, in this wise: When a client remarried, he failed to notify the Pension Bureau, received her cheque, forged the signature, and drew the cash. In cases of soldier clients, he failed to notify the department of their death, and kept on drawing their pensions by the same method as that through which he obtained the widows' mites.

His plot was revealed, through the agency of an anonymous letter sent to the Commissioner of Pensions, claiming that a certain remarried widow was still drawing pension, though remarried for some time. A field inspector of the Bureau learned that while the woman had remarried, she made no effort to conceal the fact, and had not received a cent of pension since her remarriage. It was then found that Munson's operations were so extensive that it required fourteen government inspectors to work for weeks in his district, the centre of which was Boston. It was estimated that no less than one hundred and fifteen remarried widows were unintentionally being granted pensions, of which they never saw one cent. Munson was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to serve five years in prison, but he died before his term expired.

Not infrequently, the Commissioner of Pensions receives communications containing "conscience money" from persons who confess to have received pensions through dishonourable means, or who continue to draw a disability pension when the cause for which it was granted has ceased to exist. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that there are thousands of such cases which are not at all touched by conscience, Christian Science, or suggestion, and the Pension Bureau bears on its rolls many men who were not entitled to pension for *permanent* disability, though, in the course of time, they might be, for such an incurable disease as senility.

When conscience letters come to the Pension Bureau, special examiners are detailed to investigate the cases; for it is sad, but true, that in nine cases out of ten restitution is not offered on account of an awakened conscience, but because of feeble-mindedness in its most hopeless stage; and now and then, because some person wishes to attract attention to his "soul stunts"—as hardened sinners or harmless nonentities like to do at the mourner's bench.

But for the sake of our faith in the ultimate goodness in everybody, we are told that many cases of genuine repentance have come to the attention of the Pension Bureau. This is but one of the many: A soldier was drawing a pension for gunshot wound received at the battle of Gettysburg. He was not only a pensioner, but in the eyes of the community in which he lived a hero. This position he held for years. Then one night he attended a camp meeting, and while there became struck with the sinfulness, the falseness of his life. That night, in the blessed darkness of their chamber, he told his wife a story that at once shook her soul at loss of faith in him, while at the same time he gave her double-fold faith in his soul of honour, which had not been dead, only stunned. The story he told was that he was but a lad when Gettysburg was fought. He had witnessed the awfulness of the first day, and, fearing that he would be ordered into the thick of action on the coming day, he secretly shot himself, so as to be excused from duty.

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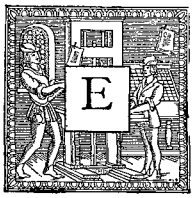
The soldier and his old wife talked it all over that night, and ended in deciding that there was but one thing to do—to write to the Commissioner of Pensions and offer to make restitution to the Government. They were very poor, but they expressed their willingness to send a small sum to the Bureau each month until the entire amount was refunded. Mercy, as well as Justice; is enthroned at the Pension Bureau, and their prayer was granted. And while they dropped tears of gratitude in their humble home because light shone on the pathway of retribution, in that great, red building which contains so many human interest stories, some of the clerks who listened to this one suddenly discovered that they had contracted colds in their heads—in the service and line of duty—and were compelled to use their handkerchiefs, or retire to seclusion afforded by the long files containing pension cases—and romances.

Catherine Frances Cavanagh.

THE STORY OF ART IN AMERICA

By ARTHUR HOEBER

Part III—The Close of the Old Régime



XTRAORDINARY as was the story of the career of Chester Harding, that of his friend and contemporary, Francis Alexander, was no less strange, even if the man was not quite so picturesque a figure. Alexander was born in Connecticut, on a farm, in 1800, and as soon as he was old enough he worked in the fields in the summer, while in the winter he went to the district school. At eighteen he became master of this school, but the excessive labour had an unfortunate influence on his health. He was worn out and he sought rest and relaxation. He loafed about the hills and the woodlands, and it was while he was fishing one day that, impressed by the beauty of his catch, he was suddenly seized with an overwhelming desire to represent them. He had always drawn and painted from his earliest youth, having secured the usual box of water colours as a lad, but though hitherto it had been a pastime pure and simple, now he went at it most seriously, and not only his friends but himself were amazed at the results. So wonderful were these that he immediately became obsessed with the notion of becoming—a sign painter! His ambitions soared no higher in an art way.

To this end he immediately made preparations to go to New York, where he stayed some six weeks. There he met Alexander Robertson, then the secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, who permitted him to make some copies of landscapes in oil; but for want of ready cash he was obliged to return home. However, he had seen some portraits in the big city, and arriving at the farm, he tried his hand at such work with no less happy results than with the fish, so that his fame spread about the countryside. Finally, there appeared people—neighbours—who were willing to pay five dollars for a portrait, and when he had earned a modest sum he returned to New York, where he hoped to take up the study of this branch of art seriously; but, save for the kindness of Waldo, Jouett, and Trumbull, who loaned him canvases to copy, he got little instruction, and when his funds were exhausted he joined the ranks of the itinerant portrait painters and wandered from town to town until he settled down at Providence, Rhode Island, where he was enabled to raise his price to twenty-five dollars a head. From there he went to Boston. Gilbert Stuart was there at

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the time, and to him Alexander went with some of his work, about which the master was most complimentary. Upon the strength of this, the price was raised to forty dollars for a head, and two years later that sum was increased to seventy-five, his patrons augmenting all the time. Being prudent, he managed to save enough to enable him to go abroad. He toured Italy, met such distinguished people as Sir Walter Scott, and on his return the Boston folk paid him a hundred dollars for his portraits, a tidy sum in those days.

In Rome, Alexander painted a Magdalene and Sir Walter came to his studio to see it. The artist was all impatience to learn how it impressed the famous writer and waited anxiously as Scott sat in his chair, close to the canvas, gazing at it intently. Long the Scotchman looked, and finally he turned away with a sigh. Then he got up and said briefly: "She's been forgiven!"

No man was more clever than Alexander in securing patrons. His success in obtaining orders and advancing his fortunes was the envy of all his fellows. Such skill is not, we believe, entirely unknown at the present day, but Alexander's greatest *coup* was his "beat" in getting a "strangle hold" on the greatest lion of the time, Charles Dickens, when that distinguished English novelist came to America in 1842. Our artist went out to his ship with the pilot, boarding it while it was still out of sight of land—a decided achievement—and he begged from the writer the honour of a sitting. Moved by this display of Yankee enterprise, Dickens immediately capitulated and consented. As a consequence Alexander's studio was crowded with the most prominent people of Boston, who came, not only to see the picture, but to honour the much admired Englishman. As an achievement, no modern artist has quite equalled this feat, which would do credit to the most hustling newspaper reporter of the present day; and Alexander profited largely by his adventure, the fame of the affair spreading far and wide. He died in Italy in 1881, whither he had gone, more or less dissatisfied with the inartistic surroundings in his own land. A group of contemporaries at this time included Matthew Jouett, John Nagle and Henry Inman. They were popular as portraitists, though it must be confessed they were more or less uninteresting and commonplace, albeit they did not lack for facility, but they were as a rule without grace, decorativeness, or the sense of greatness. Jouett was perhaps the best of them. He was a Kentuckian who had studied under Stuart in Boston and he was considered the best painter "west of the mountains," as the phrase went. Born in 1783, he was educated for the Bar, and he had a farm in the vicinity of Lexington. In the winter he journeyed to the South, where he found a large patronage for his portraits at New Orleans and Natchez, and he was particularly happy in painting children. He died at the age of forty-three.

Henry Inman was born in 1801 and died at forty-four, having, however, accomplished a large amount of work and being the first vice-president of the National Academy of Design when it was formed in 1823, he being at that time but twenty-five years old. He studied with Jarvis, was his apprentice and travelled all over the country with him as a capable assistant. Starting in for himself, he settled for a while in New York, afterward going to Philadelphia, where he became popular, and in 1837 he was enjoying an income of nearly $9,000 a year, a large sum, of course, in those days, one which few painters make now, for that matter. Then, without any special reason, his vogue declined and his health became so poor that he was obliged to go to England for a change of climate. Again, however, he became successful, finding a considerable patronage in the British metropolis. Despite this success, he came back to his own land only to die shortly after his return. He was a various painter, for while he did portraiture mainly, he executed miniatures, landscapes and figure pieces with no little cleverness. When Inman was in London, some one gave him a commission to paint a certain Lord Codringham, and he was keen to do it, for the name, it seems, carried much weight. At that time the Lord Chancellor was Cottenham, and the

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similarity of these names not infrequently caused great confusion. It was destined to bother Inman, for he went to the latter and requested sittings upon the supposition that this was the person named in the original commission. In vain the Lord Chancellor insisted that he did not know the gentleman who had given the order to the artist. "But," said Inman, "he knows *you,* my lord, and he is a most prominent and reputable citizen." So enthusiastic was the painter and so pleasant his address that he won over the nobleman, who came to his studio and had brought there his full official costume, wig and all, in which he gave many sittings, and the portrait was a great success in every way—until Inman came to deliver it to his patron, when the mistake was discovered and the canvas thrown back on his hands to his great disappointment, for the Lord Chancellor would not listen to a proposition to purchase it, presuming possibly that he had done all his duty in giving the sittings!

Samuel Finley Breeze Morse was born in 1791, and though he was to leave an imperishable name in scientific annals rather than in those of art, it was as a painter that he began his career, and it was as such that he liked to be considered. He was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design and its first president. Morse came from an excellent family, his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Finley, having been a former president of Princeton College, and Morse himself graduated from Yale in 1810. He had a strong bent for art, so that, quitting college, he was put under the charge of Washington Allston and sent to Europe the following year. Naturally he entered the studio of Benjamin West, though only as a visiting pupil bringing his drawings for criticism. West was very severe with him he relates, keeping him at the cast for a long time and causing him to work over and over again at the same drawing. On one occasion he went to West's studio and found him painting his big picture "Christ Rejected." The old gentleman began a critical examination of Morse's hands and at length said, "Let me tie you with a cord, and take that place while I paint in the hands of the Saviour." The young man, of course, complied. West finished the work, and releasing him said, "You may say now, if you please, that you had a hand in this picture." In another year Morse had confidence enough to paint a large canvas of "The Dying Hercules," to help him in which he modelled a figure in clay and from this he made his picture of heroic size. Dunlap relates that Morse had a plaster cast made of the figure, which he sent to West for his inspection, and that the old gentleman was immensely pleased with it, calling in his son Raphael, to whom he said, "Look there, sir, I have always told you any painter could make a sculptor."

Not only was the picture successful, however, but the Society of Arts gave Morse a gold medal for his plaster model, and this medal was presented to him from the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, *à propos* of which it is interesting to note that at that time England and the United States were at war with each other! Much encouraged by this early success, Morse worked very hard, but his finances compelled him in 1814 to return home, and he opened a studio in Boston, where he received the most flattering social attentions, but—not a single commission. Declining to embarrass his already overburdened father any longer by demands on his purse, he gathered together his painting traps and went to New Hampshire, where he did small portraits at some fifteen dollars each. There he became acquainted with the lady he subsequently married, a Miss Walker, and later he went to visit his uncle, Dr. Finley, in Charleston, where he painted his portrait. It was this canvas that put Morse on his feet, for so excellent was the likeness that in a few weeks he had obtained orders for one hundred and fifty portraits, at sixty dollars each! He is said to have completed four of these commissions a week, and for four years he found Charleston a profitable place.

In about 1820, Morse conceived the idea of painting an historical picture, an interior of the House of Representatives with portraits of the members, a work which he thought could be sent over the country for profitable exhibition purposes.

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He had married in the meanwhile and so had fresh responsibilities. To make the necessary sketches and studies, he went to Washington and devoted the next eighteen months to completing the canvas. It was some eight by nine feet and contained a large number of figures, but when it was placed on exhibition the public did not respond, so that a financial loss of many hundred dollars ensued, in addition to the time the man had spent in the performance.

IN THE WOODS. BY ASHER B. DURAND

Metropolitan Museum of Art

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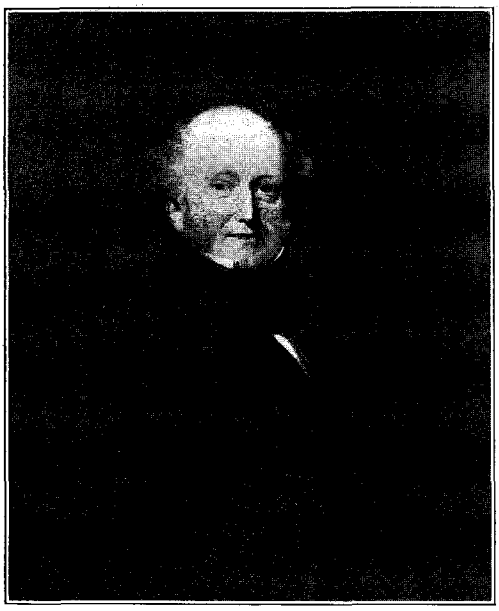
This and the use of some of his capital in assisting his father made Morse poor again, and he came to New York to secure some work, which he obtained through the interest of kind friends. It was his painting of the Lawrence family that called attention to his talent and led to an order from the corporation of the city of New York for a full-length portrait of General Lafayette, who was then on a visit to this country. This was in the winter of 1824-25, and as Lafayette's tour of the States was in the nature of a triumphal journey, the work, being an



PRESIDENT MARTIN VAN BUREN. BY HENRY INMAN

Metropolitan Museum of Art

admirable likeness, was of great practical value to the artist. But it was executed under the stress of great grief, Morse having lost his wife, his father and mother, while at the same time one of his children lay at the point of death. If this portrait of the noble French Marquis is a trifle stiff and pompous, it is nevertheless an impressive canvas, well drawn and largely conceived, and the head, painted convincingly and with force, is very human and appealing.

Despite his sorrows, Morse kept himself thoroughly occupied, and this same season he was instrumental in forming the National Academy of Design, as a school for students and a protest against the narrowness of the then existing American Academy of the Fine Arts. An artistic tempest ensued with Morse in the full fury of it. He also delivered that season a course of lectures on the fine arts, the first ever delivered in this country. By 1829 his fortunes had so improved that he was able to go abroad again, extending his journey this time to Italy, where he studied and made copies of the old masters. In London he was received at the Royal Academy lectures by Sir Martin Shee with honours befitting the president of the National Academy of Design of America. In 1832 he was back again in his native land and was appointed professor of the fine arts, in the University of New York. It was in his rooms at the University that he set up his first rude telegraphic apparatus in 1835, and nine years later he was enabled to bring his invention fully before the world when he established a line between Washington and Baltimore. From that moment he was lost to art and his fortune was made. The representatives of the various governments of Europe, at the suggestion of Napoleon III, made him a grant of four hundred thousand francs in 1858. During his practice of his profession he painted portraits of President Monroe, Chancellor Kent, DeWitt Clinton, the poets William Cullen Bryant and FitzGreen Halleck, and the sculptor Thorwaldsen. His artistic temperament led him to much experimenting. He painted thinly at times, and again with much pigment, but generally with good construction and sound methods, and he lived as late as 1872.

In 1807 there was born at Setauket, Long Island, William Sidney Mount, the son of a farmer, who at the age of seventeen was taken by his brother as an apprentice to the trade of sign painting. Delicate health drove the lad back and forth from New York to the country, for he studied at the Academy school a while, returned to the farm, came to New York again and practised portrait painting with moderate success, but it was not till he finally settled on Long Island and began the painting of rustic pictures that

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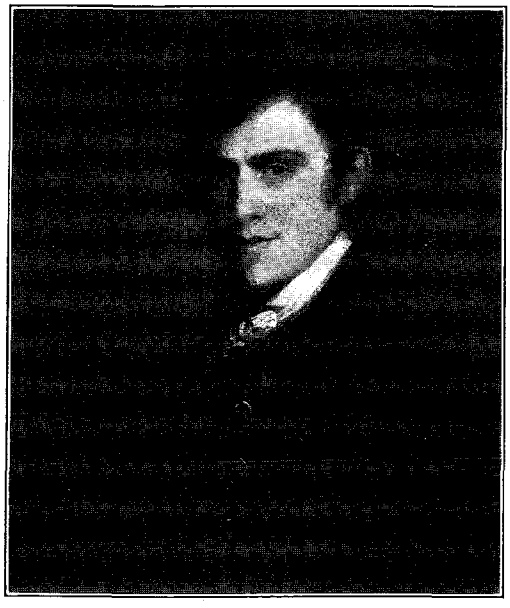
he attracted national attention. These scenes of farm and village happenings he rendered with astonishing skill and realism, and no one has since surpassed him. They were almost photographic in their fidelity to life, admirably composed, and they take us back to the Little Dutchmen of the seventeenth century in their sincerity and delightful technique. His "Bargaining for a Horse," now owned by the New York Historical Society, had a great vogue, and in its engraved form was in many a home throughout the United States. Despite his delicate health, he lived to be nearly sixty, dying in 1868. R. Caton Woodville, a contemporary, though ten years younger, was a Baltimorean of good family who early went to Düsseldorf and made but two short trips home, dying in London at the early age of thirty-five. He did much the same sort of picture and had a better academic equipment than Mount, yet he was less sympathetic.

There come now two men, Thomas Cole and Asher B. Durand, who were destined to have an immense influence on their contemporaries. We may speak of the younger man first, for, though Cole was born five years after Durand, he was survived by him no less than forty years. Cole was born in England in the first year of the century and came to America at the age of nineteen. He had been a wood engraver at Liverpool, and he found work to do in Philadelphia. The father, an unsuccessful shopkeeper, had wandered about the States until he finally settled in Steubenville, Pennsylvania, where the son was finally obliged to join him in a wall-paper manufactory. The usual itinerent artist came along and fired the young man with ambition. He obtained some colours, made his own brushes, and he, too, became a wandering portrait painter, though he searched in vain for stray commissions. Of a delicate, sensitive nature, it is to be feared he was but a poor mixer and had not the gifts to secure the provincial patrons. At any rate, he suffered many tribulations, ran into debt and finally returned to Steubenville hopelessly involved. The family went to Pittsburg and Thomas followed, to assist his father now in the making of floor cloths. Finally he determined to be an artist at any cost, and he went to Philadelphia, where he suffered for the bare necessaries of life, going through a very severe winter in great privation,



JOHN GRIMES. BY MATTHEW HARRIS JOUETT
Metropolitan Museum of Art

PORTRAIT OF THE MITCHELL CHILDREN

By Matthew Harris Jouett. By courtesy of Miss Bessy Frazer, Lexington, Kentucky.

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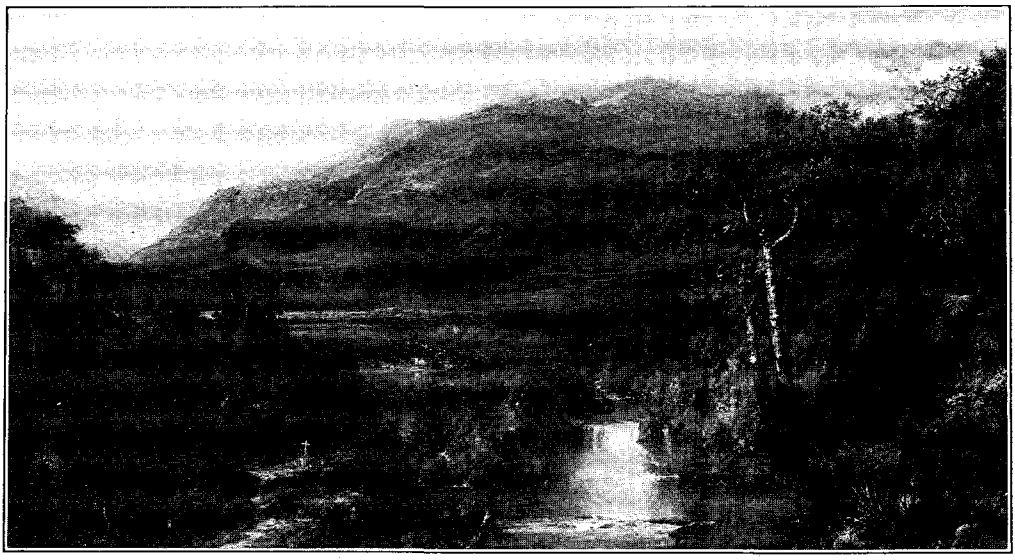
which brought on inflammatory rheumatism. Presently he painted landscapes that began to attract attention.

However, good times and great prosperity were in store for Cole, for he finally determined to come to New York and take his chances in the big city. Into the window of a restaurant, kept by the then famous Pfaff, he managed to place five landscapes, which found buyers immediately at ten dollars each, and fifty dollars in his impoverished condition seemed fabulous wealth. Presently, he placed three more pictures in the same window, which were seen by no less a light than Colonel Jonathan Trumbull, who, of course, was the art oracle of the day. He looked up the young man and forthwith took him under his protection, introducing him right and left. Success came almost immediately and was not only uninterrupted, but was most extraordinary. In 1829 he went abroad, remaining three years and making two subsequent trips to Italy. He had a studio in the Catskills, and he, with Durand, may be said to have originated what is known as the "Hudson River School," though he died before he could see its great vogue. Cole painted many allegorical pictures which were eagerly appreciated in those days, and such a series was his "Voyage of Life," which was engraved and which few American homes of that period escaped. The famous Art Union published this, but there were others, notably the "Course of Empire," artificial, conventional, uninspiring and perfunctory, yet finding a sympathetic chord in the taste of that day. Cole, however, was much better in his smaller and less pretentious landscapes, for he was in truth genuinely fond of nature, and in his way he got much of the character of American scenery. Many of his pictures were panoramic; he delighted in presenting no end of detail, which, if tight and hard at times, was nevertheless the result of serious study and close observation.



THE HEART OF THE ANDES. BY F. S. CHURCH

Metropolitan Museum of Art

Asher B. Durand's canvas "In the Woods," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is not in the fashion of to-day, being likewise hard and tight, with a detail spread all over it that had better been generalised. Many men painted in that way in his day. Yet it is a well-composed picture, beautifully drawn, thoroughly understood, and full of much poetry. Its colour is not as we care for colour now; yet that, too, is in the main true, while

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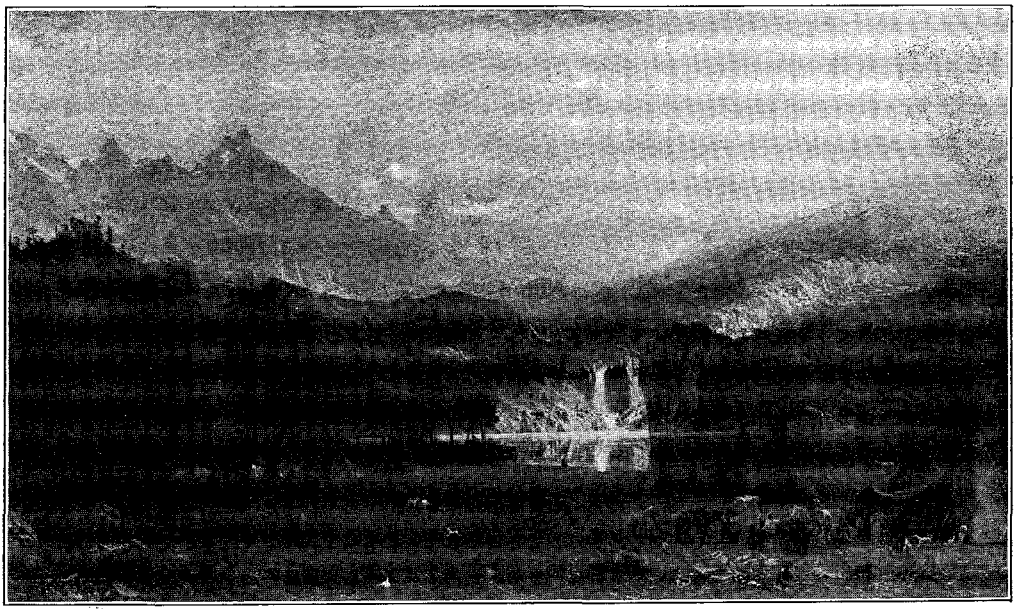
the work is that of a distinguished craftsman. Durand was born in 1796 and lived to be nearly ninety years old. At sixteen he was apprenticed to the well-known engraver, Peter Maverick, whose partner he became when he was twenty-one. At forty-one he started to paint, and he is referred to as the father of American landscape. He painted portraits reasonably well, his sitters including several Presidents of the United States and many statesmen, Henry Clay being among them. His early training as an engraver enabled him to draw with great accuracy, but it is as a landscape painter that he has the largest claim to fame, for in this direction he laboured with great enthusiasm, spending a long apprenticeship before nature. For sixteen years Durand was president of the National Academy of Design, succeeding Morse. We may pass an earlier man, Thomas Doughty, 1793-1856, for Frederick E. Church and Albert Bierstadt, since both held commanding positions and their work had a strong influence on their fellows. Much the more artistic man of the two was Church, born in 1826 and dead barely a decade. He had a phenomenal success, making enormous sums of money in his day and having the most distinguished patrons. A pupil of Cole, he sought to portray on canvas nature's marvels in the way of landscapes, attacking themes that few did before or since and achieving the almost impossible in an astonishing manner. Among his themes were the falls of Niagara; the great mountain peaks of South America with all the gorgeous sub-tropical growth; icebergs in the frozen North; rainbows, volcanoes, dense forest interiors, all of which he arranged in a skilful manner and sometimes with marvellous success, for he was thoroughly equipped, knowing his trade as have few men, and his appeal to the public was unmistakable. It required no profound knowledge of art to comprehend his pictures, for everything was obvious; there was always the detail with almost never the suggestion. He was photographic in this detail, too, being almost a human camera. His South American scenes were remarkable transcripts of the place and fairly glowed with brilliant tints.



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. BY ALBERT BIERSTADT

Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Not only were his own countrymen moved by his canvases, but all Europe joined in the chorus of praise. England bought his work as readily as did America, and for vast sums. His "Niagara," now in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, brought twelve thousand five hundred dollars years ago when that sum had twice the purchasing power of to-day. France gave him the Legion of Honor, and he was a prophet in his own country. His application was prodigious. He permitted nothing to keep him from

THE OLD HUNTING GROUND. BY WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE

his easel, and he is said to have painted the sunset every night of his art life. Nor did any artist ever draw cloud forms with more thorough understanding, and to-day, despite modern movements and changes in art view points, his pictures command profound respect.

Bierstadt, though born in Düsseldorf, in 1829, was brought to this country at the age of two and became an American of the Americans. He might be called the pictorial historian of the Rocky Mountains, a new and most strange land in those days, and what he brought back from there met with wonderful material success, though he is not to be mentioned in an art way with Church. Yet he possessed great technical skill and was a glutton for work. Vast sums were paid for his pictures in those fortunate days for the artists. For his "Storm in the Rocky Mountains" a patron gave thirty-five thousand dollars; James McHenry gave twenty-five thousand dollars for his "Lander's Peak," and the Earl of Dunraven paid fifteen thousand dollars for his "Estes Park, Colorado." Again it must be remembered that those sums meant more then than they do to-day; but time has not dealt kindly with the fame of Bierstadt, and these prices are far beyond what the canvases would bring in open market now. Despite his skill, his colour was not only bad, but at times vulgar and crude, reminiscent of what we refer to as the "chromo"; his textures were of tin and there was a mechanical quality everywhere, while the detail ends by getting on one's nerves. More artistic, if less pretentious and ambitious, were Jervis McEntee, Sandford Gifford and Worthington Whittredge, the last man dying only last month, at the age of ninety.

William Hart and his brother James came from Paisley, Scotland, and were landscape painters and members of the National Academy of Design. William, who was much the better of the two, concerns us specially, being as well a most entertaining character, and though he came to this country at the age of nine, he always retained a fine Scotch burr to his speech. He began by painting panels for a coach maker, but be became a landscape painter early and made much money. Possessing a harmless and charming vanity, he took himself and his work with enormous seriousness. It is recorded that the dry goods merchant prince, the late A. T. Stewart, being in Hart's studio, once asked him who he considered to be the best of American painters. With never a moment's hesitation Hart replied as if somewhat surprised at Mr. Stewart's lack of knowledge, "Why, Mr. Stewart, *I* am." When the old building of the Young Men's Christian Association was erected at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue some thirty or forty years ago, though it was only six or

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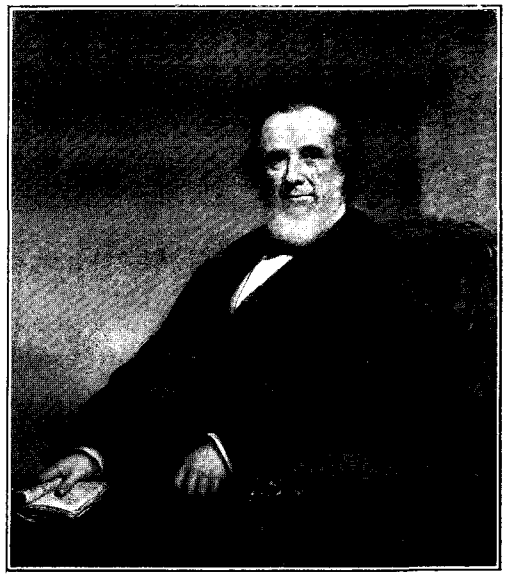
seven stories high, it was considered a veritable skyscraper. Hart had one of the studios on the top floor. On one of his afternoons, among the visitors were some fashionable young ladies, and one of them, ignoring all the paintings that were thoughtfully displayed about the room for just such an occasion, rushed over to the window to gaze out on the view of the city. Full of enthusiasm, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Hart, what a superb view you have from your window." Hart glanced at her with a sad expression. "I'll tell ye what it is, Mees," he said, "ye're here to see my pictures, *not* to look out of my weendows." Hart painted cattle in his landscapes, and while he was in no sense one of our best, he was at any rate a capable man, occasionally rising to reasonably good results. John F. Kensett was more artistic, though most of the landscape work at this time was thin and dry in painting. Born in 1818, he died in 1873, and he was astonishingly successful in a financial way, his pictures taking a strong hold on the buying public, and though he had sold most of his finished pictures, the uncompleted work and sketches left in his studio at the time of his death brought, when they were put up at auction, the tidy sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

PORTRAIT OF A LADY. BY CHARLES L. ELLIOTT
Metropolitan Museum of Art



JOHN DAVID WOLFF. BY DAVID HUNTINGTON
Metropolitan Museum of Art

There remain of this group of the earlier period some portrait painters to whom we may refer. Of these Charles Loring Elliott is the most distinguished. He was born in 1812, son of an architect, who was against his following the profession of a painter, but the boy persisting, he was finally sent to our old friend Colonel Trumbull. Elliott was quite the best portrait painter of his time and a prodigious worker, despite his overfondness for the flowing bowl, and it is said he could paint better pictures under the strong influence of liquor than most of his confrères could sober. Prosperous merchant princes sat to him, bank presidents and heads of corporations, and he limned them in all their pomposity, not infrequently giving equal importance to the pattern of their Axminster carpets, to the design of their hair-cloth furniture and the graceless folds of their inartistic hangings. Finally, to mention only the more prominent, we have Daniel Huntington, for many years the beloved and respected president of the National Academy of Design, who occupied a commanding position as the official limner

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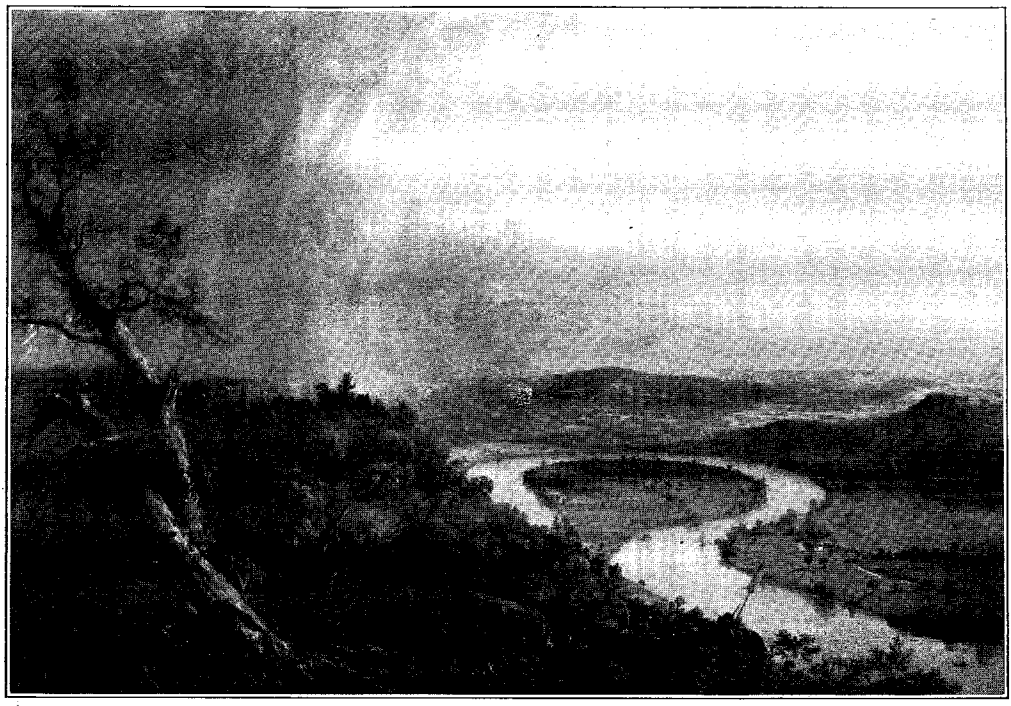
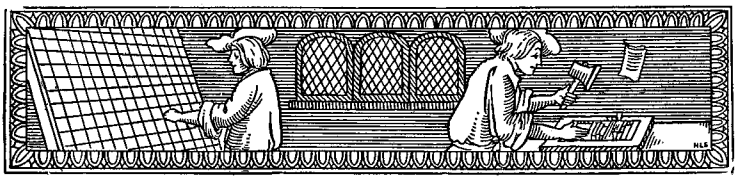


THE OX BOW. BY THOMAS COLE

Metropolitan Museum of Art

of New York's social and mercantile hierarchy. He painted as well the landscape, genre, allegory, still life and historical pictures, though it must be confessed he never rose to commanding heights. As Mr. Isham says in his book on American Painting: "His early activity corresponds with the lowest ebb of taste in the country when thought was most platitudinous and when conception of real distinction in art was smallest. . . . Huntington could not fail to be affected by such surroundings. . . . His portraits are 'like,' but with no profound likeness and . . . the great majority are woolly in texture and of an unpleasant grey tone." The New York Chamber of Commerce, the directors' rooms of many banks and insurance companies are crowded with these Huntington portraits, which, alas! give but a poor idea of the sturdy originals, those giants of finance and commerce, and they will furnish sad food for thought for later generations, who, it is to be feared, will have but a low notion of the artistic demands of their predecessors of this period.

(*To be concluded*)



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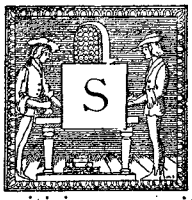
THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



INCE we last opened the Letter-Box to our readers, several things have happened. In the first place, we have received such myriads of picture post-cards inscribed with criticisms or with friendly greetings that we have had to hire a boy to help us catalogue them. It will not be possible to publish this catalogue when finished save in instalments. All the same, we are going on with it, making special notes of the remarks which ought to receive conspicuous mention. But while the boy is at work, we must for the moment turn to other things. By the way, we ought to mention that the Gentleman from British Columbia has lately visited New York, but unfortunately did not know that we had removed to a new office and have a new address. Consequently, he did not track us down, being probably in a hurry; but instead he sent us a large and beautifully illuminated card, bearing the inscription in green and gold and red: DON'T TRUST TO LUCK UNLESS YOU HAVE A RETURN TICKET HOME. Of this we merely express our regret that he had a return ticket home, since otherwise he would not have gone away without giving us the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance and showing him that part of our Picture Gallery which was not contributed by him.

In the second place, we have received numerous solutions to the Mystery of the Silver Loving Cup; but we shall hold these back from publication until we receive one or two additional explanations, remarking in the meantime that some of the solutions that have come to us are exceedingly elaborate and ingenious; only they require too much active exercise on our part in order to test their theories; and as we are a Mycroftian even more than a Sherlockian we prefer to sit around in the office and not go scurrying all over the town.

Finally, we feel that the Inferno has been neglected almost too long. Therefore, we shall devote the present number entirely to letters which relate to it; and after making suitable commentaries upon these letters, we shall revise the Inferno for the benefit of such as may be tempted to use words and phrases which are either crude, or misleading, or *banal*.

I

From Flushing, New York, comes a letter which is brief and to the point.

To the Editor of the Letter-Box:

The principles on which the Inferno is established are not clear to me, but there are two expressions which I should like to see speedily consigned to the depths. One is the "level glance," the other the "twisted smile." Perhaps the Barrie copyright should prevail against the second. With the first I should like to send this sentence, found in ninety out of a hundred best sellers: "She looked at him from under level brows."

We hardly think that these two expressions are so widely spread as our correspondent believes. They are found only in a few books of which the writers have tried to attain to what is piquant by the process of distortion or pseudo-novelty. They certainly have not got into the language spoken by human beings generally; and, therefore, for the present, we shall let them go. But we stand ready at a moment's notice to plunge them relentlessly down into the seething flames.

II

A lady in Sierra Madre, California, writes us a letter which shows that she thinks back to the origin of things and to their inner psychology.

Allow me to propose two candidates for the Inferno,—Vacation (commonly pronounced vaycaytion), and, "To extend a welcome, or congratulations." In place of the first (so suggestive of emptiness of head, heart, and other organs, why not "Holidays," a cheery word calling up youth, jollity, leisure, recreation, pleasure, and everything else that a man wants to think of when he has left his work behind him and is seeking health and change.

One can welcome a man, or congratulate

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him, but why *extend* a welcome or congratulations? One thinks of a long-handled toasting fork at the end of a long, skinny hand, and arm stretched to its utmost; besides, think of it critically, and what a silly phrase it is.

We are quite in sympathy with this appeal for the word "holidays" in place of "vacation"; and yet, of course, "vacation" has settled itself firmly in the language—both in ours and in that of England and of France. Moreover, it has a good Latin origin. Therefore, we can scarcely consign it to the Inferno, though personally we believe the good old Saxon "holidays" to be a cheerier word.

As to "extending a welcome," that goes bang down into the Inferno along with "tendering a reception." We have even heard university-bred men speak of "an educational tender," than which nothing could be more awful or more worthy of a "long-handled toasting-fork."

III

Another Californian—they seem to have a feeling for linguistics in California—sends us the following:

To the Hierarch of the Inferno:

Won't you please consign to the hottest part of your Inferno the men who have capitalised millinery, the invention of aeroplane hats, and the women who wear these rambunctious monstrosities, and all the hats you can grab?

Instead of to Mr. Bok, I make this appeal to you, since more men are likely to read your Rhadamanthiade than the gentle cooings of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

We don't quite understand this point about "capitalised millinery," but we are shocked at the thought of putting women into the Inferno; nor is the flaming pit intended for hats. Words and phrases are the only things that can get there; and although we sympathise with our correspondent, we are afraid that we cannot help her in this particular matter.

IV

A correspondent in Newport, Rhode Island, desires us to immolate the phrase "in this connection." We gladly do so, though we had supposed the late Charles A. Dana to have done it so efficiently and thoroughly as to make it unnecessary for us to take a hand in the affair.

V

An ingenious and double-folded picture post-card from Belize in British Honduras, and representing a river regatta, is so very brilliant in colouring that we mention it here as the only one of the kind that we have ever seen. Likewise, the sender of it has made us a Cardinal by addressing it "To His Eminence, the Senior Editor." Yet neither of these two things would tempt us to mention it this month. It is rather because it gives us a suggestion for the Inferno, accompanied with a flutter of persiflage in English, Latin, Spanish, and Hebrew. The handwriting is very small, yet it is not so small as ours; and, therefore, we have felt bound to decipher most of it. Here is the communication:

Your Eminence: This is for your gratification, *dupliciter:* as an artistic gem for The Bookman's Gallery; and as a gentle indulgence to your deliciously naïve craving for titles. I trust no one has forestalled me in the latter intent. But if this trust be vain, let me offer another salutation, of a Hoo-Hoo kind, with a Mexican or Peruvian *nuance,* "Grand Snark of the Incas."—Selah!

Many thanks to you for many enjoyable hours in The Bookman's company. Won't you let us have another glimpse of the Junior Editor in his touring car, with his views on Oppenheim or Russell Irwin? And will you pitchfork with all due formality of bell, book, and candle, down to the lowest depths of your Inferno, these two offenders against good taste and grammar: *"like* he does," etc., and "make good"—in the sense of "succeed"?

This is a quiet place, and if in your moated grange "Scis te læsum, scis languentem," I'd advise you that you bear it rather than seek surcease of sorrow in these diggins: Quæ heis (hic?) scripta sunt, ne in lucem edantur (verb. sap.), saltem . . . iacent.

Con muchisimo respecto, de Su Eminencia,
S. S. S.,
Pepe.

Fortified by these suggestions, we draw the curtain from the Inferno and allow our readers to gaze down into its lurid depths.

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THE BOOKMAN'S INFERNO

"Add'ress."
"A long-felt want."
"Along these lines."
"Ar*is*'tocratic."
"Auto*mo*'bile."
"Balance of—" (except in commercial language).
"Brainy."
"Bright" (for "clever" or "brilliant").
"By leaps and bounds."
"Clubman."
"Dandy" (as an adjective).
"Educational tender."
"Elegant" (for "good," "agreeable").
"Enthuse."
"Exclusive" (as a social term).
"Exqu*is*'ite."
"Extend" for "offer."
"Fictionist."
"Genteel."
"Gentlemanly."
"He (she, it) struck a new note."
"In'quiry."
"In this connection."
"In touch with" (except as a technical term in military or naval discourse).
"Like" for "as."
"Locate" (as an intransitive verb).
"Lunch."
Ly'ceum."
"Measure up."
"*Mu*'seum."
"Nom de plume."
"Output" (except in commercial language).
"Ovation."
"Parlour."
"'Phone," for "telephone," either as noun or verb.
"Playlet."
"Pleased to meet you."
"Prince Albert coat."
"Proposition," except in its etymological sense."
"Quit."
"Residential district."
"Resort" (as a noun).
"School-children."
"School-teacher."
"Silk hat."
"Smart" (for "clever").
"Social standing."
"Storiette."
"Stylish."
"Sur le tapis."
"Tender" for "offer" (as a noun).
"The Four Hundred."
"The story grips the reader."
"Thinker."
"Under the auspices of—"
"Up against."
"Up to date."
"Very sick man."
"Vest."
"Well-posted."

So much for the Inferno. At the next opening of the Letter Box we shall pay attention to the numerous letters which have nothing to do with the Inferno. After that, if the boy manages to catch up in his cataloguing, we shall go on with our delightful Picture Gallery.

DAWN, AND A WAVE OF LIGHT

Dawn! and a wave of light
In the broken eastern sky,
A rifted gleam in the gloom of grey,
A flame from the ashes of sunken night,
And the deep despair of the things that die—
Dawn! and the hope of day!

Dusk! and a breath of air
From the farthest hills of peace,
Sweet as an image of silver light
Moon-made in a pool where the waters wear
A lighted calm wherein care shall cease—
Dusk! . . . and the hope of night.

Frank E. Hill.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY DRUMMER

ET me confess at the outset that by literary drummer I do not mean a drummer with literary aspirations or qualifications, nor even a drummer with a pronounced taste for letters. No, one uses literary drummer as one would use the term hat drummer, or shoe drummer, meaning thereby one who travels about drumming up and making sales of literature.

Selling literature is what I seriously believed my occupation was to be, when I first went on the road for a publishing house. The craftsmanship of the story teller, the plot of the story, the execution, the style, the artistry—these were some of the features upon which I would expatiate and dilate, and with which I would woo the orders from reluctant buyers. With this belief in mind I carefully read the new books I proposed to sell; I studied them; I pondered over them; trying to determine what excellencies of style, of construction, of craftsmanship would appeal most tellingly to booksellers. For booksellers, to handle books effectively, must know them, and appreciate them truly, thought I.

With this belief in mind I started to sell my first bill of goods, the goods being literature. It was an important event in my life, and one that made a lasting impression upon me. My customer was an elderly lady, unmarried, who having been brought up in the bookstore of her father, had upon his death succeeded to the business.

"She has been in a bookstore thirty years," I said to myself. "Therefore she knows books; she appreciates good books; she loves them."

In the back of her little emporium, where I was surrounded, it is true, by books, but also by such unliterary objects as rolls of wall paper, stacks of writing tablets, calendars, souvenir postal cards, shelves full of ledgers, account books and filing cases, I unpacked my trunk and displayed my wares. And as I drew forth each book, or cover, or few leaves of paper, or whatever I possessed which represented a book that was going to be, I dwelt long and lovingly upon it. I told the story of each novel, and I endeavoured to tell it to that old lady in just the way that would have made it appeal to Walter Pater or Henry James. To be sure, my little lecture was accompanied by some disconcerting incidents. A phonograph in the front of the store squawked "Waltz me around again, Willie," with monotonous persistency and maddening iteration. And it seemed fated that whenever I was in the act of making a particularly telling point some customer should approach; upon which my audience would desert me instantly to sell a lead pencil or ten cents' worth of writing paper. Besides, my customer's manner of receiving the information I imparted to her was, to say the least, uninspiring. It consisted of a repetition of the syllables, "um-um." If I said a thing was very good, she said, "um-um." If I confessed it was rather poor, she said, "um-um." And um-um, in a mechanical and non-committal tone, was the only response to my most eloquent periods. When the trunk was empty and I was through, I paused, flushed and excited.

"Well," said the elderly lady, in a disparaging tone, "is that all you've got? I hoped your house would have something *real* good this year."

"Good," I cried. "Great goodness, madam, they're all good; there's nothing but good books strewn all around here."

"No," she said, shaking her head, "your books don't look pretty. I don't believe I feel like placing an order this year."

With madness in my heart I repacked my trunk. And that very afternoon, after an exciting altercation with the proprietor of a department store, a gentleman who spoke with a strong German accent, I sold him fifteen hundred wretched little paper books, with awful, staring covers and insides which no in-

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telligent child of ten could by any possibility mistake as literature.

But the preconceived notions, if not of a lifetime, still of a few months, are not easily cast aside, and as I continued my trip I continued also to try to sell books by pointing to the features which would have made them appeal to Walter Pater or Henry James. With the result that I momentarily expected a telegram from my house, summoning me to return in disgrace.

At last, in a dingy hotel in a dingy town, I saw a light. My customer had deserted me, after a half hour of evident abstraction on his part, and desperate but waning enthusiasm on mine. He crossed the hall and entered the sample room of a fellow-professional, a brother literary drummer, where books were strewn on sheet-covered tables. And I, gazing from afar, saw my erstwhile customer comfortably lounging in a chair, while my comrade in art, coat off, hat on, gesticulated, and in strident tones harangued.

"Now, Joe," said he, talking round a cigar that had apparently grown fast to his mouth, "I'll give you the straight dope. This novel here is merchandise, and you want a hundred copies; this novel is literature, and one will about do you."

With astonishment and dismay I saw the customer nod assent to this apportionment of merchandise and literature. "Merchandise, and you want a hundred copies; literature, and one will about do you." Shades of the stylists, and men of letters; sacred names of Walter Pater and Henry James.

I sought out my brother traveller as soon as I might, and questioned him.

"Is it true," I said, "that books of genuine literary merit do not appeal to the trade?"

"It's the straight goods," he replied, talking round a toothpick, which had supplanted the cigar. "Literature don't make a hit nowadays."

"But can't we educate the public through the bookseller?" I said. "Can't we elevate the taste of the trade? Can't we appeal by showing the artistic merit of a book, the style, the story telling, the characterisation, the dramatic strength, subtle humour, the irony, the artistry, and all that?"

"You bet we can't," he replied tersely, "unless we're millionaires travelling for pleasure. Don't try to shoot any hot air like you mentioned into the booksellers in the small towns; but play the old, sure, reliable favourites. If you've got a new book by a popular author, tell 'em it's absolutely the best he's ever done. If the author's new, tell 'em it's a crackerjack good story—the heroine a peach, something doing all the time, and a happy ending. That's the dope. I see you're new at the business, and maybe you're a college feller who's got some ideas that haven't been tried out yet. Well, don't take my word for it, young man. What's your next town?"

I told him.

"The only man you see there is Hammelstein. He's the buyer in the big department store, a smart bookman, none better, and he certainly knows how to merchandise books. You ask him about merchandise and literature, and what makes books sell."

The next day I met Mr. Hammelstein, small, shrewd, suave and watchful; and by way of making conversation I asked him what made books sell in his store.

"What makes books sell in this store?" he replied calmly. "Well, I guess I do."

"Of course," I said, "but how do you do it? What methods do you follow?"

"Oh, I try to pick the winners," he answered. "If I pick mostly winners, people come to rely on my judgment, so when they see a big pile of some book on the counter or in the window, they say—that must be all right—and get it."

"But what makes the pile?" I asked.

"Well, the author's a big reason, maybe the biggest. If a man writes a best seller one year, people are ready to give him a try the next time he comes out. Then the advertising counts for a lot. And the appearance of the book—the cover, and the paper jacket—that's very important."

"Anything else?" I said.

"Well, illustrations help some, good lively pictures, in colour, especially with young girls. And a good catchy title counts for a lot. Yes, sir, a good title is

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mighty important. Something new and striking, something that gets people guessing, something that's easy to say and hard to forget—makes a successful title; and a successful title mighty often makes a successful book."

"Don't your customers often look inside the books before they buy?" I asked hopefully.

"Oh, sometimes, not always," he answered. "Women do it; and they most generally look at the last pages."

"At the last pages?"

"To see if the story ends right. If it don't, they won't take it, nine cases out of ten."

"And how about novels of genuine literary merit?" I questioned.

"Nothing doing; they don't sell," he replied. "I buy them one at a time, on special orders, so don't you show me any, young man."

Discouraging testimony, but I still persisted in my efforts to sell books by describing them according to the standards of Walter Pater or Henry James, and thus appealing to the literary tastes of the buyers. At the same time I carried on a diligent investigation into the literary canons of the people I met, and I was persistent in asking my customers what books were popular, and why. The answers were vague, and as a rule could be reduced to two fundamental reasons. One—a book sold well "because our people liked it." Two—a book did not sell at all, it stuck, was a plug, "because our people didn't like it." Sometimes a dealer would go behind these fundamental reasons and feel that the publisher was in some mysterious way responsible for the failure of his books, when they did fail. But I noticed that when, on the other hand, a book succeeded, the credit attributed to the publisher was most meagre.

In my quest for information I one day sought a customer in his cellar, where he was engaged in the prosaic task of breaking up boxes.

"Of what character are your most profitable books?" I asked.

"There ain't any money in books," he replied, with a vicious bang of the hammer.

"Of course," I replied hastily. "So many booksellers feel that way. But what kind of books should you say are least unprofitable?"

"Well," he said glumly, "I sell mostly fiction."

"Ah," I said, with the zest of a biologist tracking a germ to its lair, "and what kind of people buy the most fiction from you?"

He wiped his forehead reflectively.

"The young ladies in the boarding-schools round here buy a good deal," he replied; "and as I'm right handy to the hotel, I get a pretty nice transient trade from the drummers. And I always have some lady customers who'll buy a good love story; and sometimes a man I know will come in to get something to kill time while he's on the train or his family's away. There was quite a movement among some of the married ladies of this town to get their husbands to stay home and read novels instead of playing poker down to the Elks' Club. But that's sorter died out."

Here was illuminating information. Boarding-school misses and drummers as arbiters of literary taste: time-killing and an antidote for poker, as functions for fiction.

"I tell you what people want in a novel, is a good story," cried my customer, above the crash of breaking boxes. "They ain't buying Bibles, or text books, or scientific pamphlets when they get fiction; and they ain't crying out to be improved when they're tired, and want to be amused with a good yarn."

I considered my customer reflectively. At Christmas time he sold books; about St. Valentine's Day he sold valentines; Easter cards at Easter; fire crackers for the Fourth; favours for Hallowe'en parties, and books again at Christmas. Between whiles he sold letter paper, ledgers, souvenir post cards, wall paper and crêpe paper, lead pencils, playing cards and fountain pens, typewriters and phonographs. He worked in his store eleven hours a day, and six days a week. He was a small merchant in a small town, bounded by the narrow horizon of a small merchant and circumscribed by the narrow life of a small town. How could I appeal, with my gabble about style, characterisation, subtleties of humour,

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colour and artistry, and the standards of Walter Pater or Henry James?

That very day I received from my house the sheets and the cover of a new novel. Upon that cover was the head of a girl, brilliant as to complexion, luxuriant as to hair, adorable as to her hat. The title was The Princess, something or other. The story, well, I read it during a railroad journey, in a dim and dirty car, riding over an awful track, through dreary scenery; and the journey was endurable. The book was not what I should call literature; the plot was rather palpable, the characters were types, the conversations stilted and the style crude; but in the language of my drummer friend, "there was something doing all the time" in that story. It gave me some hours of innocent if not very improving amusement.

The next day I set that story in the place of honour on my sample table.

"Well, what's new?" asked the customer of the day.

"This," said I, holding up The Princess something-or-other, "a cracker jack, a winner. It's merchandise," I cried, endeavouring to keep my cigar from tumbling out of my mouth, "and you want a hundred copies. And this," I went on, holding up the book I had formerly advocated with enthusiasm and held up to admiration as a model of style, characterisation and craftsmanship according to the standard of the elect, "this is literature. One copy will about do you."

HOW TO GET THE CLASSICS READ

Have the books mentioned below bound in red, or green-and-gold, illustrated in colour, and published anonymously. Properly advertised, with the changed titles, they should enter the Best Selling Class immediately.

THE ILIAD, Homer

HUNTING FOR HELEN
or
LOVE LAUGHS AT LAW

A story of dash and deviltry in the days of old. Profusely illustrated by H—— C—— C——

THE TALISMAN, Scott

BLOOD FOR BLOOD

A detective story with a disguise and a thrill for every page. With a sketch of the heroine (from life) by H—— H——

ESSAYS, Emerson

THE FAIRY RING

A poet's dream of love and other things. Cover design by O—— H——

HENRY ESMOND, Thackeray

BEWITCHING BEATRIX

The history of a girl and her many lovers. Six artists have drawn the Beatrix of their dreams. Choose yours!

PARADISE LOST, Milton

A PARTY OF MY OWN

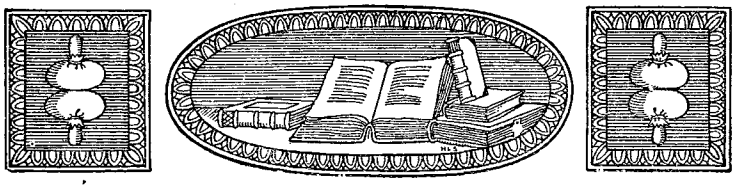
A strong political romance. Illustrated by C—— D—— G——

SPEECHES, Burke

DO THE WICKED FLOURISH?

An exposure of fraud and rapine unequalled in the world's history. With cartoons by F—— O——

Caroline Frances Richardson.



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THE EGOIST

Though Time has robbed me of my youth,
  Dispersed the friends of long ago,
Has hushed the voice I loved to hear,
  And laid my high ambition low,
One treasure still remains my own—
  I have, in all life's changeful sea,
Where much is guessed and little known,
  One port from my uncertainty—
For Time, although a thievish elf,
Has failed to rob me of myself.

And when I try to pierce the dark,
  To probe the mystery of death,
I do not fear a future wrath,
  I do not fear the failing breath,
I only fear—*to lose myself*.
  I only fear lest death may end
Assurance of identity;
  For to this known, this life-long friend,
I cling, like miser to his pelf,
Death, will you rob me of myself?

Georgia Davies.

THE BRUSH AND THE BUSKIN

HEN a sailor man ceases following the sea he seems, by instinct, to take up the profession of a farmer, and retires to the country, where he can exercise his authority over a hired man, a plough team, and steer a mowing machine. There seems to be a close analogy between the two callings, sailor and farmer. For some reason, also, there seems to be a close relation between the actor and the painter. It is quite safe to say that if the average actor could retire independently well off, he would still seek some active outlet for his artistic temperament, thus he turns naturally to the form and method of expression that is open to him in the creation of art, as exemplified by the use of brush and pencil. In England many distinguished artists have been actors, and many actors, while not known to the public at large as painters or draughtsmen, are recognised by their brothers in the craft as artists of no mean order. On the stage in America to-day are not a few men who, if their voices should fail them, could easily make a living—in some cases earning as much money perhaps as they ever did on the stage—by working assiduously with brush and palette. Many only follow the kindred art as a hobby, or to fill in their leisure hours when not back of the foot-lights. The purpose of this short article is to show examples of the work of both classes, the men who could turn from one profession to the other, and who have studied both seriously, and the dilettanti—and let us not despise the word—who enjoy delightful and stolen moments from their serious life work.

There are very few magazine readers of the day who are not familiar with the artistic work of Walter Hale, for in-

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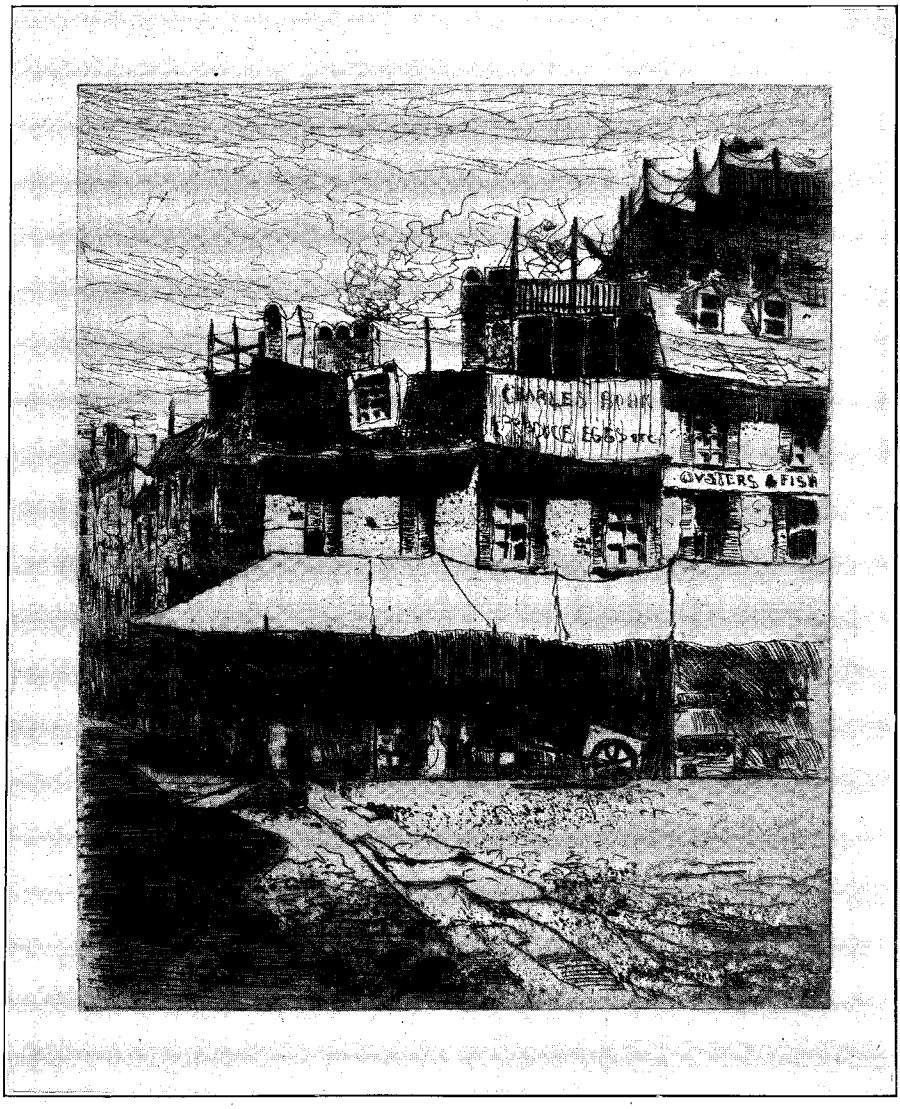
stance. He is a traveller over many lands, who has left a distinct impression in the artistic world. His etchings and line drawings have a delicacy and a firmness of touch that entitle him to the serious consideration of all lovers of art expression. Every summer he spends cruising about the highways and byways of Europe, recording impressions of busy street scenes, picturesque nooks and corners, glimpses of château and cathedral. In partnership with his wife, who is known on the stage as Louise Closser, who has also the gift of expression with her pen, he makes these far afield excursions, and many stay-at-homes have wandered with this talented couple in their annual excursions. Mr. Hale's art rests on very solid foundations. He is a man who has studied seriously, and pro-



A CORNER OF OLD PHILADELPHIA. ETCHED ON COPPER BY WALTER HALE, PHILADELPHIA, 1891

Exhibited with the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, London, and with the New York Etching Club at the Academy of Design (plate destroyed)

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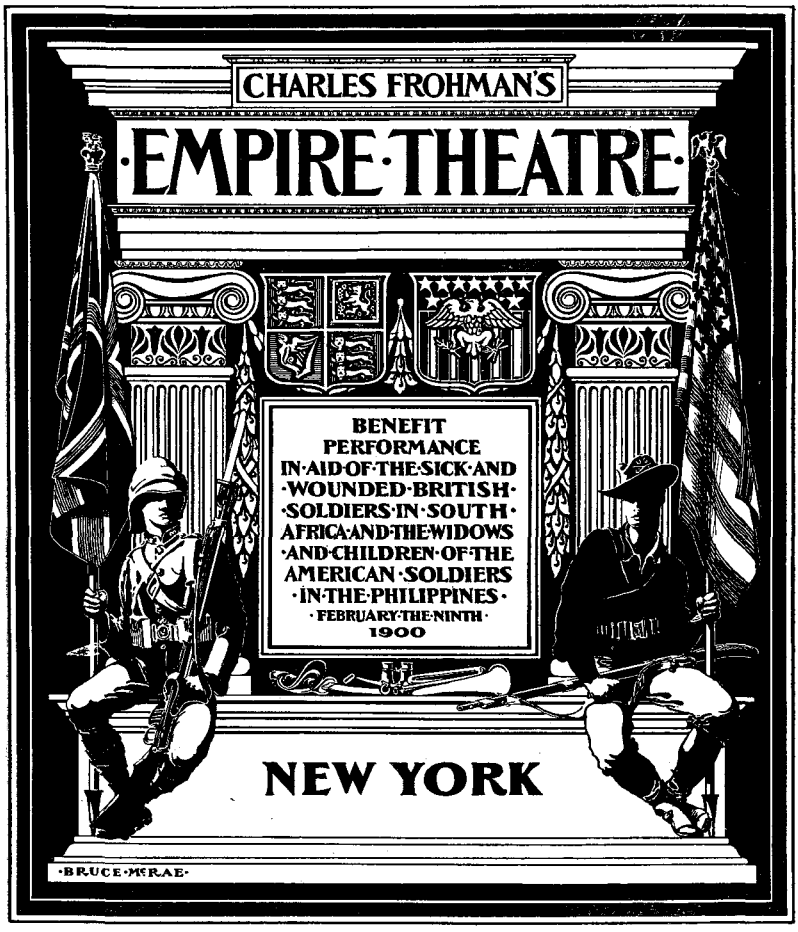
duced seriously, who, long before he took up acting, was earning his living after a studious apprenticeship. An exhibition of his works in any gallery is sure to attract the public, and he has a distinct following, as most artists and illustrators have. His work in a measure resembles that of Joseph Pennell, and well bears

"That's a kindly wish," responded the popular leading man, "and possibly it might call for an explanation."

"Well, if you did," replied the artist, with a wave of his hand toward the etchings, "you'd have to stick to this."

Nevertheless, Mr. Hale still continues acting, and devotes only his leisure mo-



DESIGN FOR A POSTER. BY BRUCE M'RAE

comparison, in many instances, with that master of line and architectural draughtsmanship.

Said an artist one day, in looking over a collection of his etchings, and after being asked what he thought of them: "Hale, there is only one thing that I can suggest. You ought to go out and get a broken leg."

ments to the other form of the expression of his artistic ego.

There are but few theatre-goers who see Bruce McRae playing the lead before metropolitan audiences who know that he is one of the most talented draughtsmen, along certain lines, that can be found in America. Like Mr. Hale, Mr. McRae is a graduate student of a good

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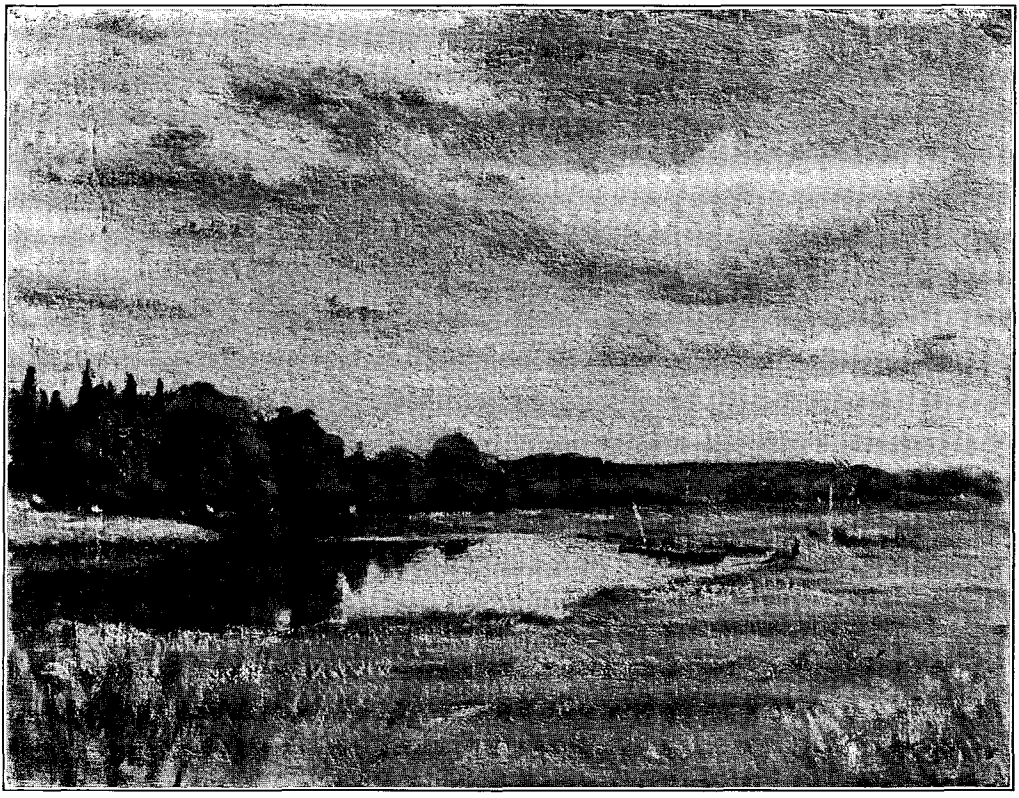
school. The late Stanford White, upon being shown one of McRae's decorative panels, stated that there was but one man in America who could duplicate it. Unfortunately he did not mention the other man's name, for it would be interesting as a comparison. In the example shown of Bruce McRae's work in this article the sureness of his touch is apparent, and his decorative sense is dominant. But with such talent should not allow himself more leisure time for his artistic work, but popularity is also one of Mr. McRae's gifts.

Albert Brunig, one of the best character actors on our stage to-day, has taken to painting, as he expresses it, merely as an outlet, and only of late years. His love for out-of-door life has led him to paint out-of-door things, and



THE MEADOW. BY ALBERT BRUNIG

not only is his draughtsmanship good, but his colour and his use of it is delightful. His work is not of the dashing, off-hand character. It is painstaking and conscientious, and while going much into detail, it is never "finicky," but embodies the very essentials of decorative composition, breadth, strength and dignity. The poster reproduced in this article was drawn by Mr. McRae ten years ago for a benefit performance, and tells its own story. It really seems a pity that a man during his vacations he has been one of an artists' colony who have studied under the direction of Mr. Willard Metcalf. Quick to see beauty, he has developed a knack of catching the impression of things as they are, and while lacking in technique—which only comes from long practice—his sketches are sincere in feeling and full of colour.

The "talented Barrymores," who have inherited from both their mother and father's side of the house a temperament

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that is versatile and artistic, are known only through their stage careers, but both John and Lionel are artists of no mean order. The elder, Lionel, in the last two years forsook the stage and sought the seductive atmosphere of art life entirely, going to Paris with the full intention of giving up the footlights and devoting himself to painting. His work in portraiture has been very highly spoken of, and his etchings also have attracted attention. It is the regret of the writer that it was impossible to secure for this article an example of Mr. Barrymore's work. Whether the temptations that came his way upon his return to America were too strong, we do not know; however, the public have welcomed him back to the work in which they knew him, and he is on the stage again. John Barrymore, who has inherited his father's charm of personality, possesses an originality of imagination that is given to very few of our *genre* painters and illustrators to-day; audacious and daring, he has recorded in some of his sketches the impressions of vivid imaginings. Many of his eccentric compositions remind one of Doré, and possess touches akin to the work of those hobgoblin painters of the Dutch School, like Teniers and Van der Meulen. Sprites and devils, nightmare fancies, banshees and warlocks grin and gorm at you with a horrible fascination. Look at the leering face of this ogre hangman astride the gallows. See the picturesque imagination portrayed in this Doréan composition of "Remorse," the giant oppressing the poor sufferer, who supports his crushing weight in the dismal chasm of the Land of No Hope. As a caricaturist, too, Mr. Barrymore shines. With a few swift touches of his pen he can catch a likeness with the proper exaggeration of facial outline, the gift of the born eccentric draughtsman.

THE GIANT REMORSE. BY JOHN BARRYMORE

Guy Standing is another actor-artist whose work, while in an entirely different line from that of any of the others mentioned here, is well worth attention. It possesses charm. No one would think that these little water colours, full of colour and feeling, would be his. One might expect him to deal broadly with dashing strokes at the canvas, but he has a decided gift for delicate handling of tints and washes, and having been a sailor, most of his sketches deal with marine or maritime subjects. Here is a huge steamer looming through a pearl grey fog, being teased along by an impudent, puffing tug, or here lying at anchor in the grey mist, a long line of war vessels straining at their anchors in the tide. But they are all well done, these little

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sketches, and the handling is deft and clever. Again, it is to be regretted that Standing does not do more, and possibly in a larger way, for certainly, should he find it necessary to seek another field, the way lies open to him.

Wilfrid North, the actor-manager and manager-actor, who is now connected with the New Theatre, has developed a new line of artistic work, using a medium that is original with the most surprising results; it is not the paint-box or the palette or the tube of oil, but grease paint. It is interesting to see the results he has attained with a stick of paint which is supposed to convey colour to the cheek of youth, or to work in the wrinkles of old age, darken the eyebrow or to suggest the shades and shadows of facial make-up. He has copied many well-known paintings and preserved remarkably the colour and feeling of the original, blending most skilfully tones and preserving faithfully the effect of atmosphere. The examples of his work in this article show that he has a clean, artistic perception, and also portray his accurate drawing, but they cannot suggest the truth and vividness of the colouring. Seeing the effect produced by this simple medium, one is surprised that artists have not used it before. In many ways the appearance is that of pastel, and yet it suggests also the blending of oil paint. Even on close inspection the observer is puzzled to know how the thing was done. Mr. North only employs his talents as an artist to amuse himself, and rather makes light of his own artistic efforts, but those of his friends who possess his little sketches—and he has done but few of them—have given them a place of honour on their walls, and, as the reader can see at a glance, they are worth it.

THE GALLOWS OGRE. BY JOHN BARRYMORE

Mr. F. F. Mackay, the veteran actor and father of actors, also puts in his leisure moments with the brush. It is a hobby of his, he says, and certainly one can see that he has enjoyed the doing of the pictures that are on the walls of his school of acting. The view of the church at Stratford-on-Avon from the river is familiar to every American pilgrim to the shrine of Shakespeare, and it is very fitting that Mr. Mackay should have embodied it on canvas.

There is not an actors' club in New York that does not possess an example or two of the work of the late lamented and much beloved Joseph Jefferson, and

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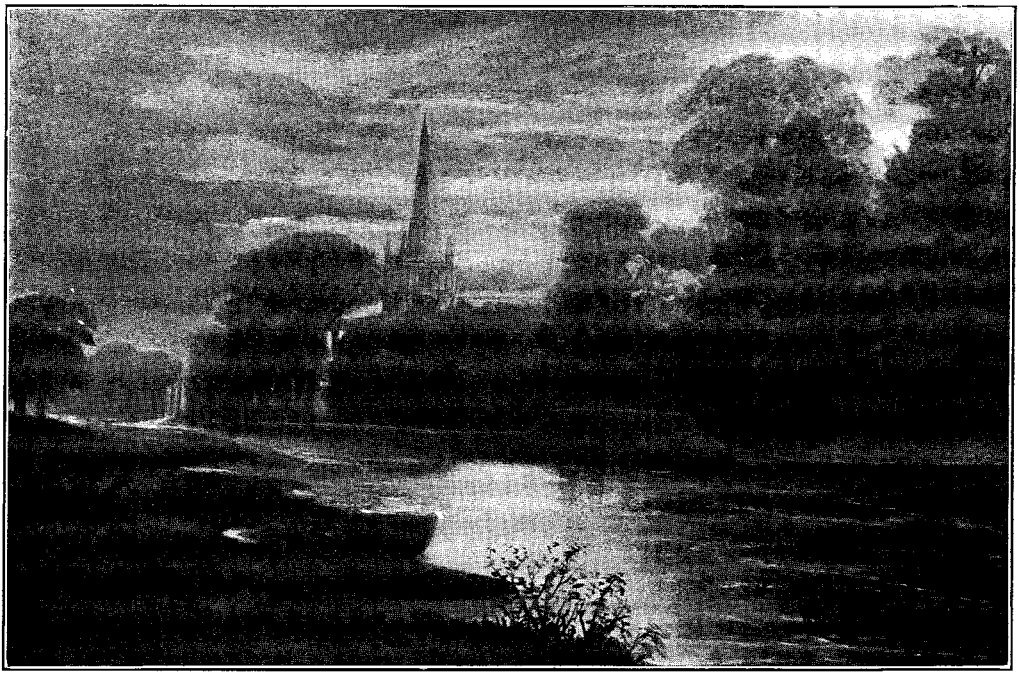
one of the finest photographs that the dear old gentleman ever had taken is of himself, seated at an easel, palette and brush in hand, with a huge canvas before him. Marvellous were the products of Mr. Jefferson's inspiration. He had created a school of his own. He was prone to portray forest scenes, with tree trunks of wonderful size, in accurate military formation. Old mills were a favourite subject with him, especially old mills with waterwheels, and in some of his paintings



STRATFORD-ON-AVON. BY F. F. MACKAY

he actually accomplished the impossible, for, to all intents and purposes, he succeeded in making the water run up hill. This having been called to his attention by an over-critical friend, Mr. Jefferson responded that he was well pleased with the result, for "few men could have accomplished it." When president of the Players Club, a position he held for so many years before his death, Mr. Jefferson presented to the club a large canvas of his own. If the writer remembers correctly, there was a pond in the foreground, many rushes, a tumble-down house, and a large and rather theatrical-looking forest, all painted, the artist boasted, in the dead of winter, in his own sitting-room, and entirely from his imagination. When it was first displayed on the walls—for, of course, none of the old gentleman's gifts was ever refused—it attracted much attention, and one day, Mr. Jefferson being in the club, seized a brother member, who happened to be a man whose pictures had on more than one occasion won prizes in the salon, and stood him before his own masterpiece. "Now I want you to tell me," he said frankly, with his childlike and delightful smile, "what you think of it."

"Well," replied the painter, responding to the pressure on his arm, "I'd like to have one hung as well as that." And the old gentleman was delighted.

During his lifetime that picture remained in its prominent position, and whenever Mr. Jefferson entered the club he would manage to manœuvre himself in front of it, regarding it from all sides and angles, and hardly ever did a picture re-

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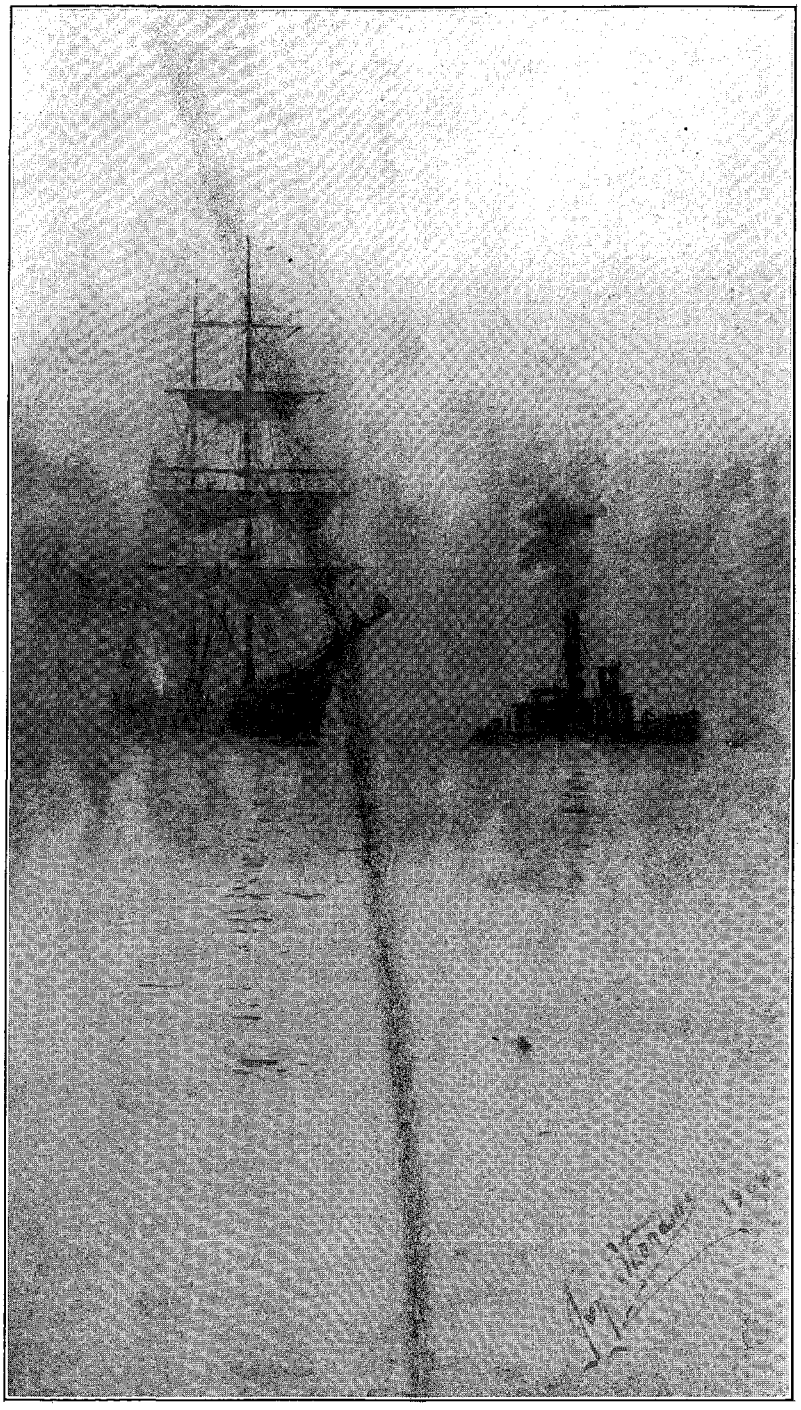

A MISTY DAY. BY GUY STANDING

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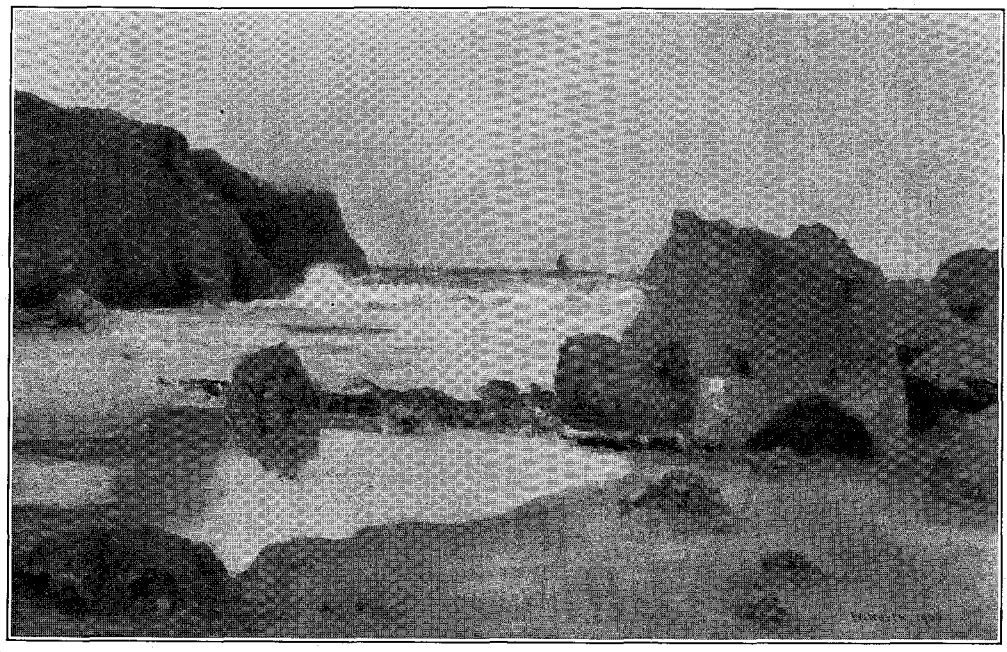

LOW TIDE. BY WILFRID NORTH

THE OFF-SHORE LIGHT. BY WILFRID NORTH

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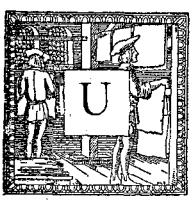
ceive so much praise and so little criticism as that marvellous landscape.

There are many more actors who paint and draw than those mentioned in this short article. Mr. Robert Edeson, and Edward Sothern, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and but a few months ago there was an article in an English magazine showing the reproduction of many artist-actors' work. It is a good thing for a man to have a hobby, and it is still better for him to have one that his friends can also enjoy.

James Barnes.

CONCERNING STAGE VIANDS



UPON what meat does this our Cæsar feed," asks Cassius scornfully, "that he has grown so great?" The question is a human one and strikes deep. We are not permitted to behold the great Julius at his table, but it may be safely assumed that he would there display the usual histrionic preference for a sizable épergne of hothouse fruit.

It has been wickedly hinted that the origin of this singular though universal theatrical appetite was a too literal interpretation of Orlando's line in *As You Like It.* For more than one reason the passage is fraught with significance:

ORLANDO (*bursting in upon the Banished Duke and his courtiers at their midday meal in the forest*): Forbear and eat no more.

JAQUES: Why, I've eat none yet.

ORLANDO: He dies who touches any of this fruit till I and my affairs be answered. I almost die for food and let me have it.

(*The Duke speaks him gently, promises to partake of nothing until his return with the starving Adam, and during the youth's absence courteously keeps the word he has pledged for all his companions while Jaques regales them instead on the Seven Ages speech. Reenters the famished Orlando supporting the fainting Adam. The Duke bids them be seated, and while Orlando busily explains his antecedents, a courtier sings a song in two stanzas. The Duke then terminates the banquet, and with Orlando and Adam adjourns to his cave. No one has eaten a mouthful.*)

Of course, it is possible—for nothing is so stupid as stage-tradition—that upon this simple authority depends the time-honoured practice of dispensing naught but fruit at the Shakesperian table. But the same fashion may be observed in our modern romantic plays—indeed, the same two fashions. For not in Shakespeare alone does the board offer only a massive edifice of bananas, apples, pears, and grapes; and on the stately pile no one, however a-hungered, lays a violent hand—the épergne remains at the fall of the curtain the still unravished bride of quietness. The heroes and heroines of romance feed themselves with rhetoric, with song, with kisses, with tears, but never with the sole nourishment offered them—fruit. A similar prevalence and neglect of fruit prevails in the more plebeian drama. To be sure, the contemporary table affords also a stalk of celery and such showy and insubstantial matters, but these are manifestly trimmings; its main reliance is still its middle monument—the impressive and inviolate épergne which forms its centrepiece. Is this but another illustration on our stage of the servile following of the Shakespeare tradition?

The only modern managers who have been providers prodigal enough to go beyond the established menu and realists reckless enough to demand that eatables be eaten *coram publico,* are James A. Herne and Mr. Belasco. Still over-cautiously is their example followed, but yet it may be said that the markets are richer for their having lived. The roast turkey

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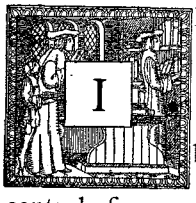
of *Shore Acres,* the clam-pie of *Sag Harbor,* the spaghetti of *The Music Master* are famous. But are they the pioneers they would seem of a happier day when all actors shall be fed? Diligent memory records that these succulent dishes were discussed only by the comedians. No tender Von Barwig twined in mid-air wreaths of spaghetti on the nimble fork. Eating upon the stage is not as in life a serious business; and though it is better for them to be above such things, sympathetic characters may only—and then at a pinch—toy with their food if any is provided that is malleable. A potato, for instance, will furnish excellent fork-play; an egg may be nicked with such delicate deliberation that its opening is precisely timed with the scene's closing; bread can be infinitely crumbled, and a piece of not too brittle toast may be bisected and trisected and each section re-bisected and re-trisected so assiduously that the hungry hero will appear to have quite satisfied his lately clamouring appetite. Yet ridiculous to exacting persons as it may seem that apparently robust people should have no desire for food or that a starving man having pounced upon it like a ravenous street-cat should satisfy all cravings in the mere pounce, it must be conceded that art has its demands as well as nature. An actor is probably wise to remember that though out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, it may not well speak out of its own fulness unless it is willing to excite laughter. Certainly the rule of the drama seems to be that though all may occasionally hunger only the comedian may eat.

Stage viands, then, may be summed up in the immortal words which the Bard himself—no, I mean Bacon!—has applied to books. (But as the analogy will not precisely hold in life and yet does so at all points for the stage, is this not another proof of his theatrical experience?) "Some are to be tasted, others swallowed, some few to be chewed and digested." It is only the gross comedian who may do the last—all others must be content to toy alone.

Algernon Tassin.

A CASE OF COINCIDENCE

Relating to Sir A. Conan Doyle



IN 1904, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tried to repeat the extraordinary success which he had won with his earlier books wherein Mr. Sherlock Holmes was the central figure. The new stories, for which a heavy price was paid, and which were finally collected in a volume called *The Return of Sherlock Holmes,* contained one tale, the title of which is "The Adventure of the Dancing Men." It will be readily remembered that the story centres about a mystery relating to the American wife of a fine old English squire, Mr. Hilton Cubitt. Mr. Cubitt discovers that his wife is being terrorised by a series of strange pictures, obviously forming a cryptogram and roughly drawn on the stable door and sun-dial at night. Unlike most cryptograms, this does not consist of arithmetical numbers (as in Poe's *The Gold Bug*) nor were any ciphers employed in it. Rather it is based upon very small black figures of men, with pin-point heads and black lines for the bodies, legs and arms. Each of these "dancing men" represents a letter of the alphabet.

Now this story was considered a fairly good one compared with the other stories in the same book; and some credit was given to Sir A. Conan Doyle for the ingenuity of his cryptogram. Not very long ago, however, an eminent surgeon of this city who has, like so many of his profession, a fondness for literature, happened, on a rainy day, to be looking over a bundle of old magazines. Among them

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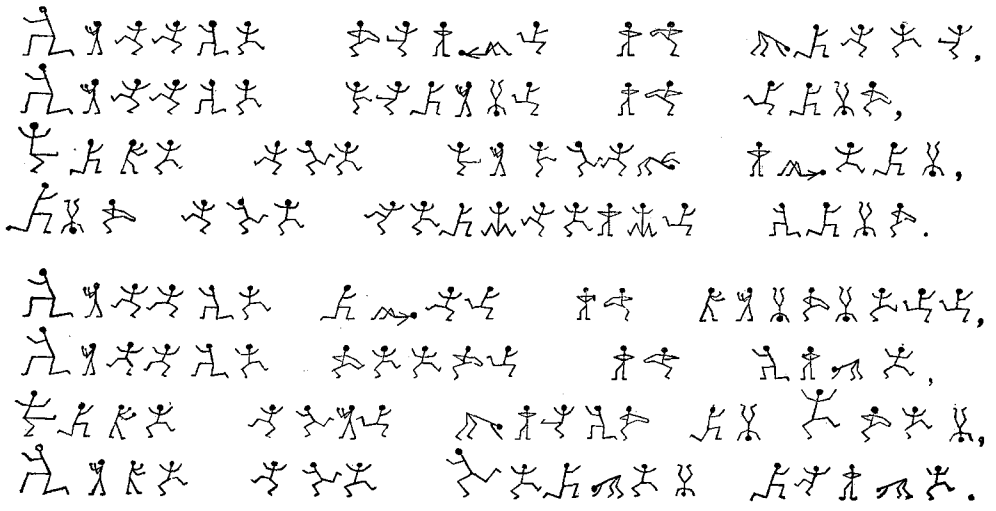


THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS. FROM "ST. NICHOLAS" FOR MAY, 1874

was a copy of the first volume of *St. Nicholas*. In the number for May, 1874 (page 439), there occurs a puzzle given under the title "The Language of the Restless Imps." A verse, apparently of poetry, is written out in a cryptogram, each letter representing a "restless imp" in one position or another. The solution of the puzzle is given in *St. Nicholas* for June, 1874 (page 502), and turns out to be simply the well-known childish verse:

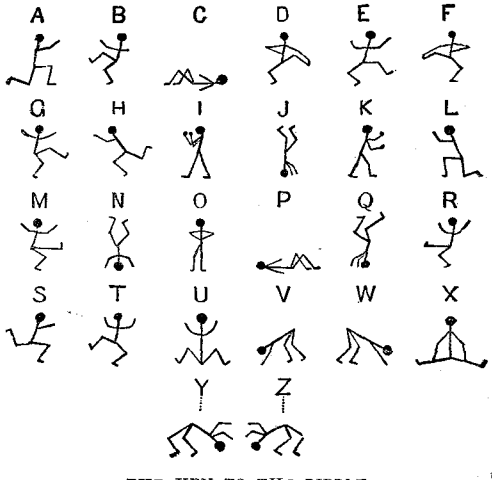
Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
etc., etc.

The interest of all this comes in when one observes that the "restless imps" of the *St. Nicholas* magazine for 1874 are precisely the "dancing men" of Sir A. Conan Doyle's story, published just thirty years after. The alphabet has been transposed in most cases, but the "dancing men" are the same, so far as they enter into Sir A. Conan Doyle's narrative.

The gentleman who made this discovery took it for granted that some one had suggested (or perhaps sold) the cryptogram to the British writer. He, therefore, wrote a courteous letter to Sir Conan Doyle, pointing out to him that his cryptogram was really three decades old and warning him against the possibility that other aged material might be palmed off to him. In reply came a half-penny post-card which read as follows:

WINDLESHAM,
CROWBOROUGH,
DEAR SIR: SUSSEX.
Pure Coincidence.
Yours try.,
A CONAN DOYLE.

This was not a very satisfactory answer when sent to an eminent member of Sir A. Conan Doyle's own profession. It was curt in tone and was not even provided with sufficient postage to carry it to the gentleman to whom it was addressed, without requiring him to pay for



THE KEY TO THE RIDDLE

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its delivery. Naturally he was somewhat incensed. Therefore, he countered on Sir Arthur by sending him a one cent post-card addressed:

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE,
(s) Windlesham,
Crowborough,
Sussex, England.

On the other side of the card appeared the following:

DEAR SIR:

Repaying well-meant courtesy by yours, indeed profound,
In prompt acknowledgment thereof, I bow me to the ground.
But having tried all other things, to justify your acts,
Im-"pure coincidence" alone remains—and fits the facts!

Yours truly,

.....M.D.

We tell this story simply as it happened, leaving our readers to decide whether the coincidence was pure or impure. But this case of coincidence deserves to be set side by side with Sir A. Conan Doyle's well-known narrative which he calls "A Case of Identity."

Lyndon Orr.

THE DANCING MEN (FROM "THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES")

THIRTEEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

MR. WILLIAM WINTER'S "LIFE AND ART OF RICHARD MANSFIELD"*

The facts of Richard Mansfield's career have been previously summarised for THE BOOKMAN from an earlier *Life,* and thus will not be noted in this review. Only the facts as reacting on Mr. Winter and his important estimate of the actor's work will be given. The *Life and Art of Richard Mansfield* is ushered in by a page of quotations from Shakespeare, Cervantes, Gibbon, Addison, Byron, and Stedman. In the preface—a stately and measured piece of writing, the tone of which at once establishes the large plane upon which the biography moves—is found the best summary of the man as he saw him. "He was a man of unquiet, undisciplined, impulsive, imperious mind, intent on personal aggrandisement, the acquisition of wealth and fame, and he was so impatient of delay in the fulfilment of his purposes that he scarcely ever allowed a moment of peace either to himself or any person near him; but he was essentially a practical exemplar of devotion to high ideals and an influential character worthy of respect and sympathy in life and now of thoughtful commemoration." The book prints many of Mansfield's letters, which are ideal in intimacy, casualness, and charm, though probably not all ingenuous. It proceeds spaciously and with all of the author's extraordinary command of language; and though it treats minutely of the topics it undertakes it finds leisure for many interesting excursions about plays and theatrical conditions, and does not neglect any of his well-known hobbies. When on the subject of Mrs. Mansfield's essay in Nora and of Peer Gynt, for instance, it provides an astonishing assemblage of the adjectives in use about Ibsen twenty years ago; and one must admit that it is with no feeble broom that Mr. Winter tries to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean.

It was Mansfield's morning study, says

*Life and Art of Richard Mansfield. By William Winter. In Two Volumes. New York: Moffatt, Yard and Company.

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the author, to practise his voice and his facial expression before a mirror, and, as a child, his mother used to invent stories for him to illustrate in this manner and by pantomime. His childhood, as he himself said, made it not strange that he should become what is called singular, and as a man his heart was always at war with his temper. Furthermore, as his temperament impelled him to choose characters in general repellent, he was not taken to the hearts of people as were Booth and Jefferson, and the newspapers gave the impressions that he was continually fractious and morose. Even to his acting they never did justice, but such an actor as he could not, says Mr. Winter characteristically, be suppressed by the niggardly intolerance of implacable detraction. "Pleasant characters which are strong are rare," wrote Richard once to him, and even the few sweet and winning parts he played contain something of repulsion also. He intensely liked the blending of the tragic and the comic and thus was greatly attracted to the part of Nero. It was his peculiarity, Mr. Winter thinks, that he shunned publicity as author or even part author of some of the pieces he played. His idea it was to weave a love story into *Jeykll and Hyde*, thus making the abstruse theme dramatic. "Your old idea of Beau Brummel is being worked out now by *me*," he wrote, "with the assistance of a young man named Fitch." Mr. Winter says that Mansfield changed his outline of the play somewhat and then entrusted it to Fitch, dictating to him the greater part of the colloquy but allowing him to write dialogues from notes of his talk; and that thus the mere clerical labour of Fitch made him a prosperous dramatist. Two plays, however, Mansfield claimed—*Monsieur* and *Don Juan*—neither of which survived.

The feeling between him and Irving, beginning in delightful relations, became later disapprobation on the part of Irving and antipathy on the part of Mansfield, who had only himself to blame for the loss of the earlier active friendship in which the weight of obligation was entirely on his side. He imagined that Irving's jealousy had ruined him in London, just as at the opening of the Garrick Theatre in New York—for which he had such rainbow dreams—he seriously believed that a social faction had risen against him. It was an infirmity of his mind that he ascribed every mishap, says Mr. Winter, to some external malign influence and never to any ill-considered judgment or act of his own. Afterward his hatred for foreign actors kept on increasing, and once he wrote to the *Herald*, "We have no stage in America; it is the stage for *all* stages." Remembering a satirical pleasantry of Irving's, he forgot his substantial kindness; just as remembering Mr. Winter's guarded recognition of his Shylock he forgot all the other praise the critic had bestowed upon him. On account of his resentment about Shylock his letters became insufferable and the critic asked him not to write again. But after cherishing his resentment for some time, he actually broke into the latter's house at Staten Island, where the latter had locked himself in to do some work, and effected his reconciliation with a winning smile and exhilarant mirth. It was always so with Mansfield—no person who knew him well could long remain seriously offended with him, for in his bad moods he acted only like a tired child. He never rested, much as he longed for rest and spoke of it. His marriage to Miss Cameron Mr. Winter calls the most fortunate event in his experience; from her he got as much happiness as it was possible for his restless spirit to know, and without her he would have become a more bitter cynic and worn himself out by hopeless warfare with the world sooner than he did. It was particularly characteristic of him to ascribe to himself a bad motive for a kindly act.

Professionally his generosity with the public was as colossal as his private carelessness and extravagance. In spite of both, however, he always had the delusion that he closely watched his dollars. He always wanted to manage a stock company in his own theatre, but he lacked both the tact and patience to do so. With actors in general he did not cultivate personal association, and because his own hair was thin and close cropped he was known to manifest annoyance on seeing others more generously provided. He

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possessed a habit of playful satire which he did not always use prudently with either the public or the newspapers, and he delighted in practising on the credulity of the latter. The wish for plays on novel subjects and themes for plays were constantly in his mind. But even in such momentous matters he maintained the blithe and frolicsome spirit which made him a boy to the end of his life. Certainly the essential boyishness of his nature could find no better illustration than when he wrote to Mr. Winter that they co-operate on a play to be called "Don Juan, a Comedy by Deux Autres"! His passionate desire to be everywhere recognised as the greatest actor of his time flogged him to the last. Mr. Winter's description of their farewell is simple and touching. "At the door I turned to look at him once more. His face was pale and very wretched in expression, and I saw in his eyes as he looked at me that he knew our parting was forever. I went back and kissed his forehead and pressed his hand and so came away. Life seems to me to be chiefly made up of farewells like that and memories like these."

The second volume—to which is added a complete chronology with the bills of all his plays—is filled with minute analyses of Mansfield's various parts and valuable studies of the plays into which they fitted. It is rather here than in the first volume that the author's well-known style appears. Here are seen at their best his fine faculty of making two adjectives bloom where only one bloomed before, and his ability to marshal sonorous sesquipedalians into batteries more awfully arrayed than Austrian armies besieging Belgrade. His remarks on acting in general and Mansfield's in particular are of weight.

Acting, he says, is the record of an actor's intellectual development and his progressive mental and spiritual experience as revealed in his impersonations. He wisely gives a detailed description of Mansfield's personal appearance and notes the fact that he was below the middle height. As a younger actor he resorted to questionable realism and he was slow in learning that art is free from extravagance and has perfect self-control. The highest attribute of his acting was imagination and after that, humour. He had an eccentric bias and was desirous of walking outside the beaten track. Stalwart characters and scenes of passion and power were essential to bring out his characteristic quality. He was never a lover and had not enough moonshine in his temperament to be one. His general delivery of oratorical speech lacked modulation and often became merely reverberant. In all his acting he was at times phlegmatic and slow, seeming to brood over his emotions and drag out the effective points. In test scenes he could rise to the full height of physical, spiritual, and vocal expression, put forth the extreme measure of effort and yet preserve complete control. Mr. Winter thinks that a more satisfying exhibition of intellectual and physical power has seldom if ever been seen upon the stage. His singing was beautiful and few effects of pathos have equalled Brummel's song in his wretched garret at the end of the play. He had striking characteristics which were miscalled mannerisms, but in the sense of conscious affectations they were not mannerisms but only essential attributes of his individual temperament, demeanour, and speech. It is idle to expect persons of strongly marked characteristics to conceal themselves in their rôles and that is not the true standard of the art. In impersonation of the more real kind he was extraordinary, and such was his versatility that he distinguished himself in almost every branch of acting. Throughout the whole of his career he was—however reluctantly and resentfully—more or less under the artistic influence of Irving and emulative of his example. His acting life in America covered a period of twenty-two years and three months; within it he produced twenty-seven plays.

The author attacks Mr. Paul Wilstach, the writer of a previous life of Mansfield, with more severity than that modest and engaging biography gives opportunity for. Mr. Wilstach seems hardly to blame, being a young man, for not having had a life-long intimacy with Mansfield or owning five hundred of his letters or making some trifling slips in minor de-

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tails. Nor is it given to many biographers—perhaps not even to Mr. Winter, since in many cases only Mansfield himself was the source of his information—to verify every unimportant anecdote which comes to his notice. His charge of plagiarism as sustained by his far from deadly parallel passages is both over-fastidious and belittling. The language of any specific kind of criticism is not unbounded, and when one considers that Mr. Winter's vocabulary is exhaustive, Mr. Wilstach scarcely deserves to be taken to task for the occasional use of the same word in the same connection. Both biographies, though differing widely in plan, are amazingly the same in substantial facts and both are written from the same decided bias of affectionate admiration; therefore, it seems too much to demand of Mr. Wilstach that, in gleaning his material from journalistic sources and with the co-operation of Mrs. Mansfield herself, he should altogether avoid Mr. Winter's copious contributions. As for the Fitch-Mansfield controversy, the truth of the matter seems unlikely to be established by the caustic pages in which he sets forth his side of the case, or his cool disposal as "a writer of serviceable plays" of a man who, whatever his shortcomings, has contributed to the American drama what remains as yet its most notable body of work. Fitch and Mansfield alone knew the precise truth and both were conceivably interested parties, but at least it may be said that the playwright proved he could write deft and original plays full of first-hand observations of life, and also that it is a recognised habit of stars to fancy they have written the plays in which they appear. These two episodes mar a book eagerly awaited by all lovers of the stage from the hands of a critic whom no one has ever accused of a lack of partisanship, but who nevertheless of all men could be best relied upon to discharge the task with thoroughness and acumen and in a literary and scholarly manner. *The Life and Art of Richard Mansfield* is (as "R. M." predicted in one of his letters) a noble monument for which the shades of Betterton or Garrick or Macready might envy him.

Algernon Tassin.

II

Brander Matthews's "A Study of the Drama"*

In this book, which apparently has been designed as a companion volume to Professor Bliss Perry's *A Study of Prose Fiction,* Professor Brander Matthews has collected and arranged in final form a series of discussions of the basic principles of his doctrine of the drama. It is not a text-book intended to teach aspirants how to write plays; it is, rather, a work of constructive criticism intended to show the intelligent public how the best plays are written now and have been written in the past. In the special field of interpretation which is covered by this volume Professor Matthews has long been recognised as a leader. Many of the main principles which are expounded in the present book are already familiar to most students of the stage; but this fact is due directly to the assiduity with which Professor Matthews has insisted on them during the last dozen years in his lectures and his essays. Fortunately for the propagation of thought, there is no copyright on critical ideas; and any interpretative principle which is sane and serviceable is likely to become common property within a decade after it has first been formulated. Every critic who at present writes a book about the drama devotes, as a matter of course, three chapters to a discussion of the three leading influences which, in all ages, have directed the labours of the dramatist—that of his actors, that of his audience, and that of the physical conditions of the theatre of his time; and in view of the present widespread recognition of this principle, it is interesting to remember that it was first formulated by Professor Matthews. He was also the first critic to perceive and to develop the many implications of Brunetière's announcement that the essential theme of all drama is a struggle between human wills, and of Sarcey's structural theory of the *scène à faire.* He was the first also to assert that the drama cannot rightly be considered as a

*A Study of the Drama. By Brander Matthews. Boston, New York and Chicago: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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department of literature and that the masterpieces of the literary drama have always flowered forth from a pre-existent drama which was purely popular and essentially unliterary. These principles have now become generally accepted, and are constantly employed as a basis for critical discussion of current plays by many writers who do not even know that they have derived them indirectly from Professor Matthews. This fact is, in itself, a high tribute to the soundness and the sense of Professor Matthews's theories.

In expounding the basic principles of the dramatic art the critic has not confined himself to any particular period of the drama. Rather, he has preferred to range from century to century and to step lightly over the bounds of nationality. He culls his illustrations from Sophocles or Ibsen, Molière or Shakespeare, Calderon or Plautus, Sheridan or Scribe, with the single purpose of selecting a citation that will clarify the point at issue. It would be impossible for a critic with such an extensive compass to be intensively a specialist in every period that he touches. Professor Matthews is most at home when he is discussing the French drama in either of its most important periods—that of Molière or that of Augier and Dumas *fils;* and he seems least at home in his discussion of the Elizabethan drama. He has devoted a special chapter to the Elizabethan poets, with the purpose of showing that they have been greatly overestimated as dramatists by such essentially non-dramatic critics as Lamb and Swinburne. Any well-considered protest against the explosive adulation which Swinburne bestowed upon the minor Elizabethans is exceedingly sanifying and, therefore, thoroughly welcome; but Professor Matthews has leaped to the other extreme, and, forgetting his own principle that the work of a dramatist should always be judged in accordance with the necessary technical standards of his own age, belittles the lesser Elizabethans because, apparently, they did not construct according to the standards of Pinero. The faults of which he accuses them were shared by Shakespeare; and we can consider these as faults only when we look at them from the point of view of later ages. Although in recent years the entire trend of scholarly criticism of the Elizabethan age has tended to lessen the apparent gulf between Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists, Professor Matthews makes it seem wider than ever by speaking with surprising lightness of the labours of other playwrights who, in Shakespeare's age, were almost equally esteemed. Of Webster, who is now generally regarded as a giant, Professor Matthews says that "for all his striving after the horrible, he does not prove his possession of the native endowment of the instinctive playmaker." Why, then, one wonders, did *The Duchess of Malfi* hold the stage for two hundred and fifty years? In another passage, he seems especially uncritical in a summary discussion of Thomas Heywood. He calls him, in one phrase, the "most adroit" playwright of his time, whereas this phrase, if it were to be applied justly, could be assigned only to Beaumont and Fletcher; and, in a succeeding phrase, he denies Heywood all literary quality and states that his work is "well-nigh unreadable now." Apparently he has been led astray by the insidiously succinct phrase in which Lamb called Heywood a "prose Shakespeare"; whereas the truth is that Heywood did his best work in two types of drama that Shakespeare never even touched—the domestic tragedy, and the buoyant narrative of out-of-doors adventure—and showed himself in all his plays essentially a poet. "Unreadable" is surely a harsh adjective for an author who, over and over again, has written lines as good as these:

> Astonishment,
> Fear, and amazement beat upon my heart,
> Even as a madman beats upon a drum.

The interest of this volume for the general reader is greatly enhanced by the fact that Professor Matthews is endowed with a thoroughly developed sense of style. It is unfortunately a rare experience to read a book of information which is no less interesting in manner than it is in matter. Though Professor Matthews's manner is essentially his own, it maintains the tradition which was introduced into American letters by James

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Russell Lowell. There is a similar deftness of fanciful phrase and apposite illustration. Such a sentence, for instance, as the following, in which Professor Matthews is discussing the distinction between the poetic drama and the dramatic poem, sounds almost as if it had been written by Lowell: "Perhaps it may seem like bad manners to look Pegasus in the mouth; but it is good sense to see that he is entered for the right race before we bestride him." Like Lowell, Professor Matthews has a habit of quotation and draws extensively from his reading to reinforce his points. His memory is very wide and nearly always apt; but now and then he seems to trust it a little too confidingly. On page 7, for example, he has allowed himself to misquote Matthew Arnold's famous line concerning Sophocles; and this slip reminds us of that astounding error of Arnold's own when he substituted "cold" for "pure" in Keats's memorable phrase about "the moving waters at their priestlike task of pure ablution round earth's human shores." But such minor errors as this may be rectified in the next edition.

Walter Clayton.

III

Professor Stephenson's "The Elizabethan People"*

It was a happy idea to rationalise the Elizabethan plays by giving us a human insight into the character and daily life of Shakespeare's audience. This Professor Stephenson does in his book *The Elizabethan People*. The account is well ordered—though neither in plan nor in detail with as much care against repetition as might be wished—and as thorough as reasonable space limits and general interest would permit. The style is easy and entertaining, though one could desire that it had availed itself of more of the many opportunities for humour which the material affords. There are numerous ancedotes and extracts from contemporary writings, both plays and pamphlets. The problem was, as Professor Stephenson asserts, to select and arrange from a practically inexhaustible store, and he has done so with skill and judgment, although to any one taste some items may seem to be developed unduly. The book, as will be seen from the summary, covers the entire range of Elizabethan daily life, public and private.

The author's thesis is that unless one can get into the Elizabethan state of mind much of their work will be unappreciated and misunderstood. Ignorance, for instance, of the fact that kissing was then a common mode of salutation makes one attribute to Juliet a greater forwardness than she possessed. Their literature, too, must be looked at with the understanding that though in some respects brilliantly intellectual they had the characteristics of childhood set in the body of manhood. They had three national traits—credulity, savagery, imitation. Their youthful exuberance could almost be called a fourth national trait, for they had all the eagerness of children, and whatever they did in work or play they did with terrible energy. Yet they were God-fearing, chivalrous to women and to strangers, full of feelings of honour and reverence, kind to the poor in both public and private benefactions; and wholesome and merry in nature, the latter past even the fancy of a more prosaic time.

The multiplicity of new ideas thronging upon them from the discoveries of the age and the great widening of the import trade was so vast that soon nothing became too impossible to believe. Thus a gull became one of the chief stock characters of their literature. They were callous to bloodshed because they saw so much of it and because every man, wearing his sword by his side in public, took the law into his own hands. The law itself was amazingly severe and provided most cruel penalties; it inflicted brutal tortures in public and punished many petty offences by hanging. The populace thronged to see men being lashed or branded or having their hands and ears cut off; or pressed to death or disembowelled while still half alive from hanging or boiled or burned at the stake. Thus the incidents they tolerated in their plays were very violent. Their temper, too—

*The Elizabethan People. By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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from our point of view—was cruel. The popular sports of bear and bull-baiting were practised everywhere; even boys had a game of tying a cock to a stake and throwing small billets of wood at him till he was dead. Their practical jokes were carried to the limit of brutality; and madmen were laughed at and then, since they were supposed to be possessed by devils, beaten in order to make the lodging uncomfortable. As for their third characteristic, they were quick to do what others were doing; they imitated and appropriated everything they could lay hands on and gave no credit to the originals; their fondness for fads went beyond anything known to-day.

On account of the rise of the middle class, there was taking place in Elizabeth's time a remarkable re-arrangement of the social scale, which resulted in great freedom between classes. This was greatly increased by the queen's democratic habit of making "progresses," especially as the roads were so poor that she could scarcely have moved her ponderous parades over a dozen miles a day (and even she, in her gorgeously decorated but unupholstered coach, complained of bruises from hard travel). These roads, too, were infested by footpads and beggars and peddlers; nor were they any worse than the city streets, which, unpaved and unlighted, were filled with pickpurses and brawlers. But in spite alike of crimes and social freedom, the law whenever it got a chance was very strict. The town councils were rigidly paternal in their rule—in fact as many things were *verboten* in an English village as in Berlin nowadays, though none of their restrictions tended toward cleanliness. In houses great and small cleanliness was indeed unknown, and the people themselves were quite as dirty; the streets were filthy and littered with garbage and refuse—it was small wonder then that the plague was a regular visitant.

The smaller dwellings were comfortless, without chimneys and their first floors often only of trodden earth, and furnished very meagrely. People even of the better class had no conception of privacy and separate entrances to rooms was a refinement undreamed of; one might go through several rooms to reach his own when he went to bed at night. Lack of ventilation, careless habits, and general inattention to sanitary conditions made most houses "not savoury." In elegant houses they strewed rushes upon the floors, but when a room was to be re-rushed the new layer was merely deposited upon the old and only once a year were the rooms entirely purged. Thus filth covered to the eye was evident to the nose, and the professional perfumer, who went around burning juniper berries, was in great demand. Even in the palace people often were bitten by vermin from head to foot. Table knives came in only at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign and forks not until after the end of it, so that people in general had robust table habits.

Bright colours, elaborate trimmings, and excessive padding were the characteristics of Elizabethan dress. Both poor and rich cultivated the extreme fashion, and the new fashions were generally introduced by men. A courtier could scarcely move in his stiff clothes, and they were all laced tightly together. Women got into a framework before they put on their outer garment, and in both sexes all outward semblance of human form was often completely lost. Women generally wore their heads dressed plain, but they and the men also dyed their hair whenever they wanted to, and often changed the colour with their clothes. Starched ruffs sometimes contained eighteen or nineteen yards of linen and were a quarter of a yard outstanding. Thus most people found it a manœuvre to eat or drink, and —to surmount the difficulty—there is mention of a spoon with a handle two feet long.

Courtship was carried on in a fearless and unfastidious manner, and true lovers had to drink deep and often to their ladies' health. A younger sister was rarely permitted to marry first, but she did not have to wait long, as fifteen or sixteen was the common age for marriage, and one became at twenty a confirmed spinster. Few girls dared express dissatisfaction with a marriage already planned by the father. Great and elaborate festivities followed the wedding and often degenerated into boisterous buf-

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foonery. Burial was preceded by a procession as ostentatious and as spectacular as could be managed.

People, educated and common, believed in the folklore superstition of the day and in ghosts, witches, fortune tellers, omens, and charms. Their whole daily life was hemmed about by them. Angels guarded the individual or pursued him to destruction. Fairies stole children on every occasion, and if their parents were disappointed in them it was because the real ones had been spirited away and changelings substituted—a misfortune which any child was liable to before baptism. Elizabeth once sent in great excitement for a magician to counteract the effects of a wax image which had been carelessly picked up. A learned scholar explained that he saw a devil entering the window of a church which was then struck by lightning. Ghosts were very real and might be met anywhere. They always retained in addition to their supernatural powers the human qualities peculiar to them in life, but at any time they could be under certain limitations, such as not speaking until the subject they were interested in was broached. The general belief in them forced every criminal to reckon with the possibility of a supernatural revelation. Witches went everywhere and they congregated together at any disturbance of the elements. Though they were associated with all sorts of loathsome objects, they were creatures of flesh and blood and lived on earth amid friends and neighbours. The witches themselves came to believe as ardently as the rest in the supernatural powers attributed to them.

London exerted even a more dominating influence on the country at large than to-day. An attractive city it was, with the river as its great thoroughfare and with many beautiful buildings. Venders of one kind of article lived in the same street, and the average petty trader was as dishonest as the modern confidence-man, often darkening his shop so that there might be no inspection of his goods. The barber shop and the tobacco shop were Elizabethan institutions—the former was the centre of gossip and gallants used it as their club. The barber was also the dentist and gave the place an air with festoons of the teeth he had pulled. The tobacconist, too, was generally the apothecary, and the gallants smoked there amid all sorts of queer drugs and healing contrivances. Smoking, though in general disrepute, was a fashion that grew rapidly until "Will you have a pipe of tobacco?" became the customary equivalent of "Have a drink?" The apprentice was a person of considerable importance, and in the end might marry his master's daughter. In all grades of society palmestry, alchemy, and astrology were very popular, and though there were honest devotees to these arts most of the practisers were quacks. London, being carefree in Elizabeth's day, was always amusing itself and took advantage of every opportunity for frolic. These were plenty, for pageants and public tiltings for sport were given constantly. There were many festivities during the year, and the calendar presented an unending round of days which had their customary jollifications. On these occasions people always drank great quantities of ale and, not satisfied with that, were always having fairs at which practically nothing else was sold. Music was cultivated universally and all trades had their separate songs; ballads were sung in the streets and hawked about everywhere for a penny. All public demonstrations were accompanied by fireworks to gratify the love of spectacle. People adored stories of monstrosities, and the story-teller was only a step removed from the juggler or the minstrel. Dancing was a favourite amusement for all and a necessary accomplishment for the well-bred. Men were the prime gossip mongers of the day, but women did even more flirting than at present; everywhere manners were free and easy, and there was much kissing. Dice and cheating at dice were common, and indulgence in both were among all classes immoderate. Fencing schools and public matches were daily patronised. What with quackery, cheating, and lechery, London was a monstrous den of vice, and the plays present a foul picture of public morals probably not in the least overdrawn.

Such were the characters of the people, the habits, the furniture and trappings of life in Shakespeare's time. But the de-

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duction Professor Stephenson draws from them are perhaps overlarge. Children, for instance, are brutal but not necessarily cruel in temper—their apparent cruelty is due more to lack of realisation of the pain they are inflicting than to any pleasure they derive in torture itself, and their sport consists merely in observing the odd antics of the thing tormented. Then, too, all his illustrations cited of universal immorality might occur in New York to-day. It should be borne in mind that his materials—plays and special pamphlets—must be accepted only with some caution as documents of average life, the items having been selected in the first place largely for their colour and vividness as picturesque material. The intention was, while keeping them life-like, to make them as pointed and extreme as possible. It is as if one should in after years reconstruct contemporary New York largely from Clyde Fitch's realistic plays and *The Police Gazette.* The former by artistic necessity and the latter by commercial design give only the sharpest and raciest of material at their disposal. Particularly is it to be remembered that the Elizabethan plays were written for an audience practically of men, and men in very boisterous spirits. Thus they had all the characteristics of our modern college plays which are written by undergraduates for private performance. One would be wrong to judge from their abundance of salacious allusion that college young men are especially depraved in habit or that their depravity is necessarily pervasive. They are only immature, and immaturity delights in piquant subjects and revels also in the audacity of dealing freely with elsewhere forbidden matters. The Elizabethans were likewise immature but not only in their morals, as Professor Stephenson points out—they were immature in their moralising as well, and those writers who were not actuated by commercial motives seemed genuinely to think that the more immoral the matter, the more moral the teaching. In the main, however, the author does not overstate his case or his conclusions; and certainly he has put into shape comprehensively and entertainingly a vast amount of material which should give the average reader information particularly necessary to him in these days of idealising for their excellencies and undervaluing for their faults the plays of Shakespeare and other Elizabethans.

A. de Vivier.

IV

Mr. Chesterton's "Thackeray"*

Mr. Chesterton's volume, made up of twenty-five pages of astonishing introduction and three hundred and fifty pages of the most preposterous selection, leaves one in a certain state of bewilderment. The book is laid aside with conflicting emotions. You don't know just how you feel toward him. You cannot make up your mind whether you are more delighted or exasperated. You have been moved to wonder by his new way of interpreting and expressing old facts. Barnes Newcome is "the neat and nasty young man from the City"; Helen, the mother of Arthur Pendennis, "a saint without a sense of honour"; Ethel Newcome, "a vision, who walks the world like a Diana." The other characters in *The History of Pendennis* are "allegorical influences on the soul of Pendennis." "Major Pendennis is the devil, while Warrington is the angel." Every one in *Vanity Fair* is "filled with a futile energy." The introduction contains dozens of these little touches that stir and interest profoundly. For the moment you are almost inclined to regard Mr. Chesterton in the light of a discoverer.

At the second glance, however, this admiration turns to positive suspicion. Not only do you cease to regard Mr. Chesterton as a great Thackerayan; you question his right to be called a Thackerayan at all. When he tells you of Thackeray's youth that "there was a girl who broke his heart as there was a boy who broke his nose," you realise that in his passion for phrase-making he is not above resorting to pure conjecture. When he says that Thackeray "passed to Cambridge which is also better described in his books than it can or need be described here" you are inclined to laugh at the Chestertonian

*Masters of Literature. Thackeray. Edited by G. K. Chesterton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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knowledge of *The History of Pendennis,* for it is only in that one of his novels that either of the great English Universities plays a conspicuous part. When he gravely relates that *"there is a legend* that he actually waited upon Dickens with a proposal to illustrate his books, then already in the blaze of popularity," you mentally add that in addition to ignorance of Thackeray he is self-convicted of ignorance of Dickens, and feel like referring him to the last page of the first book of Forster's *Life.*

But it is when he turns to the task of making selections that irritation reaches its height. Indeed, there are moments when the discriminating reader is almost ready to believe that Mr. Chesterton is intentionally perpetrating a gigantic humbug. "How much of this will the fools stand?" he seems to be saying. With *Pendennis* he has unquestionably done well. In no way could the spirit of the book be conveyed better than by presenting the chapters in which the redoubtable old Major meets and vanquishes Captain Costigan, and reduces the blackmailing servant Morgan to subjection. Nor can any serious criticism be made of the treatment of *Vanity Fair.* But *The Adventures of Philip* Mr. Chesterton has either not read, or else has entirely forgotten, for otherwise he certainly would never have overlooked the tremendous battle waged in the Paris boarding-house between the Bayneses, the Bunches, and the MacWhirters—a scene worthy of a far better book. His selections from *The Book of Snobs* are not impressive, and the three *Roundabout Papers* that he presents, "On a Chalk Mark on the Door," "Autour de mon Chapeau," and "Desseins" convince one that his knowledge of those delightful essays which Thackeray contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* is both limited and superficial.

But the crowning irony of all is *Esmond.* Mr. Chesterton chooses the death of Lord Castlewood, "Mr. Joseph Addison," and "The Flight of the Prince." It is not that there is so much fault to find in the selection of these. The chapter in which Addison composes "The Campaign," with some slight suggestions from Harry Esmond, is to many minds the most artificial and unconvincing in the whole book. Certainly had the episode been in a work by Bulwer-Lytton or G. P. R. James, Thackeray would have been the first to ridicule it, to point out the improbability of the assistance which the hero renders the great man. On the other hand, the death of Frank Esmond shows the Thackerayan action at its swiftest, and the pages which tell of how Beatrix left the note found in the *Eikon Basilike,* and how the young Prince followed her to Castlewood at the cost of a kingdom, justly deserve their high reputation. But why did Mr. Chesterton ignore the great scene, the climax of the third act, the chapter in which My Lady tells the Duke of Hamilton of Henry's right and great sacrifice? Beatrix for the hundredth time has just insulted her cousin on his supposed bar sinister—"Our grandfather, indeed! Merci, Monsieur le bâtard!" and the Duke, the latest suitor, comes in and looks very black at the presence of Colonel Esmond. "I do not choose," he says, when shown the diamonds, "that the Duchess of Hamilton should have as a benefactor a gentleman with a name he has no right to bear." It is then that Beatrix's mother, stung to passionate resentment, flings out the great secret. "My daughter may receive presents from the Head of our House. We owe him our all, yes, our all! The title we bear is his if he would claim it. 'Tis we who have no right to our name, not he who is too great for it. His father was Viscount of Castlewood and Marquis of Esmond before him, and he is his father's true son and lawful heir, and we are the recipients of his bounty, and he the chief of a house that's as ancient as your own." It is probably Thackeray's greatest height, and, as Trollope has pointed out, one of the very great scenes of all literature. *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

V

Francis Wellman's "Day in Court"*

That court proceedings in general and jury trials in particular have a peculiar

*Day in Court. By Francis L. Wellman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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fascination for a vast number of people is demonstrated every day by the attention they receive in the pages of the public press, and it is not at all difficult to understand their appeal.

Even an ordinary jury case is seldom lacking in dramatic action; it is usually stimulating to the imagination and always replete with human interest. The contest between the opposing lawyers is in itself no mean spectacle, and when two men of equal skill and experience are pitted against each other the battle royal that ensues is calculated to stir even the most sluggish blood. The fact is, however, that comparatively few jury trials in America are well conducted on both sides. There are perhaps twelve thousand lawyers in the city of New York, but a very small percentage of them—probably not over one per cent.—are thoroughly equipped jury advocates, and there is every reason to suppose that this fairly reflects the situation throughout the whole country. Nevertheless, nine out of every ten men who enter the law schools undoubtedly intend to practise in the courts, so when an advocate of wide experience like Mr. Wellman consents to advise them as to the proper preparation for their duties they are indeed fortunate in their instructor and the Bar is to be congratulated on the sane and healthy point of view that is set forth in his pages.

But though Mr. Wellman's *Day in Court* is primarily addressed to the legal fraternity, his treatment of his subject is so entirely free from all technical touch and so well supplied with illustration and anecdote that he again invites the layman with all the charm that lured the general reader to his *Art of Cross-Examination*.

There is always more or less mystery about the courts to the uninitiated—and sometimes to the initiated—and to be taken behind the scenes and shown the preparation for the fray heightens intelligent appreciation of good legal work and affords some measure, at least, of a lawyer's grave responsibilities. Few laymen realise that many cases are lost or won before they are reached for trial. But as the reader follows Mr. Wellman's admirable chapter on "Preparation for Trial" he will discover that it is not the glib talker or the blustering bravo who succeeds, but the man who, in the quiet of his consulting room, studies his clients and their witnesses, delves into every detail of their stories, protects his cause against treacherous memories and traitorous influences, and guards himself against every possible surprise.

An excellent example of what such preparation will effect is Mr. Wellman's modest account of his first case as an assistant corporation counsel in New York. This was an action brought to recover $40,000 from the city for injuries by water to the foundation of a building in 1854, or thirty years before the cause was assigned to the assistant's care. Meanwhile the whole character of the neighbourhood of the building had completely changed; the street had been practically rebuilt; all the old residents had moved away; there was apparently no proof that the city's engineers had not diverted the old water course which was alleged to have done the damage, and the defence was seemingly a forlorn hope. But at the end of six months the young advocate had located thirty witnesses who could testify as to the old water course; he had made elaborate plans of the street, and constructed a model so arranged that by removing some of the blocks of which it was constructed he could show the hilly condition of the street in 1830, its grade in 1854 and 1860, and so on down to the date of trial. To the astonishment of every one concerned the city won its case, but the result was not surprising in view of the exhaustive research of its legal adviser.

Not less absorbing are Mr. Wellman's observations on the art of selecting a jury and opening to the jury. They are the results of a long study of that peculiar animal Man and teem with curious, but perfectly recognisable, traits of human nature. Much that the author has to say on the art of cross-examination is to be found more fully stated in his former book bearing that title, but he quotes a most amusing case to prove that it is a wise lawyer who knows when to terminate the examination of a hostile witness. In this case the plaintiff was suing to recover $1800 loaned to a friend, and his cross-examination brought out the fact that he had earned the money in the

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war fighting for his country. The embarrassed examiner instantly dropped this line of attack, and when his opponent gained a verdict, largely on account of his speech extolling the man "who had guarded our liberties and risked his life for the nation," et cetera, he admitted that it was his foolish cross-examination which had revealed the plaintiff's war record and probably turned the jury in his favour. "Well," remarked his opponent, "if you had continued your cross-examination a little further you would have discovered that it was in Lee's army that my client fought and it was *Confederate* money that he earned!"

A book such as this, teeming with human interest, written in vigorous English without affectation of style and tending to uphold a high standard of manners, morals and efficiency in the legal profession, should be accorded a gracious reception by a far wider audience than that to which it was originally addressed. It is a work by which the Bar of America should be perfectly willing to be judged by laymen and lawyers at home and abroad.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

VI

Ralph Pulitzer's "New York Society on Parade"*

It is a thousand pities that Mr. Pulitzer could not have coupled in this extraordinary little book good nature with satire and sympathy with cleverness. His wit is altogether too good to be wasted on so exaggerated and so bitter a book. His attacks on the forlorn and plodding people in our metropolitan society are a little too rancorous and envenomed to carry anything like conviction in their train. He is not satisfied to beat the poor creatures roundly over the pate but must—simply for good luck and good measure—leap upon them afterward and pummel them until they be dead. He uses his cudgel so dexterously, however, that we can but deplore his failure to use a rapier in its stead.

Here are one hundred and forty pages (not to mention Howard Chandler Christy's eight illustrations) that are devoted exclusively to assaulting and battering three innocent enough diversions of our fashionable New Yorkers—to wit: dinners, operas and dances. At the very threshold of the book we were thrilled to read, *à propos* of dining out in *le monde ou l'on s'ennuie* that

> A long strip of carpet winds its way from the front door across the sidewalk to the curb, sheltered by an awning and presided over by a groom whose function it is to open the doors of carriages and automobiles (with no grooms of their own) and to summon these conveyances at the evening's end. He can also inform arrivals at what hour carriages are being ordered to return. The guests generally begin to reach the seat of hospitality about ten minutes after the hour of invitation. As they enter the house the ladies are ushered into one cloak-room and the men into another. The men go through the simple operation of taking off their overcoats and hats and getting a check by which to reclaim them. They are also handed a little stiff envelope containing a card, etc.

These are pregnant words, indeed, and after reading them, we hoped that we were to receive a thorough grounding in polite etiquette. We guessed that we had met with a greater than Bok, the peer of Mrs. Sherwood, even. We hurried on, hoping to learn what to wear at such solemn and costly revels, what banalities to utter upon attacking our caviare; which of the silver (or gold) harpoons to bury in our docile and patient clams, or, finally, how to slip gracefully homeward before the cigars had been permitted to burn wearily to their little red paper belts. But this is the only really valuable hint on social deportment in the entire volume; the rest of it is simply an organised attack on social New York.

We are told that the ladies in the boxes at the opera were wont, years ago, to look "laughably fat, pitifully thin, sheepish, waspish, bovine, feline. (Our own memory of these dead and gone ladies, as we gazed at them with awe from our stalls, is that they were too beautiful for words.) As for the ladies in those same boxes to-day, the author is disposed to think that they are "mere wax dolls, mere

*New York Society on Parade. By Ralph Pulitzer. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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supports for their dresses, mere backgrounds for their jewels, mere mannikins to grin and gesture with automatic animation, to pose and preen with pomp and dignity."

(We merely remark, in passing, that such an utterance as this is, to our mind, almost sacrilegious. 'It is not satire—it is *lèse majesté*.)

At a fashionable dance in New York we are told that most of the women "eat moderately at supper, whether from scruples of conscience or of corsets is immaterial. Each of the men, however, toys with enough food to sustain a clerk for forty-eight hours, and sips enough champagne to send a day-labourer to the night-court."

But to go on with the author's description of a typical New York dance—in some respects the crowning absurdity of the book: "Champagne bottles rise into sight and disappear like one of their own golden bubbles. Their contents swirl in foaming cataracts down thirsty throats to freshen weary bodies and irrigate parched minds. The host has lost much of his starch but none of his stupidity. Men stand and sit about with flabby, saturated shirt-fronts and clammy pendent collars, their faces flushed, their eyes bright, their tongues quickening."

Upton Sinclair! Joseph Medill Patterson! Hang your heads in very shame!

No review of this volume would be adequate, however, that failed to pay full tribute to Mr. Pulitzer's caustic wit. Indeed, the epigrams and *mots* that are scattered through the little book almost repay us for the author's evident heat and choler. As, for instance:

> The hostess, at a dance, welcomes her guests with that indelible smile which hostesses share exclusively with coiffeurs' models and Christian martyrs.

The servants at a fashionable dinner are described as "so many prestidigitators, palming the most promising plates beneath their exasperated victims' very eyes, proving, with tantalising success, that the quickness of the hand deceives the palate." The ladies in New York are said to be "fond of giving one another addresses in Paris where they say one can get such pretty things so ridiculously cheap; but they do not give one another the addresses where they actually *do* get such pretty things ridiculously cheap. Those they keep sacredly to themselves."

The smoke from a cigarette in the mouth of a fashionable woman "issues from curving lip or chiselled nostril as delicate as any innuendo." The men, on entering the boxes at the Metropolitan, "are ranged behind the women by chance, by choice or by adversity." A woman of very moderate means at the opera is wearing a string of pearls which "must be either adulterated or adulterous." "The larger portions of the brain, as well as of the body, are not supposed to be shown in New York society." The mansions along upper Fifth Avenue are described as "palatial plagiarisms." A dowager's face is said to be "a triumph of massage over matter."

At a dinner the attitude of the men and the women toward each other "is very much like their attitude toward the *chauds-froids* and the *galantines* which are set before them—familiarity with externals tempered by ignorance of contents." Or this really priceless bit: "The society of New York has performed the feat of lifting itself off the ground by its own purse-strings."

As we hinted before, it is a pity to waste such delightful morsels as these on a monograph that is as deficient in proportion and perspective as it is in sympathy and kindliness. The author has made his picture altogether too murky. He should learn that in any work of art the effect of black can best be secured by contrasting it with a spot or two of high light. Where there are no whites the blacks have an annoying habit of seeming less black.

Francis W. Crowninshield.

VII

Bouck White's "Book of Daniel Drew"*

They used to frighten young brokers down in Wall Street by saying, "Watch out or 'Uncle Daniel' Drew will get you."

*The Book of Daniel Drew. By Bouck White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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It was like the Bad Man warning to unruly children. Though many years have passed since Drew departed from the money pastures no one has arisen to take his place, for he remains to-day the most picturesque memory in that long, money-studded hall of chance—the Market Place. Those who did business with Drew needed no history of him because he left them souvenirs in the shape of battered bank accounts and bankrupt ambitions to corner stocks. But for the present generation and the generations to come, it is fortunate that there should at last be a work like Mr. White's, which, in a certain very interesting sense, really incarnates a unique character, first of the militant Financial Captains. It is an amplified diary found in an old trunk up in Putnam County, New York State, where the financier was born, put into autobiographic form, and I venture the statement that no more fascinating piece of Wall Street literature has been offered in many a year. It is likely to stand alone for a good while, too, because no century can produce or stand for more than one Daniel Drew at a time.

Drew's first business activities were significant of later events, for his early trading was in young calves. This equipped him for handling lambs when he got to Wall Street. He graduated from calves to full-grown steers, and it was while operating as cattle drover that he created the phrase and inaugurated the practice by which he is perhaps best known. In those days the cattle-men brought their beasts to the city down Bowery Lane. The butchers from Fulton Market met the drovers at the Old Bull's Head Tavern and conducted their trades over their ale and beer. One butcher was more enterprising than all the rest, for he left his fellows tippling in the inn while he went ahead and got the first choice of cattle. This butcher, by the way, was Henry Astor, brother of the first John Jacob and one of the forerunners of New York's social mentors. But Drew was just a little cleverer than Astor. He knew how anxious the butcher was for fat cattle, so one night just before he got to New York he scattered a large quantity of salt in the lot where his steers were enclosed. He was up before dawn to see that the animals got no water. All the next morning on the journey into the city he kept the thirsty cattle from drinking. Just before he reached the place where he thought he would meet Astor he turned them loose at a brook and they drank their fill. When Astor looked them over he found them looking sleek and fat and he paid a big price for them. It was not until the next day that the butcher realised that he had been done. When some one asked Drew about it he remarked: "Oh, I just watered the stock." The old drover perhaps little realised that he was creating an institution that was to be a first and inflated aid to modern finance. His own philosophy of it is characteristic, for he says:

> If a fellow can make money selling a critter just after she has drunk fifty pounds of water, why can't he make it by issuing a lot of new shares of a railroad or steamboat company and selling them just as though it was the original shares?

Having received his baptism in stock-watering Drew put the pump on his business crest and it remained there until the end of his strenuous days. Not even Harriman in the wettest moments of the famous Alton reorganisation worked the handle so industriously or so profitably. He was the original financial brigand and he makes no bones about it in his book. On the subject of business and sentiment he says:

> Friendship is very nice for a Sunday afternoon when you are sitting around the dinner table with your relations talking about the sermon that morning. But nine o'clock Monday morning such notions should be brushed away like cobwebs from a machine. I never took any stock in a man who mixed up business with anything else. When he is in his office he ought not to have a relation in the world—and least of all a poor relation.

He summed up the Wall Street creed very neatly.

Drew's watering process received its worst perfection in his notorious manipulation of Erie stock. Together with Fisk and Gould he made this road the Scarlet Woman of Wall Street. Of his aiders and abettors in this nefarious campaign

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he remarks: "I was a middle-aged man when Jim Fisk was a baby in his cradle and before Jay Gould had seen the light of day. I might almost say that I was their Wall Street parent. They were a pair of colts; I broke them." Curiously enough, to follow the old man's figure of speech, they later "broke" him. There is no space here to recount Drew's Erie career save to say that it was a chapter of frenzied finance that makes the operations of the gentleman from Boston look like kindergarten lessons in trading.

He was the original fake tipster, as a score of incidents will show. Once he wanted to unload a lot of Erie and he adopted this plan: a young broker drove by for him and took him down town. The broker was eager for a tip on the market, but Drew was secretive. As they stepped out of the carriage Drew's hat fell off and out dropped a number of slips with orders to his brokers. Most of them read "Buy Erie at 67," and all up the list. The young broker helped the old man pick up the papers and pretended not to see what was written on them. But he flew to his office, called his friends together, told them of this accidental disclosure of the old man's plan, and they began to buy Erie like mad. And the wily old tipster fed it to them while the price soared.

On another occasion after he had been badly squeezed in Northwestern by a crowd of younger men, Drew vowed to get even. He strolled into their principal club late in the afternoon pretending to look for some one. As he stood awkwardly (for he had a shambling, uncouth figure) he pulled out his handkerchief. Apparently he did not notice a slip of paper that fluttered out with it. A bystander quickly picked it up, and as soon as Drew had gone was interested to read on it, "Buy me all the Oshkosh stock you can at any price below par." Here was a real tip from the inside. The young men in the club formed a pool, and the moment trading began the next morning bought thirty thousand shares. After their purchases were made the stock declined rapidly at the rate of a dozen points a day. They had bought Drew's stock.

Drew frankly says that he stopped at nothing less than murder to gain his market advantage. During the Civil War, for example, he had an elaborate system for getting advance news of battles. He capitalised defeats. Even generals were in his employ. "Big officials," he says, "who wouldn't accept money could usually be reached by giving them shares of stock we were manipulating. We didn't dare make offers of this kind to Abe himself. Lincoln was an unpractical man so far as making money went. All he thought about was to save the Union. He used to get very peevish at us money kings."

Of his great antagonist, Commodore Vanderbilt, he has the admiration that one strong man has for another who had drubbed him. It was after his defeat by the Commodore in the great Harlem corner that Drew wrote the following couplet:

> He that sells what isn't his'n
> Must buy it back or go to prison.

Uncle Daniel admits that this is not much of a poem, but both he and all the bear traders and "short sellers" who lived afterward have realised that there was more truth than poetry in it.

Drew's comments on Gould and Fisk are worth while repeating. Of them he says: "Jimmy (Fisk) used to put his purse into his belly; Jay put his belly into his purse. Jimmy used to say, 'The difference between Jay and me is that I have more trouble to get my dinner than to digest it, and Jay has more trouble to digest it than to get it.'"

The old drover was very illiterate. One night he set the combination of his office safe at letters that spelled "Doare." The next day he was detained at home. The clerks could not open the safe, although he had told the messenger that it was the word "Doare." Still they could not budge the iron door. Finally, when the second messenger came the old man said, "Tell them that it is doare, an ordinary doare, barn doare, house doare, any kind of doare."

"But there are five letters in the combination," said the clerk. Then, and only then, did the great financier find out the correct spelling of the word "door."

He was not without humour, as his remark in one of the most spectacular

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events of his life shows. He and Vanderbilt were in a death struggle over the Erie. The Commodore had obtained a court order restraining Drew from putting out more Erie shares, whereupon the wily old broker hired a printing office and printed one hundred thousand shares over night. When some one spoke of the injunction which Vanderbilt had obtained Drew said, "It was an attack on the freedom of the press!"

Nor did he lose his picturesqueness of expression in his declining days when he had been squeezed dry, when Jim Fisk had been laid low by a rival's bullet, and when his old pal "Boss" Tweed was languishing in jail. Some one asked him about the market and he replied: "To spekilate in Wall Street when you are no longer an insider is like buying cows by candlelight."

Isaac F. Marcosson.

VIII

The Lecky Memoir*

The roll of historians who have won a permanent place as men of letters is not so very long, but the name of William Edward Hartpole Lecky is likely to be inscribed upon it by the judgment of posterity. His writings have not the popular interest, to be sure, which attaches to those of Macaulay or Froude; the impartiality of his attitude is reflected in a certain coldness of style; nevertheless, the importance of the subjects he treated and the lucidity of the treatment should serve to give him a place with Gibbon and Hallam as one of the few masters of a difficult art. This interesting *Memoir* written by his wife reveals him as an historian who was incidentally a man of letters, and not a man of letters who was incidentally an historian. By the time he was twenty he had read more than many persons read in a lifetime; his taste was catholic and he had the faculty of storing away in a convenient mental pigeon-hole the precise information he was to need. School life, Mrs. Lecky tells us, was never very congenial to him. He was shy and studious; he disliked rough outdoor games and would not share in them. At the age of seventeen he was discussing with his youthful friends everything "from John Stuart Mill and Carlyle to Kant, Hegel, and Mommsen." If we should take this statement too seriously we might be forced to conclude that young Lecky was a prig; but the value of these discussions was possibly not very great. Other men of consuming intellectual curiosity, like Gladstone and Macaulay, have been as wont as Mr. Brooke, in *Middlemarch,* to "go into" this or that just far enough to talk about it.

Lecky was fortunate in his circumstances as well as in his temperament. He came of a good North of Ireland family, and no *res angustæ domi* ever troubled him. His father died when he was only fourteen and his mother married again; but he was always on good terms with his stepfather, and he had a sufficient income to permit him to spend much time, after his graduation from Trinity College, Dublin, in Continental travel. He went to Italy and, like many educated Englishmen of the time, became an enthusiastic advocate of the cause of Italian unity; and twice within a short period to Spain, a country that especially interested him. "Next to reading," he wrote, "I am inclined to think travelling is nearly the pleasantest thing going." Sea voyages, however, he hated. It was in Italy that he decided not to take Orders, his original intention. He was then (in 1862) twenty-four years old, and he had already written a book on *The Religious Tendencies of the Age,* which revealed his singular capacity of sympathising with every point of view without himself adopting any. This was certainly no recommendation in those days of bigoted Protestantism for the ministry in the Irish Church. It was, however, an excellent qualification for writing the *History of Rationalism,* which he began about this time. "I am hard at work," he writes from Nice, "and have been for a long time on an enormous book which, as it seems to me, will ultimately comprise almost every conceivable subject. It is on the laws of the rise and fall of speculative opinions." Such an ambition in so young a man would ordinarily raise a smile. But that Lecky's mind had al-

*A Memoir of the Rt. Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky. By his wife. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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ready reached maturity was shown when the book appeared three years later; and still more by the publication, only four years after that, when he was but thirty-one, of the *History of European Morals.* It is not easy to recall any other instance of a man attaining a secure position as an historian at the very beginning of his career. The late Henry Charles Lea characterised the second work as "a brilliant book, which for acuteness of thought and range of material is not readily to be paralleled in our literature." The utilitarians attacked his exposition of the intuitive theory of morals; but he avoided in the main the errors of the school of Buckle, of which in a sense he was a pupil, and these two essays of his in the history of opinions rightly enjoy the high position they still hold.

Lecky went to live in London in 1866, but he shortly afterward visited Spain once more. He met the lady who was to become his wife, and who was then maid of honour to the Queen of the Netherlands, at Dean Stanley's. He married her in 1871, at The Hague; and the wedding journey took the two through various parts of Europe, spending much time in Rome. "To Lecky Italy was the true terrestrial Paradise which supplied him with ideas and memories that brightened all after life; and it was a privilege, his wife wrote from Rome at the time, to see it with one who knew it so well." Here the Leckys made or renewed many friendships; one of the most pleasant was that with William Wetmore Story. When they returned to London they became distinguished members of a distinguished circle. Sir Charles Lyell, Lord and Lady Minto, the Brookfields, Leslie Stephen and his wife, Miss Anne Thackeray, Browning, Tennyson, Lord Russell, Huxley, Tyndall—these were among the people with whom they were thrown into more or less intimate relations. "A genial atmosphere and a total absence of ostentation made intercourse easy and pleasant; and it was the kind of society Lecky liked best, and where he was the most appreciated." Yet he found London a good place for steady work. It was at this time that he began to work upon his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* More than all his other writings, perhaps, this is the book by which his reputation stands. That part of it relating to Ireland is of exceptional value. It not only provides a useful antidote to Froude's *English in Ireland,* but it also gives the most comprehensive and impartial account of a period concerning which partisan dispute has raged hotly. Lecky felt deeply the injustice of which his native island had been the victim, and his "noble defence" won the warmest thanks from such representative Irishmen as Sir John Pope Hennessy, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Aubrey de Vere. But he was no advocate of Home Rule as a remedy, and he did not hesitate to attack, years after, Mr. Gladstone's futile bill.

The fact is that Lecky's mind was distinctly conservative, as his book, *Democracy and Liberty,* showed. He did not believe that any form of government could be a panacea for every human ill. Gladstone, whom he admired for many things, went too fast and too far for him in his political views, and drove him finally into the Unionist ranks. He was elected to the House of Commons, rather late in life, as a Unionist. But this was the least important phase of his career. He enjoyed the respect of his fellow-members, but his political weight was inconsiderable for a man of his reputation. He had been too long a scholar and a writer to catch the tone of public life. Perhaps his opinions had more influence without the House than within it. To the very day of his death, indeed, he was a positive force in English life; a man of high ideals, of tolerant disposition, of unaffected kindliness and sincerity. There is much in these pages that would well bear quotation. It is enough here perhaps to say that they should not be unread by those who have any concern with the intellectual England of the nineteenth century. *Edward Fuller.*

IX

Alexander Irvine's "From the Bottom Up"*

Alexander Irvine is one of the men who see, one of the men who have vision.

*From the Bottom Up. By Alexander Irvine. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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There are many men who have great brains, great abilities, who have little or no vision, who have no eye for the spiritual truth of things. *From the Bottom Up* is Mr. Irvine's autobiography in which he records some of the spiritual facts of his unusual life.

The title is unfortunate. Mr. Irvine never was at "the bottom"—not in the sense in which he would use the word. All of Mr. Irvine's life is spiritual—all, at any rate, that is recorded. That he was very poor, and very ignorant, and struggled hard, and saw "the limit" in human character and in human circumstances, in a great variety of ways, is apparent from his book, but from the start there was a constant and strong struggle for the light, and an eye that saw the light, that saw the actual and possible beauty of the human soul wherever encountered.

There is no special development toward the light, as there is in some strenuous but comparatively encumbered persons; there is light at once. It breaks forth explicitly on the first page and illumines all that follow. After he had been a newsboy, almost in his babyhood, he became a farm-hand, and, as early in the book as page 11, we have an account of a religious experience.

> As I sat on the fence and watched the sun set over the trees, an emotion swept over me, and the tears began to flow. My body seemed to change as by the pouring into it of some strange, life-giving fluid. I wanted to shout, to scream aloud; but instead, I went rapidly over the hill into the woods, dropped on my knees, and began to pray.

He felt the beauty and the mystery of Nature and to him it was divine. A little further on he sees a girl and her beauty comes to him with deep and poetic force. He came across her in the fields:

> There was something of the fawn in her graceful form, some of the fire in her blue eyes, and in her girlish laugh a suggestion of the freedom of the mountain and glen. I think it was in that moment of intensity that I crossed the bridge which separates the boy from the man.

In all the varied adventures that follow—in the army, in the navy, in the mines, as a groom, driver of a milk wagon, as a slum missionary, as a preacher, there is the same quality of vision, of an idealism so constantly realised that it operates in all circumstances, no matter how sordid, no matter how untoward. Even in a fistic encounter—at which Mr. Irvine was evidently proficient—the light of the spirit is present.

Sometimes, indeed, the light is darkness, in the sense that there is occasionally despair and doubt, but the complexion of that despair and doubt is the idealistic glow: it is the spiritual depth of the God-drunk man. Mr. Irvine's most significant crisis of this kind led him beyond his poetic piousness and his efforts at the detailed regeneration of men to see the need of a more radically spiritual attitude toward organised society. He saw the need of wholesale rather than retail change, and that for him meant socialism; Christian or poetic socialism, the world movement of socialism, rather than any merely Marxian or State economic theory.

> "My vision spiritual came to me out of the unknown," he wrote. "The facts and experiences of life led me to socialism. In each case it was a rebirth." Mr. Irvine's socialism is "a passion for the regeneration of society, it is a state of mind, a point of view. . . . My socialism is the outcome of my desire to make real the dreams I have dreamed of God. It came to me, not through Marx or Lassalle, but by the way of Moses and Jesus. Twenty years' experience in reform movements taught me the hopelessness of reformation from without. It was like soldering up a thousand little holes in the bottom of a kettle."

Mr. Irvine unerringly seizes upon the spiritual aspect of socialism as he seizes upon the spiritual aspect of everything with which his varied life has brought him in contact. He leaves the purely economic, pedantic and scholastic side of socialism to those limited scientists who have no vision. He writes with fine insight: "Socialism is not an ultimate conception of society: it only paves the way for a divine individualism. When the fear of hunger is vanished men will have a chance to be individuals." On every page of Mr. Irvine's book is stamped his

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love for the best, for what is beautiful in the human spirit and in the ideals of mankind.

Hutchins Hapgood.

X

Parry's "A Life of Bach"*

The surest sign of development in musical taste and culture is a growing interest in the work of Johann Sebastian Bach. Standing at the threshold of modern musical art, with its range circumscribed, his giant figure has nevertheless dominated the whole subsequent course of its progress; and as long as the art develops, his influence will continue to be deeply felt. Not a great composer since his day has omitted to pay homage to the "Father of us all," as Mozart called him. But to the amateur music lover, as distinguished from the musician, Bach has always seemed austere and difficult to understand. The very pedestal upon which the *cognoscenti* have placed him has served only to keep him removed from the comprehension of those musically less favoured. Now, all this is changed. The music lover is learning to know that Bach's music, like that of the other Masters of the tone world, needs but to be heard to be understood, and that it is not only given to those with a special insight into music to appreciate his genius.

It is, therefore, an opportune time for the appearance of a good biographical study of the great eighteenth-century composer that should at once set forth his achievements and place them critically and historically with reference to the works of the other great masters of music. The authoritative life of Bach was written by Philip Spitta and published a little over a quarter of a century ago. But it was a pioneer work, voluminous and comprehensive, embodying the researches of a devoted and conscientious explorer, who had done his work with Teutonic thoroughness, and containing a mass of detail and a vast array of evidentiary facts that confused the reader, even while they served their purpose. Accordingly, it was not easy to derive from Spitta's *Life* a clear or comprehensive view of the composer. Sir Hubert Parry, Professor of Music at Oxford University, has now attempted to give a more concise, albeit not less complete, survey of his life and works, and the result is in the main successful.

The outward facts of Bach's life are unfortunately meagre. Unlike his great contemporary, Händel, who lived for the most part in the limelight of popularity and whose labours brought him in close contact with the workaday world, Bach lived a quiet and even secluded life in small German towns, content to fill positions humble both from the artistic and pecuniary standpoints, never attempting to force himself into public view, but rather grateful for the opportunities afforded him for self-development. His was an interior existence that required no stimulus from without to achieve the best that was in him. As Mr. Parry puts it: "His life was unified by the persistence of strong and decisive qualities of character and temperament which happened to be very characteristic of the race and period to which he belonged, and the unity is emphasised by the fact that he had very little help from the outside in developing his powers, and that he went on educating himself and expanding his resources from beginning to end."

The Bach family had been famed for its musical tendencies for generations. A number of its members were noted composers, and the various branches, accustomed to meet at stated intervals and to hold musical gatherings, in this way kept in close touch with one another's achievements. When Johann Sebastian Bach was born, it was as though Nature had concentrated all the musical gifts of the entire family into one supreme endowment. Mr. Parry's preliminary chapter on what he calls "convergences" leading up to his study of Bach's own life, is not a mere condensation of Spitta's far longer review of the conditions that preceded Bach's development. It contains some pregnant thoughts, well presented, and calculated to prepare the ground for what follows. He develops the idea of the importance of personality in musical art, and utilises it throughout the volume to

*Life of Johann Sebastian Bach. By Sir Hubert Parry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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point his conclusions with respect to Bach's personality, as shown in his works; and this species of higher criticism is excellently done.

In the biographical portions of the *Life,* the author has set forth simply and effectively all that is known about Bach, emphasising the few important facts and abstaining from the temptation, to which biographers so often succumb, to conceal the paucity of data by romancing about the unknown. The comparative obscurity in which Bach lived, together with the changing art conditions prevalent at the time of his death, almost caused a complete effacement of his work; and it was not until fifty years after his death that the effort to revive his memory and to rehabilitate his work became marked. It is a strange episode in the history of musical art, showing how far the pendulum can swing in the wrong direction. A large part of the book is given up to a critical study of Bach's work, considered historically and chronologically. In view of the difficulty and, indeed, the impracticability of acquiring at first hand a working knowledge of a large portion of Bach's music, this feature may detract from the general popularity of Mr. Parry's volume. When one is unfamiliar with music, critical comment means so very little, and in the nature of the case, a large part of Bach's musical output will remain caviare to the general. But for the student of music, Mr. Parry's study is valuable and suggestive, and his evident close acquaintance with his subject-matter and his well-chosen and clearly expressed comments will make it a welcome permanent addition to the library. The musical excerpts interspersed through the pages are additional aids to a comprehension of the critical comments; and the illustrations, including a splendid portrait of the composer—recently discovered—add materially to the attractiveness of the volume.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

XI

The Return of Louis XVIII*

The little group of Bourbon princes driven from France by the events of 1792 faded more quickly from the memories of their people than any similar exiles of modern times. And indeed it can truthfully be said that they were scarcely worthy of remembrance. Dynasties have a way, like other things in the world, of expiring when they are no longer of use, but the descendants of Henry IV seemed to hang on long after it became apparent that not one of them was capable of realising that paternalism was a thing of the past or of properly exercising such paternalism had it been possible to revive it. They took a passionate but selfish interest in the momentous affairs of their country, hoping yet despairing that their hour would return, but never learning one lesson from the startling political phenomena of which their family had been the victims.

Their hour finally did come, and to its first moments Mr. Stenger devotes his attractive if uninspiring historical essay, *The Return of Louis XVIII.* It is scarcely necessary of mention that with his evident interest in the subject, he has no enthusiasm for the actors in the story he relates. If ever there was a history without a hero, this is one, but in spite of that fact the author, with his stirring descriptions of the French capital and the extraordinary condition of its society during the eventful year 1814, has produced a work of unflagging interest. It is a brilliant picture of chaos, political and social.

The Comte de Provence, elder brother of Louis XVI, was living in England under the humbler title of the Comte de Lille, when the news came that the throne of France had been restored to his family. Henceforth he was Louis XVIII. For a quarter of a century he had been an exile, and his people, with the exception of a few intriguers and members of the Old Régime, had quite forgotten him. This oblivion was shared with other kinsmen, of whom the most important were his younger and more genial brother, the Comte d'Artois and future Charles X, and his niece, the Duchesse d'Angoulême—who, Napoleon said, was the only man in her family—married to one of the two sons of d'Artois. They were a vain,

*The Return of Louis XVIII. From the French of Gilbert Stenger. By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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selfish and incapable lot, though they believed themselves entirely competent to rule in the manner of Louis XIV, which was the only way of ruling that ever entered their heads. The lessons of the Revolution and the Empire had had no effect upon them; the very idea of a constitution was like an atrocious nightmare. Their "rights" were all they thought of. The only possible thing was a return to the state of what Carlyle calls "as you were."

In this folly they were not without support. The Abbé de Montesquiou, for example, who was one of the commission to draw up the new constitution, had no doubts as to the prerogatives of the restored family. He insisted at the outset that there should be "a plain statement that France was submitting herself once more to the sceptre of the Bourbons." So it was finally written that "Louis Stanislas Xavier was freely called to the throne of the French nation."

"What," cried Montesquiou, "the people calling Louis XVIII to the throne. But that is a lie—it would be a monstrous thing to say. The king has never lost his rights; he has never ceased to reign. It is not as Louis XVI's brother that he owns the crown, but as Louis XVII's uncle, as the immediate successor of the young prince whose long martyrdom could not deprive him of the title of king of France. Do you, by any chance, contest his Majesty's right to the name of Louis XVIII?"

"You do not take into account, then," answered M. de Tracy, "any of the intermediate events? Has nothing happened since 1789?"

"Events are powerless against rights," replied the abbé.

And he sent the new king some excellent advice:

The Constitution need not stand in his Majesty's way. He can say to the Senate: "You profess to give me these laws in the name of the nation: who told you what the nation's intentions were? Where are your instructions? What are your credentials? You have none but those that were granted you by Napoleon. I, on the other hand, have those of my fathers. . . . This same Constitution, far from ignoring my rights, consecrates them, for does it not say that the law cannot be made without me?"

When, before a year was over, Louis had to flee once more he, quite characteristically, put all the blame for his fresh misfortune upon Napoleon. There was not a word of self-reproach for his own deeds—his broken promises, the restraint of the press, the insults which he permitted the aristocracy and clergy to heap upon the people.

Paris, that kaleidoscope of human events, has never witnessed stranger scenes than in the months following the entry of the Allies, nor have they ever been more vividly and carefully described than by Mr. Stenger, who is able to give this matter the space it requires. There were altogether thirty-one princes of royal blood in the city. In the salons and theatres there were the first beginnings of intercourse between the Old Régime and the New. The people, with their love of novelty, were absorbed in the sights of the streets.

The Cossacks were particularly attractive to the idle crowd who stared in astonishment at the intrepid little horses with their high saddles, and at the men coming into the courtyards to fetch water, and trying vainly to make themselves intelligible in an incoherent medley of words. As they groomed their horses they sang the touching, melancholy songs of their own land and every ear was strained to hear them. . . . Or perhaps it would be a long line of Prussian grenadiers marching by on their way to barracks, or a battery of Austrian guns returning to quarters, with the officers in the middle of the road, showing off their arched chests to the best advantage in their extremely tight uniforms. . . .

There was more traffic at this time in the Rue Saint-Honoré than in any other street, for it led to where the Czar was living. Here Germans and Russians walked side by side with Asiatics born in the shadow of the Great Wall of China, or on the shores of the Caspian Sea; here were Cossacks with sheepskins on their backs and little whips, which they called knouts, twisted round their necks; flat-nosed Kalmucks, with bronzed faces; Bashkirs and Tingous from Siberia, armed with bows and arrows; Circassian chiefs, wearing pointed helmets like those of the twelfth century, and shining coats of mail wrought in polished steel; and officers covered with crosses and ribbons. Blücher wore seventeen upon his

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breast, and wherever he appeared was followed by a staring crowd, amazed to see so many proofs of courage and ability. Suddenly, perhaps, this motley crowd would be pushed aside by the passing of a number of little light one-horsed carriages, drawn in the Russian manner by traces made of rope, and driven by coachmen with large red beards, long brown great-coats and small low hats. Lying back in these carriages would be Russian officers, easily recognisable by the long hair that hung down to their shoulders—a sign of noble birth that distinguished them from the private soldiers whose hair was cut close to their heads.

There is, in English at least, but little literature on the Restorations that does not concern itself almost exclusively with political events. Mr. Stenger, on the contrary, deals more especially with the Court and its dignitaries, treating them, as he says, "faithfully and ruthlessly," but with excellent method and careful judgment. He brings his account down to the Second Restoration, covering, in the main, a period of one single year, than which there are few more interesting in modern times.

George H. Casamajor.

XII

Anna Chapin Ray's "Over the Quicksands"*

On a background of old Quebec, with its winter sports, its simple life and social gayeties, Anna Chapin Ray has written a story of boyish love affairs as simple as the background. It is told largely by dialogue between the youthful characters, the conversation being of much the same timbre as that indulged in at dances or on tramps by youths and maids the world over. To be sure, the story is somewhat concerned with the darker phases of life, but not convincingly so; that is to say, the author seems far more at home with the lighter portions of her book. The plot, however, involves a brother and sister whose relationship is unknown to themselves, and who fall in love. It might be as sinister as a play which has held the boards these many months in New York, but fortunately there is nothing more tragic than white cheeks and falling tears, a lot of unnecessary mystery, and all right at the end.

Miss Ray has followed the outworn habit of allowing long conversations between the characters, knowledge of whose topics is withheld from the reader, lest he should too soon see the outcome and cease perforce to turn the pages. Several of the characters hold these explanations, and go on afterward with bewildering changes of conduct—which might be more bewildering save that, in spite of the silence maintained whenever he chances upon the scene, the sophisticated reader does somehow suspect how matters are going—while all sorts of explanations are hazarded by the other characters not yet in the secret. At last the reader, together with those most nearly concerned, is admitted to the final confession, and the book ends.

A plot of this sort cannot be regarded seriously. But the book is possessed of a naïve charm, a certain freshness, that makes it pleasant reading for an idle evening. The heroine is a merry, individual little creature, and though she is American and drawn by a Canadian she is fairly true to type. The various men are simple, agreeable fellows, good skaters and dancers and with a breeziness to them that reminds one of the college stories of one's youth, even to the inevitable accident to the hero in an athletic encounter. The glimpses of the nuns and their hospital are well done, lending another worldly touch to the tale, although it seems as though there might have been a quainter and more picturesque presentment of one of the quaintest and most picturesque of New World cities.

The book is odd in so far that it touches upon the relations of the sexes in the woman's story, and yet remains in effect so youthful and devoid of any deep purpose or insight. The careful mother may possibly not leave it lying about for the girls to read; yet it is precisely, in its pretty groupings of gay young folk and their various pairings off, the sort of book to appeal to those girls and to give them a real treat. To be sure, the unfortunate occurrence is in the past and concerned

*Over the Quicksands. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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with the previous generation. Nothing could be saner than the young people themselves, from Allison the kind and sensible to Hilda the fluffy but fine. There is nothing that is not utterly wholesome from the first page to the last except the exigencies of the plot, which make a past necessary for some one. The choice of the nun, in the white abstraction of her devoted life, who long since has expiated the sin that falls for a while so menacingly across the path of hero and heroine, has mitigated this past as much as possible. Yet it seems too bad to have given a story so perfectly suited and so charmingly written for girls in their teens, this forbidding bar-sinister. It remains for those past sixteen to enjoy its young society and ingenuous talk, as they might that of a bevy of young people who had come in for tea.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

XIII

J. O. Curwood's "The Danger Trail"*

This is an honest little book, which makes no pretence at being anything but just what is is, a good yarn to entertain the reader. There is no pretence of giving to a mere story of adventure the attributes of a literary value which it does not possess. There is no attempt at characterisation of the persons involved in the story, no endeavour to paint for us the weird magic of the Frozen North, and, most refreshing of all, there is no attempt to glorify or idealise brute force as the one thing worth considering. There is, therefore, no necessity for the reviewer to endeavour to find some modicum of literary value in a story which does not even pretend to possess it, so we can safely praise *The Danger Trail* as a rattling good yarn of mystery and adventure. It concerns itself with the doings of one John Howland, Chicago engineer, who has realised the dream of his life by being put in charge of the Hudson Bay Railroad, building up in the great white stretches of the North. From the moment of his first entrance into that enchanted country, Howland meets with remarkable adventures, which hold him —and the reader—in a lively whirl until the end of the story.

It would be unfair to the book for the reviewer to reveal the mystery that surrounds Howland, because the unravelling of this mystery is all the book has to offer the reader. He ought to be left to find it out for himself, and it is safe to predict that he will not put the book out of his hand until he does find it out. It will give him an hour or two of exciting reading, and he will regret that the author was so saving with his material. We get so much interested in what is happening that we feel we would like to know more of the mysterious persecution of Thorne and Gregson, and of what happened at the railroad camp before Howland arrived. Mr. Curwood piles on the thrills so cleverly that we swallow them all and ask for more.

There is one portion of the book, however, which is deserving of serious criticism, and which, judging by the best standard, is deserving also of praise. That is the work of Charles Livingston Bull, some of whose six or seven full-page illustrations to the story are equal to the best this artist has yet given us. It is not hard to become enthusiastic over Mr. Bull's work. The piquant effect of his Japanese technique for utterly un-Japanese subjects has a charm that prickles like champagne, the boldness of his line work is stimulating. The human figure, except in vague outlines as a part of the landscape, is not Mr. Bull's strong point. But his appreciation of the soul of wild nature, and the wild creatures that inhabit therein, is as unique as his manner of expressing it. One or two of the pictures in this book, principally because they concern the human element, are not up to Mr. Bull's usual standard. But two of them, the frontispiece and the picture of the dog team on the edge of the snow-covered ridge, are marvels of composition. There is a weird power in this last illustration which dwarfs into banality the attempt of the author of the book to describe the same thing in words. He may have seen the sight, but the artist interpreted it.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

*The Danger Trail. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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PLOT OWNERSHIP AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

IT is the usual custom to assume cheerfully that an author has a definite property right in the plot of his play or novel; a legal right, if he holds a copyright; a moral right in any case. The whole question seems, on the surface, exceedingly simple. He has, at some expenditure of mental effort, selected a certain number of episodes out of the infinite variations of human life; has combined them after an apparently new pattern, and produced, we will assume, a satisfactory and symmetrical piece of art. Consequently, by the most elemental principles of equity, the results of his own labours would seem to belong to him, as much as though he had made a shoe, or a cane-bottomed chair—and if another writer should consciously or unconsciously make use of a like combination of episodes, the impulse is to raise the charge of plagiarism. Now, of course, the writer who deliberately steals from another a really unique idea, or who bodily takes over an entire piece of plot construction, and attempts to foist it upon the world as original work, is deserving of very short shrift indeed. But in actual experience such cases of barefaced theft are rather rare. The question is usually not nearly so simple. Since the dawn of history, a good many millions of plots, good, bad and indifferent, have been tried upon a patient public; in less scrupulous generations writers successively borrowed from one another until a certain proportion of the better plots became and have remained public property. Plot-making has long since reached the point where it would be exceedingly difficult to write a novel without using any of the episodes which are the admitted common property of fiction—and it would be a rash author who dared to assert positively that he had hit upon an idea that no writer before him had ever used.

To make clearer the point here raised, let us imagine what would happen if the question of copyright were treated in accordance with the principles of the patent law. The idea is, of course, fantastic to the point of absurdity, but it may serve, like many another *reductio ad absurdum*, to clarify an obscure point. Suppose, for instance, that before copyright was granted, your novel had to be carefully examined, the records searched for all similar stories copyrighted in the past; and finally all the rights you could secure would be to such additions and variations as you had really originated, and grafted onto the work of your predecessors! Does not this way of putting the matter make us realise that nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths, of the average novel is really second-hand material; and that, under such a preposterous copyright law, the utmost that the poor author could hope to secure protection for would be some minor detail, such as that the hero stabbed himself with an umbrella rib, instead of a dagger, or that the heroine jilted her lover by telephone, in place of a violet-scented note?

In other words, it is well for every author to cultivate a certain silent modesty of mind toward his creations, refusing to be too sure that the ownership of even his most cherished plots is really vested in him. There are some authors who steadily refuse to write even a short story based upon a plot suggested and freely given them by some one else. It does not occur to them that they seldom know or

*The Stronger Claim. By Alice Perrin. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Duke's Price. By Demetra and Kenneth Brown. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

The Awakening of Paul Chester. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Fenno and Company.

An Interrupted Friendship. By Mrs. E. L. Voynich. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Sally Bishop. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Shoulder Knot. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Cassell and Company, Limited.

The Crossways. By Helen R. Martin. New York: The Century Company.

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can trace the ultimate source of the plots that they regard as most exclusively original. Just when the first germ idea entered their brain; whether in the form of some forgotten happening in their own experience, or an anecdote told across the dinner table, or a vague distorted memory of something they have read, or perhaps in a still more obscure and elusive manner, through the yet unknown possibilities of thought transference—this is one of the things of which they can seldom be quite positive. And, after all, it is a far less important matter than it is usually assumed to be. A plot, to be sure, is a rather vital part of every story. You could no more imagine one without such a foundation than you could imagine a vertebrate without a bony skeleton, or a modern skyscraper without a skeleton of steel. And, of course, a faulty or misshapen plot is apt to result in a story as disproportioned and as grotesque as a two-headed calf, or a three-legged hen. Yet it is not the plot which determines, excepting in special cases, the value of a novel as a work of art—any more than a symmetrical skeleton is the criterion of a woman's beauty. In both cases the criterion is the flesh and blood with which the inner framework has been covered—and if a poor artist has a good plot and has not known how to vitalise it into the flush and tingle of real life, his plot ownership, however valid it may be at law, is a barren possession which he might as well make a present of to the next comer.

Life has one thing at least in common with the game of chess—namely, that it is a game the possibilities of which have not yet been exhausted. Yet every year really new combinations are becoming harder to find, and the old combinations are becoming of necessity more and more shop-worn. The whimsical idea sometimes arises that for the benefit of the long-suffering critic there would be a distinct saving of time if existing plots could be classified and distinguished by their various openings somewhat after the fashion of the recognised gambits in chess. Think what a convenience it would be, in epitomising the plot of some current novel, to say briefly that it opens with the *King Lear* gambit or the gambit of *Aladdin's Lamp!* There is many a modern novel the plot of which could be thus put down in shorthand almost to the concluding chapter—and how little trouble it would be to epitomise the remaining three moves, resulting in checkmate!

In conclusion, it may be said in all seriousness that at least nine ideas out of ten in our current fiction are not really original and should confer no property rights, at least in the bare plot. The truth is that the makers of fiction have scant time in which to become readers of fiction; they necessarily have a very defective knowledge of what has been done in their own field, excepting for the work of the very few whom the world of letters reads as a matter of course. And unfortunately the best and most important plots are by no means limited to the star performances. They are often to be found in the most unexpected localities, hidden away in the third and fourth rate magazines and submitted to such abusive treatment as almost hides their possibilities. This is the reason why, in discussing stories with almost any writer of real ability, it is easy to surprise him by pointing out that many of his favourite situations have been used time and again. Not long ago, the present writer happened to be conversing with such an author apropos of a short story by the latter in which the turning point was the situation of a young woman watching the struggles of a victim of the morphine habit, and deliberately allowing that victim to die rather than administer another dose of the drug. The author in question, supposing the situation to be practically new, was a little surprised and disconcerted upon being told that it had been used at least ten times in English—among others, by Marion Crawford, in *Paul Patoff,* where the old Turkish woman who has kidnapped Patoff's brother is deprived of the drug in order to make her confess; by Gertrude Atherton in a short story in which a physician watches the ravings of a young society woman throughout the night, withholding the hypodermic that would have saved her because he thinks it will be better for her family if she dies; and by William Black in a somewhat analogous situation in one of his later novels, the

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name of which for the moment escapes the memory, where a daughter saves her mother's life and breaks up a long standing habit by taking the dose herself and very nearly sacrificing her own life.

The whole point of this discussion, namely, that plot ownership is a far more precarious sort of property than real estate, in that it is seldom free from a "cloud upon the title," is well exemplified in the novels chosen at random from the output of almost any month in the year. From among the current volumes, *The Stronger Claim,* by Alice Perrin, is peculiarly adapted to emphasise the point under discussion, not only because it happens to be a novel of some importance, but because it gives an impression of considerable originality. Nevertheless, its central idea, namely that an inherited taint will outweigh any amount of culture and education, has become one of the commonplaces of modern fiction. The specific story told in *The Stronger Claim* concerns a certain young Englishman, Paul Vereker by name, who differs outwardly from other Englishmen only in the peculiar darkness of hair and complexion and a strange green tint in his eyes. Any one who had dwelt long in the East might have suspected the strain of Hindoo blood which had come to him through his mother, who was a Eurasian. But his relatives in England, who knew nothing about his father's unfortunate marriage, never had occasion to suspect that the boy was a mongrel by birth. And if it had been Paul's destiny to remain in England he might have gone through life without the hereditary taint ever revealing itself. But it so happened that after his marriage he received a government appointment in India and in the very town where his relatives, both native and half caste, were as numerous as they were notorious. Until this time Paul as well as his wife had been quite ignorant of his origin, and at first the shock to him was only slightly less keen than to her. Of course, the wise thing would have been to follow the advice of those older in the service who told him frankly that his mixed descent destroyed his usefulness and that he ought to have himself transferred to some other post, where his secret would not be known. Paul, however, chose to do the unwise thing and to fight against social and official prejudice. But, little by little, the memories of early childhood awaken; the ancient speech comes back, the old spell of superstition and mystery descends upon him; he sees himself again a small boy standing awestruck in the gloom and the wonder of a heathen temple, while the Brahmin priest smears upon his forehead the caste mark that is to stamp him forever one of their own. This is why he finds his purpose, his convictions, his very character in an unstable equilibrium. And when the crisis comes; when a sudden clash between fanatical natives and overzealous missionaries results in a riot and Paul happens to be within the zone of danger, that little hidden strain of native blood suddenly comes to the surface and makes it impossible for him to protect himself as an Englishman would—and instead of driving off the rabble with his uplifted cane he wavers, turns white, shows his fear, and then is borne down while the fanatical mass sweep over him. The whole story is told with admirable sense of proportion and considerable dramatic force. The picture of Paul Vereker's early childhood among his Eurasian kindred is something to be long remembered and enjoyed. None the less, the central idea is essentially that of *The Call of the Blood,* by Robert Hichens; essentially that of the episode of Harriet in Gertrude Atherton's *Senator North*—Harriet, whose mother was an octoroon, and who carefully conceals from her white husband the truth of her birth until one night when she betrays herself in a fit of hysteria brought on by attendance at a negro camp meeting. And one may cite further *The Shadow,* by Henry C. Rowland, in which a Jamaican negro, a magnificent specimen of coal black humanity, a man who boasts his descent from African princes and has enjoyed the advantages of an Oxford education and social intercourse with some of the best people in England, flings away the chance of a lifetime when a carefully planned political revolution in the West Indies is about to place him on a throne—because at the critical moment he is missing, having

"The Stronger Claim"

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heard far off in the forest the mystic beat of heathen drums calling him to unspeakable rites of the ancient Voodoo worship.

It would be interesting to discover just how hoary is the antiquity of what may, for convenience, be called the Wife in Name Only type of plot. It happens that in this month's instalment of books there are two well-defined examples of the type, while still a third wavers throughout one chapter upon the brink of the same situation. The first of these books is *The Duke's Price,* by Demetra and Kenneth Brown. It is a brightly written, entertaining volume, blessed with a sense of humour, and considerable understanding of character, both racial and individual. Furthermore, it succeeds in treating a marriage between a rich American girl and a foreign nobleman with more sanity than it is the custom to show toward international matches in current fiction of the coloured-illustration variety. The duke and his American wife really do happen to love each other, in spite of his title and her money—and they might have been very happy in Chapter the first, instead of having to wait until Chapter the last if each had not conceived the wrong idea about the other's motive through one of those ingenious medleys of misunderstanding such as happens nowhere upon earth outside the pages of a novel. It would waste valuable space to give an extended list of this type of novel, in which it takes three hundred pages for two well-intentioned people to discover that they love each other. But one may mention off-hand, *Le Maitre de Forges,* by Georges Ohnet, as a glaring example which every reader can easily supplement from his own memory.

"The Duke's Price"

The Awakening of Paul Chester, by Alice and Claude Askew, authors of *The Shulamite,* is the second of the two books above referred to in which the Wife in Name Only *motif* forms an integral part of the book's structure. Paul Chester is a man of humble origin but abundant wealth. He is a man of great ambition socially and politically, and although his marriage is based on love he is not blind to the advantages which his wife's family will give him in his upward climb. It is unfortunate that at the outset of the honeymoon he comes across a letter written by the bride which convinces him that she has accepted him only because his fortune will make things easier for her parents and her sisters—a belief which month by month is strengthened by his father-in-law's unblushing appeals for money. From the finding of this letter, the husband and wife live together with all outward appearance of harmony, but really on terms of mere formal tolerance. Yet, when Paul in his constant reaching out for the social aid which his wife has refused to give him makes the acquaintance of the wife of the party leader, a woman of great power as well as of great beauty, an utterly unscrupulous woman who can make and unmake men as the caprice of the hour dictates, Paul's wife feels a surge of mad jealousy which forces her to acknowledge that her love for her husband is still alive. Paul himself, wrapped up in his political ambitions, looks upon this other woman simply as a stepping-stone to power, then little by little he begins to find a strange fascination about her, the fascination that one feels in trying to master some beautiful and treacherous wild animal. And finally, before he knows it, he has been bewitched, overborne, swept almost to the brink of ruin and dishonour. The rest of the tale would be a novelty in literature, so far as the present reviewer recalls, if it were not for the important little fact that the story of Potiphar's Wife is recorded in the book of Genesis. Paul Chester is not cast into prison, but he suffers an even severer penalty by being socially ostracised and finding that his utility as a public servant is at an end. And this end might have been made permanent but for the intervention of a minor character, a frail hunchback girl with a beautiful face and a warped mind who has a proclivity for eavesdropping and an occasional good impulse in the use of her knowledge.

"The Awakening of Paul Chester"

One would say off-hand that the episode of a crippled young woman, knowing herself to be incurable, brazenly offering her love to a man who has never given her reason to think he cares, might be set down, unhesitatingly, as a unique scene in

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fiction, one not likely to be duplicated in the same country and generation. Yet it happens that this episode occurs in two out of the seven books reviewed in this article: first in the case of the hunchback girl above referred to, and again in Mrs. E. L. Voynich's new volume, *An Interrupted Friendship*, in which the girl who makes the proposal is a life-long paralytic. In both books, the episode, while structurally important, is of quite subordinate interest. In the case of Mrs. Voynich's novel, the crippled girl is of importance only as the motive for her brother's accepting a rather dangerous appointment on an exploring trip to South America, his incentive being to raise the money needed for an operation upon his sister. The real theme of the book is the history of the privations and dangers that meet this small band of French scientists; the way in which the courage, the manhood and the sense of honour of men with a previous clean record tend to disintegrate under the test of loneliness and fever and unseen perils; and finally, the way in which one single indomitable soul in a sickly, painwracked body can by the force of unflinching endurance and patient example effect the regeneration of a whole company of men and save an expedition from failure. The man in question when he comes upon them is a human scarecrow, so tattered, so wasted, so burnt by exposure that he seems something lower and less human than the natives themselves—a poor starving wretch, his strength almost gone, his feet cut almost to pieces by rocks and thorns. His history is never fully told; one guesses vaguely that something in early life permanently destroyed his faith in man and in woman; that he has become a fugitive and a wanderer, living among the scum of humanity which finds its way to the jumping-off places of civilisation. And yet he has remained even in his rags and his degradation a gentleman—and among the company of explorers the first man to find this out and to form a friendship for him is the young Frenchman who has sacrificed three years of his life to pay for his sister's cure. The rest of the story can be summed up in very few words. This is the friendship referred to in the title; and its interruption is caused by the love which the crippled sister bestows, unasked, upon the other man and that he is unable to reciprocate. The book is seriously marred by one catastrophe which very nearly approaches absurdity. The operation is performed, the girl well on her way toward recovery when, as she steps from a carriage to the sidewalk, a man with a pushcart clumsily knocks her down, runs over her, and damages the spine beyond remedy. Of course, had she recovered, the friendship might not have been interrupted, but it does seem a pity that Mrs. Voynich could not have managed the matter by a less artificial intervention of fate.

"An Interrupted Friendship"

Sally Bishop, by E. Temple Thurston, belongs to much the same catagory as Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* and Frank Danby's *Heart of a Child*. It happens to be a better piece of work than either of them. Sally Bishop is the daughter of a poor clergyman, who died unsuccessful and embittered; and she is managing to keep body and soul rather painfully together, through the drudgery of long days of typewriting. Traill, the man who is destined to play a vital part in Sally Bishop's life, has his first glimpse of her through an office window, from the street.

"Sally Bishop"

> She was the last, amongst all those workers who could be seen within the lighted apertures of the windows, to leave her post. One by one, they performed their weary play of actions, the shutting up of ledgers, the putting away of papers. . . . But she still remained, and the man, with a certain amount of dogged persistence, continued to watch her movements. Once he took out his watch, as his impatience became more insistent. Then, with the continual watching of her, the continual sight of her hand dancing laboriously on those keys, the noise of the typewriter at last reached the ears of his imagination. He could hear, above the sounds of the street, that everlasting metallic tapping.
>
> "God, what a life!" he exclaimed to himself.

It was partly out of sympathy for the girl's weariness, partly through a sensuous appreciation of her beauty, that Traill waited outside in the rain, followed the

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girl, spoke to her. And this was the beginning of a very common and oft told story, but seldom better told than Mr. Thurston has here succeeded in telling it. The man's struggle against himself on behalf of Sally is a rare bit of psychology. So, too, is the cleverness of his subsequent move when he sends her through the same mail a letter of farewell beginning, "Miss Bishop," and a gold bracelet with her name, "Sally," outlined in diamonds. The whole situation, the theme and substance of the book is summed up, once for all, by Sally's amazingly outspoken friend, Janet.

I know what sort you are and I fancy I know just the type of man whom you'd fall in love with, as you've fallen in love with this Mr. Traill. He's hard—he can bend you—he can break you—he can crush you to dust, and there'll still be some wind or other that would blow your ashes to his feet. He's all man—man that's got the brute in him, too—and you're all woman, woman that's got the mating instinct in her, and will go like the lioness across the miles of desert, without food and without water, when once she hears the song of sex in the hungry throat of her mate. . . . I don't care what you say about that letter—the letter's nothing! It's the gift that's the thing. That's the song of sex, if you like; and whether you return it or whether you don't, you'll answer it, as he meant you to.

The story ends in tragedy, grim tragedy, as such stories usually do end; and the admirable thing about the ending is the sense that it leaves of having been inevitable.

"The Shoulder Knot"

The Shoulder Knot, by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, is frankly not up to that author's former standard. It is too fantastic. What it is intended to symbolise is the doctrine that one cannot go through life looking exclusively upon that which is sensual and sinful without becoming mentally and morally defiled; and that the only cure for those who cannot see the good in life is not to see at all. Mrs. Dudeney has attempted to express this by imagining a poet capable of high things who deliberately wastes his talent by describing all that is evil and loathsome; and as a punishment for this he is possessed by a devil which is visible to his friends in the shape of a queer, ill-defined, grey spot on one shoulder—a vague shifting, changing spot that persistently refuses to become defined. And from this devil and from his own evil thoughts he finds no escape until one day a flare of lightning leaves him permanently blind. There are moments when the author attains a thrill of genuine horror. But for the most part the whole thing is too palpably absurd to hold the reader.

"The Crossways"

The Crossways, by Helen R. Martin, takes us, once more, among the slow-witted and thrifty Pennsylvania Dutch of the same author's earlier volumes. This time the story she has to tell concerns a delicate young Southern woman reared in luxury and idleness who marries a young physician of this same Pennsylvania Dutch stock. And he, taking her back to the home of his birth, believes, in his inexperience, that he is acting only for her own good when he throws upon her frail shoulders the burden of household drudgery, the cooking, the sweeping, the weekly wash. As it turns out, he very nearly causes her death and brings himself to a point of humbleness and penitence that are good to see. It is a book that at times gives the reader some rather savage thoughts, a wild desire to interfere and use physical violence. But it is eminently worth reading, not only for its masterly delineation of local types, but also for its portrayal of that delicate, yet unbreakable spirit with which a frail woman finally bends a stubborn man to her will.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

Richard G. Badger:

Floridian Sonnets. By William Henry Venable.

Hylas and Other Poems. By Edwin Preston Dargan.

The Oak Amongst the Pines and Other Poems. By J. Darl Henderson.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Odes on the Generations of Man. By Hartley Burr Alexander.

The Century Company:

The Comfort of the Hills and Other Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D.

Saint-Gaudens: An Ode. And Other Verse. By Robert Underwood Johnson.

The Grafton Press:

Along the Way with Pen and Pencil. By Carrie Munson Hoople.

The Huntley Press (Chicago):

Overtones. By Bertha F. Gordon.

Monarch Press (New York):

The Perfume Holder. A Persian Love Poem. By Graven Langstroth Betts.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Kin O'Ktaadn. Verse Stories of the Plain Folk who are Keeping Bright the Old Home Fires Up in Maine. By Holman F. Day.

Up in Maine. Stories of Yankee Life Told in Verse. By Holman F. Day.

Elliot Stock (London):

White Heather. By Ella Mary Gordon, F.R.S.L.

DRAMA

Paul Elder and Company:

The Tocsin. By Esther Brown Tiffany.

A drama of the Renaissance.

Henry Holt and Company:

Allison's Lad and Other Martial Interludes. By Beulah Marie Dix.

Six one-act dramas: "Allison's Lad"; "The Hundredth Trick"; "The Weakest Link"; "The Snare and the Flower"; "The Captain of the Gate"; and "The "Dark of the Dawn."

Ruebush-Elkins Company (Dayton, Va.):

The Broken Statue de Fontange. A Dramatic Day. By Harold W. Gammans, A.B.

A drama in four acts.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

W. A. Butterfield (Boston):

The Life of William Shakespeare, Expurgated. By William Leavitt Stoddard.

Mr. Stoddard has included in his biography of the great poet and actor some rare documents and records, such as the Northumberland Manuscript, as well as the recent discoveries of Professor Wallace. The work is not only of interest to the lover of biography and the professional scholar, but also to school and university students.

Cassell and Company, Ltd.:

Charles Dickens and His Friends. By W. Teignmouth Shore.

This volume on the great novelist and his large and distinguished circle of friends is full of reminiscences and anecdotes. Many names famous in the Victorian era are here associated with that of Charles Dickens.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Life of Garret Augustus Hobart. Twenty-fourth Vice-President of the United States. By David Magie, D.D.

The author shows how step by step Mr. Hobart rose, filling each successive post with honour, until he occupied a place among the most prominent men of affairs in the social, financial and political life of the nation, but how in character and manner he remained unchanged.

Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico. The Master Builder of a Great Commonwealth. By José F. Godoy.

A study of the public and private acts of the President of the Mexican Republic, and of the services rendered by him, in the capacities of soldier and of statesman, to the country with whose history he has been so intimately connected. The volume contains numerous illustrations and several maps, indicating the rapid strides in internal development that Mexico has taken under the guidance of its President.

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RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D. With the Assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editors).

Volume VI. Innocents—Liudger. The remaining six volumes will be published at intervals of three months.

Harper and Brothers:

In After Days. Thoughts on the Future Life. By W. D. Howells, Henry James, John Bigelow, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Henry M. Alden, William Hanna Thomson, Guglielmo Ferrero, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

These representative men and women have written here on the subject of life after death. Each gives his or her personal private convictions, doubts, hopes and wonderings about the life that may or may not follow this.

The Health-Culture Company (Passaic, N. J.):

Scientific Living for Prolonging the Term of Human Life. The New Domestic Science, Cooking to Simplify Living and Retain the Life Elements in Food. By Laura Nettleton Brown.

The author emphasises the fact that in the ordinary processes of cooking the organic elements become inorganic and food values are destroyed. He claims that when this dietetic idea is generally known and made practical it will restore the racial vigour as nothing else can, free woman from the slavery of the cook stove and become a large factor in the solution of the servant problem.

Henry Holt and Company:

Eugenics. The Science of Human Improvement by Better Breeding. By C. B. Davenport.

Comprising two papers on the subject, one, "Fit and Unfit Matings," read before the American Academy of Medicine, at Yale University, in the autumn of 1909, and the other, "A Plan for Further Work," being based on a report of the Committee of Eugenics of the American Breeders' Association, read at the Omaha meeting, December, 1909.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Church and Labor. By Charles Stelzle.
Paul and Paulinism. By James Moffatt, D.D.
The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus. By F. Crawford Burkitt, M.A., D.D.

In the series of Modern Religious Problems, under the general editorship of Dr. Ambrose W. Vernon. The aim of this series is to lay before the great body of intelligent people in the English-speaking world the precise results of modern scholarship, so that men both within and without the churches may be able to understand the conception of the Christian religion (and of its sacred books) which obtains among its leading scholars to-day, and that they may intelligently co-operate in the great practical problems with which the churches are now confronted.

Moffatt, Yard and Company:

What Is Socialism? By Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Mr. Kauffman discusses socialism in its scientific and philosophical aspects, and in its practical working out in actual life, sharply distinguishing between real socialism and the innumerable shams which travel under the name of socialism. The chapter headings are as follows: "The Modern Devil"; "The Point of Departure"; "The Ascent of Man"; "Whither?" "The War of the Classes"; "The Apostle to the Gentiles"; "The Propaganda"; "The Co-operative Commonwealth."

The Pilgrim Press:

The Person and Place of Jesus Christ. The Congregational Union Lectures for 1909. By P. T. Forsyth, D.D.

The author attempts to set forth the religion and the gospel of Christ from the best modern point of view. Starting with an able discrimination between lay and apostolic religion, he looks back over the greatness of Christ and its interpretations; and forward over the testimony of Christ's self-consciousness, of apostolic inspiration, of experience in the soul and in the church; the omnipotence of God, and the absoluteness of Christ. The last three lectures are concerned with the pre-existence of Christ, His self-emptying and self-fulfilment.

Regan Printing House (Chicago):

The Two Great Questions. The Existence of God and the Immortality of the Soul. By Lysander Hill.

The author's purpose in writing this volume has been to outline "the scientific argument upon the two great questions of God's existence and man's immortality—two questions so indissolubly connected that the answer to either is the answer to both."

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

How to Study the Stars. Astronomy with Small Telescopes and the Naked Eye and Notes on Celestial Photography. By L. Rudaux. Translated by A. H. Keane, LL.D., F.R.G.S.

The book will enable any one inter-

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ested in astronomy to acquire some knowledge of it first-hand, without the costly instruments and intricate appliances used in an observatory. The author does not attempt to replace the excellent books which describe the heavenly bodies and the great laws controlling the universe, but rather shows in full the methods of observation with the naked eye and the more simple instruments which an amateur might be expected to procure. He gives hints for the building of small observatories and tells what should be looked for in the more important portions of the heavens.

The Fresh-Air Book. By J. P. Müller.

The special argument of the book is that men should make a much more liberal use of fresh air, not only for breathing, but also for the skin. More natural ways of living are urged in general. Some of the more important chapters deal with: "Air and Sun-Baths in Every-day Life"; "What to Wear"; "Cultivation of Gymnastics"; "Skin Gymnastics an Aid to Beauty"; "The Poor Man's Gout"; "The Fight against Tuberculosis"; and "Concerning Appendicitis."

Sturgis and Walton Company:

Each for All and All for Each. The Individual in his Relation to the Social System. By John Parsons.

"Not a treatise on sociology," the author writes, "but it applies the results thus far reached by science to a mass of questions in education, industry, philanthropy, government and religion." It is intended to be a convenient reference book, and Dr. Parsons, in its preparation, has kept in mind the requirements of students, teachers, preachers, editors and public speakers.

The Young Churchman Company:

A Journey Godward. By Charles C. Grafton.

A volume of personal reminiscences of interest to churchmen in America and in England. Bishop Grafton's reminiscences cover considerably more than half a century of activity in the Church.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew.

The Gospel According to St. Mark.

By G. M. MacDermott, M.A., L.Th.

In the new series of Plain Commentaries.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Camera Adventures in the African Wilds. Being an Account of a Four Months' Expedition in British East Africa, for the Purpose of Securing Photographs of the Game from Life. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S.

Mr. Dugmore tells here the story of his adventures in the heart of Africa and presents over one hundred photographs of animals taken by surprise at close quarters.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. A Compact Itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria and Italy. By W. J. Rolfe, Litt.D. With Maps. Revised Annually. First Edition for 1910.

This is not a general guide book for an extended tour of all Europe, but is intended for the tourist who can spend but three or four months abroad. It describes "one continuous route, arranged to take in the maximum of what is best worth seeing, with the minimum of travel."

The Macmillan Company:

The Last American Frontier. By Frederic Logan Paxson.

Giving an account of the struggle to gain the frontier west of the Mississippi. The book is in the series of Stories from American History. *The Story of the American Merchant Marine* and *Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road* will shortly appear in this series.

Moffatt, Yard and Company:

Central America and Its Problems. An Account of a Journey from the Rio Grande to Panama, with Introductory Chapters on Mexico and her Relations to her Neighbours. By Frederick Palmer, F.R.G.S.

The work deals with Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras, Costa Rica, San Salvador, Panama, with three chapters on Mexico in its political and ethnographical relations to Central America, and the political relations to the United States. Mr. Palmer sets forth the conditions existing in these various republics and also considers the history, populations and resources.

L. C. Page and Company:

In Unfamiliar England. By Thomas D. Murphy.

Being a record of a seven thousand mile tour by motor of the unfrequented nooks and corners, and the shrines of especial interest, in England; with incursions into Scotland and Ireland. There are sixteen illustrations in colour, reproduced from original paintings by eminent artists, and forty-eight duogravures from English photographs; also indexed maps covering routes.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Biographical Story of the Constitution. A Study of the Growth of the American Union. By Edward Elliott.

Dealing with the larger questions of constitutional interpretation, many of which lay beyond the jurisdiction of any court. These questions have been fought out between men, and this *Biographical Story of the Constitution* attempts to picture, through the lives of some of the more conspicuous of these contestants, the struggle and its result. In an appendix are given documents illustrative of the principal points around which the conflict of opinion has been hottest.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

The French Verb. Its Conjugation and Idiomatic Use. By C. F. Martin.

Teaching the student how to use the French verb at the same time that he learns to conjugate it. He is shown what preposition, if any, follows a verb before an infinitive, and also how to form a sentence with the verb. For this purpose complete conjugations of all French verbs are given, and their idiomatic use is carefully illustrated.

Ein Nordischer Held. Ein Bild aus der Geschichte. Von Richard Roth. Edited with Introductions, a Brief Outline of Scandinavian History, Notes, Exercises and Vocabulary by Helene H. Boll.

The hero of the story is Gustavus Vasa of Sweden, and the text describes his youth, his services to his country and his wanderings.

Picture Primer. By Ella M. Beebe. With Introduction by Charles L. Spain.

Intended to prepare the child for any first reader. The vocabulary includes only one hundred and eight words, and the first quarter of the book is entirely in script.

Ginn and Company:

The Leading Facts of American History. By D. H. Montgomery.

Revised edition. In the Leading Facts of History Series. This edition has an entirely new form, new type, new illustrations and new maps. The text has been brought up to date and has been in many parts rewritten.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Principles of Education. By William Carl Ruediger, Ph.D.

The aim of this book is to present an outline of the Principles of Education for use in college and normal school classes, in reading circles, and in the superintendent's and teacher's private professional reading.

William R. Jenkins Company:

Mon Livre de Petites Histoires. By Agnes Godfrey Gay.

A reader prepared for American children who are beginning the study of the French language. The aim has been to set before the child interesting subject-matter expressed in the simplest form.

Common Difficulties in Reading French. By Charles C. Clarke, Jr.

Answers are given here to most of the questions which present themselves to the second or third year student reading French text or translating it into English.

Charles E. Merrill Company:

Höher als die Kirche. Eine Erzählung aus alter Zeit. Von Wilhelmine V. Hillern. Edited with Introduction, Notes, Exercises in Syntax and Vocabulary by Frederick W. J. Heuser, A.M.

The latest addition to Merrill's German Texts.

G. P. Putnam's Sons (Cambridge University Press):

Exercises on Erckmann-Chatrian's Waterloo. By A. Wilson-Green, M.A.

FICTION

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Top of the Morning. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

A series of sketches concerned with the doings of the six genial literary and artistic friends who form a club known in their own circle as "Us."

Cassell and Company, Ltd.:

A House of Lies. By Sidney Warwick.

The story of the downfall and regeneration of a man whose career and romance are built upon "a house of lies." A young lawyer is accused by another man who had been his rival in love of dishonesty in the matter of some trust funds. When the wife learns the true state of affairs, realises that her husband is guilty and also that he had been the successful suitor for her hand only through a lie, having told his rival that she was engaged to him, she analyses her feelings and knows that it is her husband's accuser that she really loves. At her husband's demand she goes to this accuser to intercede for him, only to find that because of his love for her he had already withdrawn the suit against the lawyer.

Peggy, the Daughter. By Katherine Tynan.

Another one of this author's Irish stories. It is set some time in the last century, when the landowners and

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people of position in the country led rather wild and reckless lives. Peggy's father belongs to this class, and when the story opens she appears at his castle as a little girl of six. She grows to young womanhood and shares in the exciting times which enter into life at the castle.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

The Master Spirit. By John C. Kleber.

The scene opens in Virginia prior to the Civil War. Maximillian and Marcellus Montgomery, twin brothers, upon becoming of age, had each been presented by their father with a fine plantation and an equipment of slaves, and were left to manage them according to their best judgment. It is the story of how one brother, although engaged to marry the daughter of a prominent political leader of the South, persuades the other's sweetheart to marry him. The heartbroken Maximillian abandons his home, serves in the war, and then travels to the West, where he becomes a wealthy miner. Years later he learns that Maxine, his old sweetheart, who is now a widow, is living with a daughter in Texas. He hastens to her and finds that although aged with the years of sorrow, she is his old love.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Fortune Hunter. By Louis Joseph Vance.

Founded upon Mr. Winchell Smith's play of that name now running in New York. Nathaniel Duncan, at his father's death, is thrown upon his own resources, and after numerous attempts he is firmly convinced that as a business man he is a failure. Therefore he and his friend Harry Kellogg put their heads together and devise a scheme. The idea was for Duncan to go to some small town, where he would secure a position, make the acquaintance of a wealthy heiress, marry her and henceforth settle down to a life of ease. Things were working out beautifully, and his proposal of marriage to the heiress had been accepted. But here the young man's better self comes to the surface. He begins to take an interest in business, and finds he is not the failure he thought himself. The impetus for all this being his discovery that he is in love with another girl, not an heiress, but one whom he could marry for love and not money. The fine plans are scattered to the winds and the engagement with the heiress broken off.

Harper and Brothers:

The Return of the Native. By Thomas Hardy.

The second volume in the new pocket size Thin Paper Edition of the works of Thomas Hardy.

Mary Cary. By Kate Langley Bosher.

Mary Cary, a bright little girl, is an inmate of an orphan asylum. She tells of her own life and that of her companions in the asylum and airs her views of the various members of the Board of Directors of that institution, and also of the matron. The "Frequently Martha" the little girl explains in this way: "Martha is my every-day self, like the Bible Martha who did things, and didn't worry trying to find out what couldn't be found out, specially about why God lets mothers die. Mary is my Sunday self, who wonders and wonders at everything and asks a million questions inside, and goes along and lets people think she is truly Martha when she knows all the time she isn't."

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Little Brother O' Dreams. By Elaine Goodale Eastman.

Little Brother O' Dreams is the shy, poetic elf of the woods, who makes friends with the rich man's child from the city, and grows up to be both a bee-man and a poet, the lover of his childhood's friend.

The Macmillan Company:

Kings in Exile. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Consisting of a number of short stories which Mr. Roberts has written about the lives of some of the dominant creatures in the animal world that have been driven from their own haunts and are being held in captivity by man.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Mine of Faults. Translated from the Original Manuscript. By F. W. Bain.

A love story of the Orient. The heroine is a tantalising bit of loveliness, who throws the spell of her beauty around a world-conquering king bent upon subduing her father's kingdom, a king who, defiant of love, believed himself secure from the wiles of women. Artful as this "Mine of Faults" is, she becomes the victim of her own wiles by falling as ardently in love with her suitor as he is with her.

An Apprentice of Truth. By Helen Huntington.

Opening in a small New England town, the scene shifts to New York, and the story deals with some of the phases of social life in the metropolis.

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Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Thurston of Orchard Valley. By Harold Bindloss.

Disappointed in both business and love, Geoffrey Thurston leaves England a poor man and goes out to the great Canadian Northwest, where he makes a new start and eventually wins out against great difficulties. He also wins the love of Helen Savine, the daughter of the man by whom he is employed as an engineer.

The Living Mummy. By Ambrose Pratt.

The discovery, in Egypt, of the tomb of Pthames, revealed to Sir Robert Ottley and Dr. Belleville secrets, including the preservation of life and the ability to make persons and objects invisible. Returning to London, both used these to serve his own purpose. Sir Robert's invisible agent spied upon the stock exchanges. Belleville exerted his efforts to destroy enemies. Frankfort Weldon, an enemy because engaged to Miss Ottley, though she really loves Dr. Pinsent, meets death by falling, to all appearances, before an approaching train. Dying, he thrusts into Pinsent's hand an object which the latter could feel but not see. Experiment showed Pinsent that heat made it visible. It appeared to be a hand resembling that of the mummy of Pthames. Belleville then plans Pinsent's destruction. To force a promise of marriage from Miss Ottley he puts Pinsent through unheard-of torture. He brags of his foul deeds and tells Pinsent that Weldon was a victim of the invisible agent, and that in falling he had clutched the hand that struck the blow. But Belleville falls into his own trap and meets a death more horrible than that planned for Pinsent, being consumed by his own deadly chemicals.

The John C. Winston Company:

A Daughter of the Manse. By Mrs. Charles Tracy Taylor.

Evelyn, the heroine of Mrs Taylor's new story, is a refreshing sort of girl; bright and amiable, and one who influences for good her numerous friends and associates. Her own love affairs, which become somewhat entangled, are finally very happily adjusted.

JUVENILE

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Flutterfly. By Clara Louise Burnham.

A fairy story in which the Princess Flutterfly, Jack Frost and Love strangely come together. The book is illustrated in colour by Miss Emily Chamberlain.

Moffatt, Yard and Company:

When Mother Lets Us Sew. By Virginia Ralston.

Recently added to the series known as When Mother Lets Us. The new volume instructs the little girl in many branches of plain sewing. Many plans and pictures are given for her assistance.

MISCELLANEOUS

R. T. Crane (Chicago):

The Utility of All Kinds of Higher Schooling. An Investigation by R. T. Crane.

In Part I the author discusses the utility of an academic or classical education for young men who have to earn their own living and who expect to pursue a commercial life. Part II is devoted to technical and special schooling.

Government Printing House (Washington, D. C.):

Report on the Progress and Condition of the U. S. National Museum for the Year ending June 30, 1909.

Richard Rathbun, Assistant Secretary, in charge of the National Museum, presents a report upon the present condition of the United States National Museum and upon the work accomplished in its various departments during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909.

Harper and Brothers:

The Great English Short-Story Writers. With Introductory Essays. By William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson.

In two volumes. Each volume contains an introductory chapter, one on "The Evolution of the Short Story" and the other on "The Modern Short Story." These are followed by selections from the work of numerous writers. The aim is to illustrate the development of the short-story form and to furnish examples of the art.

Harper's Handy-Book for Girls. Edited by Anna Parmly Paret.

In preparing this book the author has made a study of the tastes of girls of the present day. Part I treats of the Home; Part II, Arts and Crafts; Part III, Needlework and Millinery; Part IV, Gifts; Part V, Out-of-Doors; and Part VI, Amusements and Miscellany.

Henry Holt and Company:

Shell-Fish Industries. By James L. Kellogg.

This volume on shell-fishes has been prepared by Professor Kellogg for three groups of persons, namely, those who eat them, those who may be or desire to become directly interested in their culture, and those who may have an inter-

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est in the biological problems involved in their artificial control. The book is illustrated with half-tones and original drawings. This is the latest addition to the American Nature Series.

John Lane Company:

Yet Again. By Max Beerbohm.

A series of miscellaneous essays. Among the titles are: "The Fire"; "Seeing People Off"; "A Memory of a Midnight Express"; "A Study in Dejection"; "The Decline of the Graces"; "Whistler's Writing"; "The Naming of Streets"; "On Shakespeare's Birthday"; "The House of Commons Manner"; "The Humour of the Public."

John W. Luce and Company:

The Cook-Ed-Up Peary-Odd-Ical Dictionary and Who's Hoot in the Best Arctic Circles. Including Advices on How to Find the Pole and Prove It, Geographic Observations, etc., etc. Written by Degrees by Disagreeing, Fellow of Various Degrees of Fearlessness, Commanded by Paul R. Dash of 40 Degrees North Latitude (Meaning Boston). Pictorially Punctured by D. C. Bartholomew. A Voluminous Appendix Has Been Carefully Removed.

The Soul of Man Under Socialism. By Oscar Wilde.

Authorised edition.

The Macmillan Company:

The Spirit of America. By Henry Van Dyke.

Based upon the lectures which Dr. Van Dyke delivered as exchange professor at the Sorbonne. Dr. Van Dyke presents to the French mind the fundamental spirit of the New World. The subjects treated are: "The Soul of a People"; "Self-Reliance and the Republic"; "Fair Play and Democracy"; "Will-Power, Work and Wealth"; "Common Order and Social Co-operation"; "Personal Development and Education"; "Self-Expression and Literature."

Who's Who. 1910.

An annual biographical dictionary of living celebrities, chiefly English and American.

The Inspiration of Poetry. By George Edward Woodberry.

Based on the Lowell Lectures. After a preliminary chapter, in which Mr. Woodberry treats of the more general aspect of his theme, he takes up a number of the great names of literature and shows how these men were really possessed by inspiration. The poets Mr. Woodberry considers in this volume are Camoens, Cervantes, Marlowe, Byron, Gray, Tasso, Lucretius.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Lincoln. By Isaac Newton Phillips.

Being an analysis of the character of Lincoln.

Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism. By A. R. Orage.

The subjects included are "Philosophy"; "Life"; "Man and Woman"; "Art"; "Morality"; "Good and Evil"; "Willing, Valuing and Creating"; "Superman"; and "New Commandments."

Normalist Publishing Company (Elgin, Ill.):

The Philosophy of Happiness. A Consideration of Normalism. By R. Waite Joslyn, LL.M.

With chapters on "The Laws of Life"; "The Right to be Happy"; "The Question of Happiness"; "Man as an Organization"; "Normal Life"; "Expressions of Energy"; "Habits and Attitudes as Related to Normal Life"; "Activities as Right and Wrong"; "Standard for Conduct"; "The Struggle of Life"; "The Struggle of Man with Man."

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Jean-Jacques Rousseau. A Forerunner of Pragmatism. By Albert Schinz.

Reprinted, with additions, from *The Monist,* October, 1909.

The Pilgrim Press:

Stories and Story-Telling in Moral and Religious Education. By Edward Porter St. John, A.M., Pd.M.

Prepared for the purpose of aiding parents, teachers and workers in settlements, vacation schools, etc., in becoming efficient story-tellers. A few of the chapters are: "The Educational Value of the Story"; "The Use of Idealistic Stories"; "Some Vital Characteristics of Good Stories"; "Learning to Tell a Story"; and "Where to Find Stories."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Resources. An Interpretation of the Well-Rounded Life. By Stanton Davis Kirkham.

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The author points out, to an age engaged in the pursuit of material resources, the existence and the proper utilisation of intellectual and spiritual resources. He encourages the cultivation of the spiritual, intellectual and physical endowments, and sets forth a well-rounded ideal of life, to which the soul, harassed by the narrowing, and often aimless, activity of the present, will turn with relief and gratitude.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., F.B.A., and A. R. Waller, N.A.

Volume IV, Prose and Poetry—Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. Containing material representative of a number of the literary activities of the Elizabethan and of the Jacobean age. In this volume, in addition to the consideration of specific kinds of literature, is given a history of the book trade from 1557 to 1625 and an account of the foundation of libraries.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
2. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Candles in the Wind. Diver. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Recollections of Lady Cardigan. (Lane.) $3.50.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Mexico. Carson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
3. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. Practical Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Sioux to Susan. Daulton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Top of the Morning. Tompkins. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

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4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Medicine. Huckel. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Friendship. Black. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Tyrant. De La Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.25.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Up Grade. Goodwin. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Loyalists of Massachusetts. Stark. (Clarke.) $5.00.
2. Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Approach to Social Questions. Peabody. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Four Corners Abroad. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) $1.00.
2. Lass of the Silver Sword. Du Bois. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Trans-Himalaya. Hedin. (Macmillan.) $7.50.
2. Junior Republic. George. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Garibaldi and the Thousand. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
4. Blonde Lad. Le Blanc. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Tess. Miller. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
3. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
4. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Webster's International Dictionary. (Merriam.)
3. Survival of Man. Lodge. (Moffatt, Yard.) $2.00.
4. Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Demagog. Hereford. (Holt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Quantrill and the Border Wars. Connelly. (The Torch Press.) $3.50.
2. The Courtin'. Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Pragmatism. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.25.
4. Herod. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. Margarita's Soul. Bacon. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Florentine Frame. Robins. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Phoebe Deane. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Arsene Lupin. Le Blanc. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. A Pool of Flame. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Riley & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

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3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Winning Chance. Dejean. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Survival of Man. Lodge. (Moffatt, Yard.) $2.00.
3. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Wits' End. Blanchard. (Estes.) $1.50.
3. The April Fool Doll. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead,) $1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Jason. Foreman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Sparrows. Newte. (Kennerly.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. For Each Day a Prayer. (Dodge.) $1.50.
2. Songs of the Beloved. Orthwein. (Dodge.) $2.00.
3. Rubaiyat. Fitzgerald. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Two in Arcadia. Finck. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Men. Allcott. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) $2.00.
3. Buster Brown. (Stokes.) 50 cents.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Good News. White. (Nelson.) 20c.
2. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Elsie Dinsmore. Finley. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 20 cents.
2. Air Ship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. How It Works. Williamsons. (Nelson.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.20.
6. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Ireland. Sutherland. (North American, Philadelphia.) $1.00.
2. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

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JUVENILES

1. The Bear Detectives. Eaton. (Stern.) $1.50.
2. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.20.
2. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. Woman's Way. Somerville. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Curiosities of the Sky. Serviss. (Harper.) $1.40.
2. Anti-Pragmatism. Schinz. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
3. Women and the Trades. Butler. (Pittsburg Survey.) $1.50.
4. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Jack Among the Indians. Grinnell. (Stokes.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.20.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) $10.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. Seven English Cities. Howells. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. First at the North Pole. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co). $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Thurston of Orchard Valley. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.30.
5. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. New Menticulture. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.
2. Who's Who Among Wild Flowers. Beecroft. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.20.
3. A Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. School Team in Camp. Earle. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Abraham Lincoln. Moore. (Houghton Mifflin.) 25 cents.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.20.
5. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Liberalism and Social Problem. Churchill. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. Warriors of Old Japan. Ozaki. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Egypt. Loti. (Duffield.) $2.50.
4. German Element in the U. S. Faust. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.

JUVENILES

1. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Standard Operas. Upton. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. American Business Law. Sullivan. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Grizzly Bear. Wright. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Cooking for Two. Hill. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
2. The Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) $2.00.
3. Write It Right. Bierce. (Neale.) 50 cents.
4. Their Day in Court. Pollard. (Neale.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Blue Goops and Red. Burgess. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Little Colonel Books. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.20.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Rover Boys. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Darewell Chums. Chapman. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Musson.) $1.25.
3. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Briggs.) $1.50.
5. Nest of the Sparrow Hawk. Orczy. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Musson.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Rorer's New Cook Book. Rorer. (Arnold.) $2.00.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Catering for Two. James. (Putnam.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Horse. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.
2. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Annapolis Second Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Mint Julep. James. (Lane.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Familiar Quotations. Bartlett. (Little, Brown.) $3.00.
2. Longfellow's Country. Clarke. (Baker & Taylor.) $2.50.
3. Guide to Modern Opera. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. On the Trail of Washington. Hill. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	229
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20	177
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	92
4. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	78
5. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50	58
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50	57

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
Lord Loveland Discovers America	5
The Kingdom of Slender Swords	5
The Silver Horde	4
The Foreigner	3
Passers-By	3
The Fortune Hunter	2
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2
The Furnace of Gold	2
The Man Outside	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
The Kingdom of Slender Swords	10
Lord Loveland Discovers America	8
The Man Outside	5
When a Man Marries	4
Bella Donna	4
Passers-By	4
The Silver Horde	3
Cab No. 44	3
The Fortune Hunter	3
A Girl of the Limberlost	3
The Furnace of Gold	3
Song of Songs	2
A Son of the Immortals	2
Ann Veronica	2
Anne of Avonlea	2
The Foreigner	2
John Marvel, Assistant	2
The Rosary	2
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
The Kingdom of Slender Swords	6
When a Man Marries	4
Lord Loveland Discovers America	4
John Marvel, Assistant	3
Little Sister Snow	3
Passers-By	2
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2
Miss Minerva and William Green Hill	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO. LISTS
Lord Loveland Discovers America	7
The Kingdom of Slender Swords	7
The Calling of Dan Matthews	4
When a Man Marries	4
A Certain Rich Man	3
The Man Outside	3
The Seventh Noon	3
The Foreigner	3
Bella Donna	3
Passers-By	2
The Lords of High Decision	2
Song of Songs	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
Anne of Avonlea	Double Play	Anne of Avonlea	Anne of Avonlea
Captain Chub	Anne of Green Gables	Wits' End	Elsie Dinsmore
Little Colonel Stories	Four Corners Abroad	Little Men	Patty's Pleasure Trip
The Rover Boys	The Bear Detectives	Buster Brown	Captain Chub
Anne of Green Gables	Patty's Pleasure Trip	Boys' Book of Airships	Little Colonel Books

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
The Spirit of America	England and the English	Laws of Psychic Phenomena	Modern Novelists
American Business Law	Practical Bridge	For Each Day a Prayer	Quantrill and the Border Wars
The Spell of the Yukon	Tremendous Trifles	The Survival of Man	The Good News
Labrador	Why Worry	Songs of the Beloved	Tremendous Trifles
Heart of the Antarctic	Familiar Quotations	Brain and Personality	Gardening in California

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